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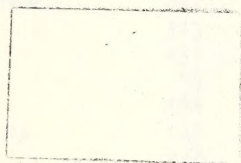
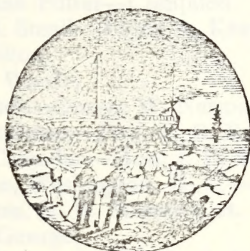
1882-1883

GRANITE MONTHLY,

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

History, Biography, Literature and State Progress.



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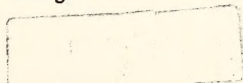
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GRANITE MONTHLY.

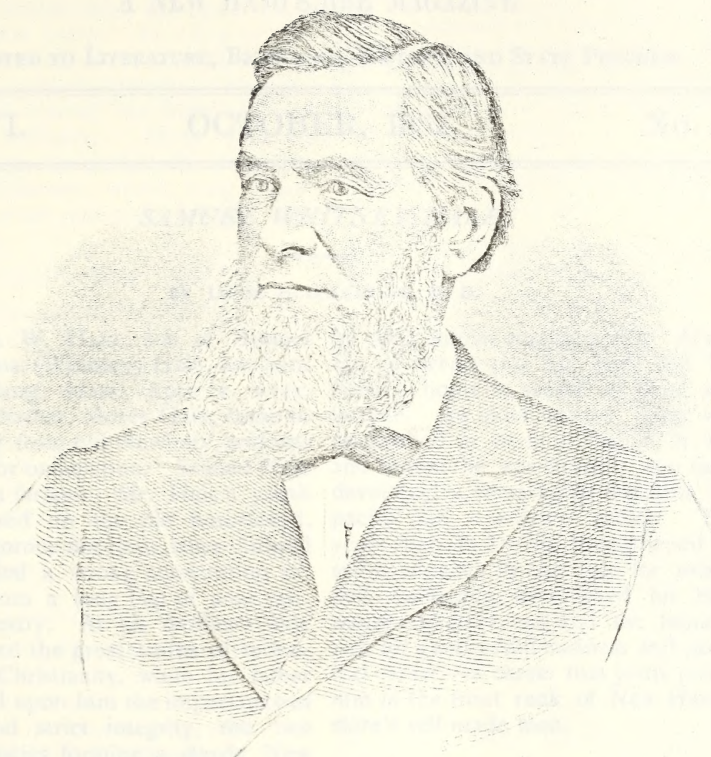
A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND THE SCIENCE OF THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER

1871



Samuel W. Hale.

THE
GRANITE MONTHLY,
A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1882.

No. 1.

SAMUEL WHITNEY HALE.

BY JACOB H. GALLINGER, M. D.

SAMUEL W. HALE, son of Samuel and Saloma (Whitney) Hale, was born in Fitchburg, Mass., April 2, 1823. His grandfather, Moses Hale, came to Fitchburg from old Newbury, and was a farmer by occupation. Samuel Hale was also a farmer. Mr. Hale's youth was passed on the old homestead, where vigorous out-door labor formed and molded a strong constitution inherited from a long line of pure yeoman ancestry. At his mother's side he received the great truths of morality and Christianity, while his father impressed upon him the importance of honor and strict integrity, the two characteristics forming a sturdy New England character, ashamed of wrong, fearless in the right, and staunch in the principles of true manhood. The parents were not overburdened with the riches of this world, and at an early age the boy added his efforts to the struggle to maintain the family. He had the advantages of the district school and the academy of his native town, and received a thorough elementary education, while his thirst for knowledge was further appeased by study through the long winter evenings, the page of the well-conned book being lighted by the fitful glare of the tallow dip.

From the age of fourteen years he clothed himself, earning his money at odd hours by sawing fire-wood, and

by other similar employments. At the age of twenty-two Mr. Hale left his father's home in search of fame and fortune. An older brother, John, was established in trade in Dublin, N. H., and thither he was drawn. He early developed a remarkable business capacity and executive ability. The years spent in Dublin strengthened his self-confidence in the race for wealth and eminence, established his high moral character, and laid the foundation for a successful business and political career,—a career that justly places him in the front rank of New Hampshire's self-made men.

MANUFACTURER.

In 1859 Mr. Hale removed to Keene, a field offering wider opportunities for his industry and talent. The next year he embarked in the manufacture of chairs, in a small way, at Keene, employing about twenty men. Under Mr. Hale's management the business has greatly prospered. The works have been materially enlarged, and employment is now given to one hundred workmen on the premises, and to some five hundred women and children outside of the manufactory, in Keene and neighboring towns.

Mr. Hale is largely interested in the purchase and sale of shoe pegs, his sales in some years having amounted to the enormous quantity of one thou-

sand bushels per day, most of which were exported to Germany. At present the demand is much less than formerly, yet even now one manufactory supplies him with 80,000 bushels per annum, and his present sales aggregate 125,000 bushels yearly. In 1879 he became interested in the manufacture of furniture, and now employs, at his manufactory in Keene, one hundred men in that industry. About eighteen months ago he purchased a woolen mill at Lebanon, where sixty hands find constant and remunerative employment.

FARMER AND BANK DIRECTOR.

Mr. Hale owns a farm of three hundred acres in Keene, and another of equal extent in Newbury, Vt., and, notwithstanding the multiplicity of his other duties, he takes quite an interest in agricultural pursuits, and possesses a vast amount of practical knowledge in that department of labor. He is a director of the Citizens Bank, of Keene, and of the Wachusett Bank, in Fitchburg, Mass.

RAILROAD ENTERPRISES.

For many years Mr. Hale has been largely interested in railroads, and at different times has been a large owner of stock. At present he owns one half of the Point Shirley railroad. He was deeply interested in the construction of the Manchester & Keene railroad, confessedly one of the most necessary roads in the state. The importance of the enterprise can be judged from the following extract from a letter in the *Boston Journal*, of August 29 :

"Look at what Mr. Hale and his associates have accomplished in building the Manchester & Keene railroad. Here was an enterprise, confessedly a disastrous failure until they came to its rescue. Messrs. Hale, Colony, Frye, and Scruten put \$200,000 into the road, depending on the gratuities voted by the towns for their reimbursement. In addition to this, Messrs. Hale and Colony put in £20,000 each, additional, which they will never recover, and regard as a total loss. The gratuities have not yet been paid, except a part of one. While

the road is one of the best running roads in the state, and of inestimable value to Marlboro', Harrisville and Hancock in particular, Messrs. Hale and Colony are waiting to-day for the \$120,000 which they risked in the road, \$40,000 of which they will never recover. This road, it will be remembered, shortens the distance between the capital of the state and the south-west side by forty-eight miles, and is really the most useful railroad there has been built in New Hampshire for many years."

RELIGIOUS AND BENEVOLENT CHARACTERISTICS.

As a young man Mr. Hale united with the Methodist Church, but on his settlement in Dublin, where there was no organization of that denomination, he joined his lot with the Congregationalists, of which church he is now an honored member. His benefactions have been numerous and generous. While he is very reticent concerning such matters, it is well known that he has been instrumental in educating a Congregational clergyman, a missionary, a physician, and a young lady, the latter at Holyoke Seminary, in addition to which he gave at one time \$12,000 toward building a Congregational church in Keene. He has been all his life a friend to the needy and unfortunate, giving employment to many destitute ones when their services were not really required, out of kindly sympathy. He is a friend to every good cause, and by example and precept has helped to lift men from the degradation of intemperance and similar vices. The only secret society of which he is a member is the Masonic order, which he joined twenty years ago, taking the necessary degrees to become a Master Mason.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

In the year 1850, at the age of twenty-seven, he married Amelia M. Hayes, of Dublin, and the union proved to be a very happy one. Two children have been born to them, both of whom have attained their majority.

The son, William S., is in business with his father, and the daughter, Mary Louise, is at home with her parents. In addition to these Mr. Hale usually manages to have in his family, sharing his hospitality, some worthy persons, and it is very rare for his home to be destitute of a child, toward whom he manifests the most tender affection; indeed his love for children is proverbial, and is shown on the street, in railway cars, and wherever else children are to be met.

HOME LIFE.

The home of Mr. Hale is one of the most elegant and attractive in the state. It is situated on Main street, and consists of a large mansion house, built by ex-Gov. Samuel Dinsmore in the year 1861, surrounded by five acres of land, largely in lawn. The house is tastefully and richly furnished, and the library is one of the largest in Cheshire county. The barn is a marvel of convenience and neatness, and the conservatory and grapery are the admiration of all visitors—grape raising being carried to a wonderful state of perfection. In this charming home Mr. Hale's family dwell in contentment, and here is exemplified the higher type of New England civilization and culture.

POLITICAL VIEWS.

Mr. Hale's first vote was cast for a Free-soil candidate, and naturally enough he joined the Republican party at its organization. During the quarter of a century that has since elapsed he has been a true and uncompromising member of that political faith. Thoroughly believing in the principles of anti-slavery, and of the equality of all men before the law, he has steadily sustained every effort that was calculated to accomplish the results which he believed were just and right. Appreciating his political fidelity, his fellow-citizens have not allowed him to escape the honors and burdens of political office. He was elected a member of the state legislature in 1866, and was reelected the next year.

In 1869 he was chosen a member of the Governor's council, to which position he was reelected in 1870. In 1880 he was selected as one of the delegates to the national Republican convention, at Chicago, and on the twelfth day of September, of the present year, after a most exciting and hotly-contested canvass, he received the Republican nomination as candidate for governor, to which exalted position he will undoubtedly be elected on the seventh day of November next. In all the places of trust and responsibility, political and otherwise, to which Mr. Hale has been called, he has shown great industry, rare sagacity, and profound integrity, and those who know him best predict that, as chief executive of the state, he will achieve as great renown as has been gained by any of his predecessors in that office.

CONCLUSION.

No better illustration of the superiority of American life over that of other nations can be found than is supplied in the history of Mr. Hale. A poor boy, reared on a farm, he looked out over the world and saw the possibilities that were before him. With a brave heart and an indomitable will he grappled with the problem. Industry, integrity, and thrift were the principles that governed his conduct. An active temperament and a rare insight enabled him to triumph over obstacles in the presence of which most men would have faltered. Success followed as the result of energy and ability. The poor boy soon came to be the successful man of affairs, and the acknowledged leader of his section in all matters requiring business foresight and sagacity. The victory was not an easy one, but it came nevertheless, and it may justly serve as an incentive to all who are willing to engage in the struggle for wealth and eminence under similar circumstances.

Mr. Hale stands to-day before the people of New Hampshire in a representative capacity. Trusting fully

in his ability and integrity, a great political party has made him its standard-bearer in a contest for the governorship of the state. His added honors are worn becomingly, and whatever may be the result of the contest, whether elected or defeated, he will stand before his fellows as a genial, kind-hearted man, a progressive and upright citizen, and a noble specimen of the best product of New England character and enterprise.

OUR MOUNTAIN LAND—NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY GEORGE E. EMERY.

Oh! happiest, scene-favored, brave, mountain land,
Where my heart still lingers, while wanders my hand,
I could not, nor would I, dear land of my birth,
Relinquish thy charms for all elsewhere on earth!

Thy wilderness glens are rich realms of delight,
Where scenes most enchanting enrapture the sight,—
Earth giveth none fairer, wherever the zone,
Than art finds existing, New Hampshire, thine own!

Thy Pemigewasset by mountain and farm
Flows flashing with rapids and stretches of calm,
Wild Winnepesaukee, swift, constant and free,
Bears kiss of thy lake toward lips of the sea!

Bright Newichewannock, and Contoocook rare,
Legion-milled Merrimack, Connecticut fair!
What rivers, in flowing, all beauties combine
With a golden-gleam rise more lustrous than thine!

What mountains, cloud-rending, far glorify thee,—
Grim hermits, withdrawing from lure of the sea,—
Monadnock, the grand, and the matchless Kearsarge,
While high in the north boom thy largest of large!

Mount Washington, proudly there sits in repose,
With sandals of forest, and chaplet of snows,
Mid mountains uncounted, that, hurricane-blown,
Wear mist for their garments, and all are thine own!

Bloom flowers in beauty, appearing God's smile
From the joy of his thought, on wide land or isle.
Yet flower-flamed splendor no fragrance distills
More sweet than he pours on thy meadows and hills!

Out-ring to gray cities in far-away climes,
Old bells their deep melody flowing in chimes,
But bells of thy steeples, O, north-land prolong
As sweetly soft echoes thy valleys among!

Free thought and free spirit ennoble thy men!
All virtues and beauty thy daughters attain!
God bless thee, New Hampshire, while centuries roll,
No place is found fairer from tropic to pole!

COLONEL TOBIAS LEAR.

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

Rambling recently in one of the cemeteries of Washington, viewing the monuments erected to the memory of the illustrious dead, I accidentally halted at the spot where repose the mortal remains of Col. Tobias Lear, a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who has a record in history. He is buried in the "Congressional Burying Ground," situated on the eastern branch of the Potomac, about one and a quarter mile from the Capitol.

Lot number 14, in range 28, located near the north-east corner of the grounds, on E St. S. E., is the place of his burial. It is marked by a finely finished and substantial table monument, constructed entirely of marble, about three feet wide, six feet long, and two feet six inches high, covered by a heavy slab, placed horizontally, on which is inscribed,—

"HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF
TOBIAS LEAR.

HE WAS EARLY DISTINGUISHED
AS THE
PRIVATE SECRETARY AND FAMILIAR FRIEND
OF THE
ILLUSTRIOUS WASHINGTON,
AND AFTER
HAVING SERVED HIS COUNTRY
WITH
DIGNITY, ZEAL, AND FIDELITY,
IN MANY
HONORABLE STATIONS,
DIED,
ACCOUNTANT OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT,
11 OCTOBER, 1816,
AGED 54.
HIS DESOLATE WIDOW AND MOURNING SON
HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT
TO MARK THE PLACE OF HIS ABODE
IN THE
CITY OF SILENCE."

A free-stone monument, somewhat similar to the cenotaphs erected by

Congress to the memory of its members who died during their term of office, is placed toward the north, and comes next in order. On one of the panels is engraved,—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
BENJAMIN LINCOLN LEAR.

BORN,
11 MARCH, 1792,
DIED,
1 OCTOBER, 1832."

The word "Lincoln" has been rudely hacked, and all the letters obliterated, except the terminal—*n*, and a portion of the preceding letter—*l*, which is barely discernible; an act of vandalism committed during the war of the rebellion, probably from hatred to the name effaced, and in ignorance of the history of Abraham Lincoln, who was born Feb. 12, 1809, seventeen years after the birth of him whose name has been partially defaced.

Benjamin Lincoln Lear, son of Col. Lear, was so called for Benjamin Lincoln, a native of Massachusetts, a major-general of the Revolutionary war, and one of the "noblest characters" of that eventful period. He was highly esteemed by Washington, who delegated him to receive the sword of Cornwallis at the surrender at Yorktown. General Lincoln was secretary of war during 1781-82, and lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts in 1787. He was appointed by Washington collector of customs at Boston, which office he held twenty years, retiring about two years before his death, which occurred May 9, 1810, in the 77th year of his age.

General Lincoln, for whose name Col. Lear thus evinced a partiality, was chiefly instrumental in introducing him to Washington. When requiring the services of a private secretary, and

also a tutor for Eleanor Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis, whom Washington had adopted, being the two youngest children of his stepson and *aid-de-camp*, Col. John Parke Custis, who died of camp fever just after the surrender of Cornwallis, Washington consulted General Lincoln, who conferred with Rev. Dr. Joseph Willard, president of Harvard College, and Rev. Dr. Samuel Haven, pastor of the South Parish of Portsmouth, N. H. Tobias Lear, who had just graduated with honor at Harvard, in 1783, was recommended and accepted. He gave eminent satisfaction, remaining the confidential and intimate friend of Washington until his death, a period of fourteen years, and was several months after his decease the custodian of his papers.

The next monument, which is similar to the one erected to Tobias Lear, has the following inscription,—

“HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF

MARIA LEAR

AND HER

INFANT DAUGHTER.

HER MEMORY

DEPENDS NOT UPON

INSCRIPTIONS ON MARBLE.

HER EULOGY

IS IN THE

HEARTS OF HER FRIENDS.”

The next and last (only four interments having been made in this lot) is a marble monument. On the base rest four pillars, two feet in height, four sided, with beveled edges, supporting a heavy piece of marble, fashioned after the Roman cross, and placed horizontally, with this inscription :

“FRANCES D. LEAR,

WIDOW OF COL. TOBIAS LEAR,

BORN 17th OF NOV., 1779,

DIED 2D OF DEC., 1856.”

The first wife of Col. Lear was Mary Long, to whom he was married April 18, 1790. She died in Philadelphia, Oct. 4, 1793, of yellow fever,

while a member of the family of Washington.

Mary or Polly Long, as she was known at the bridal altar, was the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Col. Pierse Long, general by brevet, a native of Portsmouth, N. H., a distinguished citizen, a successful merchant, and an eminent patriot, having rendered important services in his own province of New Hampshire as well as in the vicinity of Lake Champlain and Lake George ; participating also in the movements which resulted in the capture of Burgoyne and the surrender of his army. Col. Long was a delegate to Congress, 1784-86 ; held important positions in his own State, and was appointed by Washington collector for the port of Portsmouth, but died suddenly, April 3, 1789, before entering upon the duties of the office.

Col. Lear's second wife, to whom he was married Aug. 22, 1795, was the widow of Col. George Augustine Washington, a nephew of the General, born in 1763. She was a niece of Martha Washington. Her maiden name was Frances, daughter of Col. Burwell Bassett, of Eltham, New Kent County, Virginia. Her mother was a sister of Lady Washington. Col. Washington died in 1793, leaving three children.

Frances Dandridge Henley was the third wife of Col. Lear, and survived him. She, also, was a niece of Martha Washington and a sister of Commodore John D. Henley of the U. S. Navy, who died on board the *Vandalia*, May 23, 1835, while in command of the West India squadron. After the death of Col. Lear, his widow retired to her room and remained there one year. The first time she left the house she entered her carriage, drawn by two horses, and with a coachman and a colored servant, proceeded to Portsmouth to evince her affectionate and filial devotion to the mother of her deceased husband.

Benjamin Lincoln Lear, the only child of Tobias and Mary (Long)

Lear, was born March 11, 1792, and died after a short illness, of cholera, Oct. 1, 1832.* He was a lawyer by profession, a prominent member of the Washington bar, where his talents and sterling worth had endeared him to his professional associates and secured to him honor and success. He was a most estimable man, talented, and well educated, and is remembered with great interest and affection by those of his old friends still living in this city with whom I have conversed. In noticing his decease the *National Intelligencer*, of Oct. 2, 1832, says,—

“His amiable manner, his high-toned honor and benevolence, formed a character seldom surpassed, and that placed him high in the confidence of his fellow-citizens.”

The Washington bar held a meeting and designated six of its leading members to act as pall-bearers, and voted to wear crape badges to the end of the ensuing term of court, in memory of one whose talents and virtues gave luster to an honorable profession, and in whom was developed the excellencies of an irreproachable life, and an exalted character. He was the attorney of the Bank of the United States, the branch which was located in Washington. His residence, with office adjoining the house, on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, between 21st and 22d streets, N. W., was purchased after Col. Lear's death, and was occupied by his son and family and the widow Lear, until her death, Dec. 2, 1856.

Benjamin Lincoln Lear married, first, Miss Maria Morris, to whose memory one of the described monuments was erected. She was a sister of Commodore Charles Morris, of distinguished fame as an officer of the U. S. Navy, who died Jan. 27, 1856.

*“Brewster's Rambles about Portsmouth,” usually correct and very reliable, in vol. 1, page 272, records Benjamin Lincoln Lear's death as occurring in 1831, and Col. Tobias Lear, Oct. 10, 1816, aged 56. Lincoln Lear died in 1832, and his father, Oct. 11, 1816, aged 54.

Appleton's American Encyclopedia of 1872, gives Col. Lear's death Oct. 11, 1826, corrected in subsequent editions.

Benjamin Lincoln Lear's second wife was Miss Louisa Bumford, a daughter of Col. George Bumford, Chief of Ordnance, War Department, who was breveted for distinguished services during the war of 1812, and died March 25, 1848. He resided at and owned the beautiful estate in Washington called Kalorama. The only descendant of the family was a daughter of Benjamin Lincoln Lear and Louisa Bumford Lear, born after her father's death. With her husband, Wilson Eyre, of Philadelphia, she now resides at Newport, R. I.

In a law-suit for the papers belonging to Col. Lear, this grand-daughter established her claim, the contestants being the children of Commodore Henley, a brother of Mrs. Tobias Lear.

The widow of Benjamin Lincoln Lear married Richard C. Derby, of Boston, and both are now dead.*

Col. Tobias Lear was born in the Lear Mansion, on Hunking street, in Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 19, 1762. His father, Captain Tobias Lear, was originally a ship-master, but retiring from the sea, “owned and cultivated one of the largest and most valuable farms” in the section of the State where he resided. The farm was situated on Sagamore Creek, near where the first settlement in New Hampshire was made, and has since been known as the “Jacob Sheafe Farm,” bordering on the creek, just opposite to the bridge, connecting Portsmouth with Newcastle, near the now well-known

*Before sending this sketch for publication, I consulted that truly excellent lady, the widow of Commodore Beverly Kennon, who was killed by the bursting of a cannon on board of the U. S. Steamer ‘Princeton,’ Feb. 28, 1844. She is the great grand-daughter of Martha Washington, and occupies a palatial home in Georgetown, known as ‘The Tudor Place,’ surrounded by many precious and rare relics belonging to Washington and other distinguished families of his times. I consulted also the wife of Hon. J. Bayard H. Smith, of Baltimore, a daughter of Commodore Henley, both estimable ladies whose whitened locks are to each a crown of beauty. Graceful in form, symmetrical in character, cultured in mind, they becomingly adorn the high social positions they deservedly occupy. They both bear kinship to Mrs. Lear and Lady Washington, and with recollections undimmed, are reliable authorities. I therefore believe this sketch to be substantially correct.

and popular sea-shore resort "The Wentworth." The son was liberally educated, graduating with distinction at Harvard, in 1783, in the same class with Harrison Gray Otis, Judges Prescott and Ward, of Massachusetts, and others of well known reputation. For a short time after his graduation he traveled in Europe and America, and then engaged in teaching, until he became the private secretary of Washington. Col. Lear resided with Washington, constituting in all respects one of the family circle. He held a high social position as a most accomplished gentleman of courtly, affable, and dignified manners. He was trusted, respected, and greatly beloved by his chief, whose entire confidence he enjoyed till the close of his life. Washington mentioned him in his will, and directed that he have, during his life, the free rent of the farm which he then occupied by virtue of a lease from Washington to him and his deceased wife during their natural lives. The farm, situated east of "Little Hunting Creek," on the Potomac, near Mount Vernon, contained three hundred and sixty acres.

Among the papers of Rev. Dr. Haven, of Portsmouth, who had recommended Col. Lear as private secretary, was preserved a letter from Washington, written some months after his secretary had arrived at Mount Vernon, stating that he had deferred replying, until he had ascertained that Mr. Lear possessed all those qualities for which he was so highly recommended, and of which he then was fully satisfied. Soon after the close of the war, Washington retired to private life at Mount Vernon, and was without the assistance of a secretary for two years. His correspondence becoming very extensive, he wrote to General Lincoln, as already stated, to recommend a suitable person to fill the position of secretary and tutor. General Lincoln, Jan. 4, 1786, wrote,—"I have at last found a Mr. Lear, who supports the character of a gentleman and a scholar. He was educated at Cam-

bridge, Mass. Since he left College he has been in Europe, and in different parts of this continent. It is said he is a good master of languages. He reads French, and writes an exceedingly good letter." Washington replied, Feb. 6, 1786, and informed Gen. Lincoln that Mr. Lear, or any other person who came into his family in the blended character of preceptor to the children, and as private secretary, would sit at his table, live as he lived, mix with the company who resorted to his house, and be treated with every respect and civility, and receive proper attention. His washing would be done, and his linen and stockings mended, by the maids in the family. A good hand as well as proper diction would be a recommendation. The compensation being satisfactory, April 10, 1786, Washington wrote to Gen. Lincoln, acceding to the terms suggested for securing the services of Mr. Lear, and desired to be informed when he "should expect him," that he "might arrange matters accordingly." The terms being mutually agreeable, Mr. Lear soon repaired to Mount Vernon. Washington wrote to Richard Butler, from Mount Vernon, Nov. 27, 1786:

"If you are at Pittsburg this letter will be presented to you by Mr. Lear, a deserving young man, who lives with me, and whom I beg leave to recommend to your civilities. He is sent by me to see the situation of my property on Miller's Run, lately recovered, and to adopt measures for the preservation and security of it."

Col. Lear wrote, at considerable length, a letter to Washington, from Portsmouth, June 2, 1788, in relation to the Federal Constitution, which was at that time being considered in the New Hampshire state convention, and which was ratified by it, June 21, 1788. On June 22, Col. Lear again wrote, proposing to return to Mount Vernon, but stating that he might be detained a few days in the settlement of his father's estate, hoped to arrive there as early as the first of August.

Washington wrote to James Madison, from Mount Vernon, March 30, 1789, that Mr. Lear, who had been with him three years, as his private secretary, would accompany him to New York, or precede him by stage. The president also declined the proffered hospitalities of his friends, preferring to hire lodgings until a house could be provided for the permanent reception of the president. The day of the assembling of Congress was March 4, but a quorum of both houses was not formed till the 6th of April.

Col. Lear kept a manuscript diary, and April 30, 1789, made a record concerning the inauguration ceremonies at New York. In the procession, the president rode in the State coach; Colonels Lear and Humphrey, his two secretaries, in the President's own carriage, next following. In the evening Washington and his secretaries went in carriages to Chancellor Livingston's, and General Knox's, and had a full view of the fire-works.

Col. Lear went to Great Britain late in 1793, and remained abroad until August, 1794, when he embarked from Liverpool for America.

Washington wrote to him from Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1794, after his return from Europe, and while he was at Georgetown, respecting the inland navigation of the Potomac, and the construction of the canal and locks, in which enterprise he was deeply interested.

October 15, 1789, Washington left New York, with his own carriage and horses, on his New England tour, Col. Lear accompanying him. They arrived at Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 31, 1789, sixteen days after leaving New York City. The president of New Hampshire, Gen. John Sullivan, and his council, U. S. senators John Langdon and Paine Wingate, Col. John Parker, marshal of the district, and other "gentlemen of distinction," met Washington at the state line and, escorted by Col. Cogswell's regiment of cavalry, the distinguished party proceeded toward Portsmouth. On reach-

ing Greenland, Washington left his open carriage and mounted his favorite white horse, followed by his carriage in the occupancy of Col. Lear. Col. Wentworth's troop of horse there joined the escort. At the Portsmouth Plains the president was saluted by Major-General Joseph Cilley, and other military officers in attendance. On arriving at the more compact part of the town, the discharge of thirteen cannon, by the three companies of uniformed artillery under command of Col. James Hackett, the ringing of bells, the grand military display, and other demonstrations of joy, gave evidence of a sincere and hearty welcome and added intense interest to the occasion.

In "Brewster's Rambles," numbers 53 and 54, vol. 1, is given a full and minute account of the enthusiastic reception, as well as considerable matter concerning the Lear family. From this article we gather this amusing incident: When "Washington entered Portsmouth on horse-back, Col. Lear rode in an open carriage, next following, and as they passed on, many, from his position and dignified appearance, mistook the Colonel for the President, and bestowed upon the secretary that honor which was meant for the 'Father of his Country.'"

Washington visited the house of Col. Lear, which was then occupied by his mother and brother-in-law, Samuel Storer, Esq., a dry goods merchant, married by Rev. Dr. Haven to Miss Mary Lear, the sister of Col. Lear, April 22, 1781. Mrs. Storer died July 27, 1831, aged seventy. Her husband was born May 16, 1752, and died Oct. 4, 1815. They were the parents of the late Admiral George Washington Storer, a gallant and accomplished officer of the U. S. Navy, and greatly beloved as a son of Portsmouth. He was a babe, when, at his parent's house, Washington placed his hand upon his head "and expressed the wish that he might be a better man than the one whose name he bears." Washington informed Col. Lear's mother, by a note, of his intended visit, and expressed a

desire to "see all the children." On Tuesday forenoon, Nov. 2, 1789, the president, on foot, visited the Lear Mansion, situated in the southerly part of the town, near the Piscataqua, almost at the east end of Hunking street, and the house in which Col. Lear was born. It is a commodious wooden structure, well built, two storied, hip roof, with Luthern or dormer windows. The house was considered "handsome" in its day, and is still an object of interest in our quaint old town, the lovely old city by the sea. This ancient mansion was in good order and repair, not many years ago. When I last visited it, I remained some time in the parlor, at the west end, where Washington was introduced to each member of the family, "the venerable mother, her children and her grand-children." Miss Mary Lear Storer, whom I well remember, occupied the house at the time I visited it. She was born April 17, 1785, and died Nov. 27, 1870. In 1789 she was four years of age, and received Washington's blessing, as did her two brothers, John Langdon Storer, who died Sept. 28, 1830, aged forty-two, and Admiral Storer, who was born May 4, 1789, and died Jan. 8, 1864.* The room, since that memorable visit, had remained almost unchanged. "The same paper on the walls, the same chairs (made of cherry wood, raised in the garden), and other furniture, except the carpet," were the furnishings of the parlor as of yore. "There were also in the room three China mantel ornaments, a bird on a branch, a peasant with a bouquet, and a lass in a basque of modern cut, with flowers. These ornaments were taken from Washington's own mantel and forwarded by Martha Washington for the children." There was also suspended from the wall another valuable relic, which must be highly prized from the associations connected with it. "A piece of black satin, of eight by ten inches, framed and glazed, on which is worked, with the hair of General and

Mrs. Washington, in Roman letters, the following couplets, composed by the mother of Col. Lear, sometime about the commencement of the present century :

"This is work'd with our illustrious and beloved General George Washington's hair.

Which covered his exalted head,
But now enroll'd among the dead,
Yet wears a crown above the skies,
In realms of bliss which never dies.

This is work'd with Lady
Martha Washington's hair,
Relict of our beloved General.

I pray her honor'd head,
May long survive the dead;
And when she doth her breath resign,
May she in heaven her consort join.

This hair was sent to Mrs. Lear by her good friend, Lady Washington."

There was also suspended from the ceiling in the center of the room, a glass globe, which has since been accidentally broken. The other articles are now in the possession of Mrs. Mary Washington Jones, the only daughter of the late Admiral Storer, and the widow of the lamented Col. Albert L. Jones, of Portsmouth. She has, at her spacious and beautiful home, corner of Middle street and Richards avenue, a large number of interesting relics, portraits, letters, &c., belonging to the family, which will be described in the November number of the "GRANITE MONTHLY," together with other interesting items in relation to the Lear and Storer families. President Washington, with Col. Lear, occupied the "warden's pew," in the Episcopal church, during morning service, and in the afternoon of the same day, Sunday, Nov. 1, 1789, listened to a sermon by Rev. Dr. Buckminster, at the Congregational church, North Parish.

August 2, 1798, in a letter to Col. Lear, Washington, from Mount Vernon, wrote in reference to the proposed resignation by Col. Lear of the presidency of the Potomac Company, and also informed him that he had an in-

* Mary Lear Blunt, wife of Admiral Storer, was born Feb. 23, 1788, and died Feb. 10, 1868.

tense desire to overhaul, arrange, and separate, papers of real, from those of little or no value, so that all his matters should be in a situation to give the least trouble to those who might have the management of his papers after his decease.

I am informed that Washington's papers were admirably arranged and classified by himself and Col. Lear, and were found by Jared Sparks, in excellent condition to be used in his "Writings of Washington."

In a letter of Sept. 9, 1798, addressed to Timothy Pickering, Secretary of State, in relation to the appointment with which the partiality of his country had honored him, Washington writes, "no member of the military family is yet engaged, except my old secretary, Tobias Lear, in the same capacity."

In 1798, Washington was appointed to the command of the Provincial army, and as commander-in chief, was allowed a military secretary, with the rank of colonel. He selected Col. Lear, who accepted the position and thus acquired the title by which he was afterward known.

October 21, 1798, Washington, in a letter to James McHenry, Secretary of War, informs him that his secretary, Mr. Lear, was very sick with a severe fever, and was at that time very low. The illness of his secretary, and other causes, would prevent him from going to Trenton, or Philadelphia, at the time allotted to the major-generals.

Col. Lear was associated with Washington fourteen years, first as private secretary and tutor of his adopted children, then military secretary, and afterward aided in superintending his private affairs; a member of the household, gathering at the same table, accompanying him in his journeyings and daily walks, his chosen and constant attendant during his last illness, and communicating to Congress, through President John Adams, the information of Washington's death, which occurred Dec. 14, 1799. Mar-

tha Washington died May 22, 1802, aged seventy.

Col. Lear won the personal regard and social friendship not only of Washington, but also of Mrs. Washington, who was somewhat reserved in forming personal attachments; but the marriage of Col. Lear to two of her nieces evinced her individual esteem for him.

In Laura C. Holloway's "Ladies of the White House," we learn from the "Recollections" of a daughter of Mrs. Binney, who resided opposite the President's house, that it was General Washington's custom, when the weather was suitable, to exercise by walking, usually attended by his two secretaries, Col. Lear and Major Jackson. Washington was "always dressed in black, and all three wore cocked hats."

"It was Mrs. Washington's custom to return visits on the third day, and in calling on her mother, she would send a footman over, who would knock loudly and announce Mrs. Washington, who would then come over with Mr. Lear."

Jefferson, in 1802, appointed Col. Lear consul-general to St. Domingo, and in 1804 consul-general to Algiers, which office he held about eight years, during the last few months of which his son Lincoln was with him. In 1805 he was a commissioner to negotiate peace with Tripoli. In 1812, the Barbary Powers having declared war against the United States, Col. Lear returned home and was appointed by President Madison accountant to the war department, which office he retained until Oct. 11, 1816, when he died, suddenly, at his home in the "Wirt Mansion," No. 1732, G. street, between 17th and 18th streets, N. W., aged fifty-four years. He lived greatly respected and died lamented. "His private life was exemplary, and he filled various public stations under successive administrations with deserved reputation."

We can not find that any biography of Col. Lear has been issued from the press. The unpublished papers of such a man are of great historic inter-

est, and afford valuable material for publication. A very interesting letter of March 30, 1789, from Col. Lear to his brother-in-law, appeared in the *Portsmouth Journal* of March 8, 1873, giving a very graphic account of the farming operations of "my General," whom he considers "a great and good character," and one of the greatest farmers in America, if not in the world, possessing in one body, nearly ten thousand acres of land, about the "seat," which from its situation and improvements, may in this country be called "a palace." This large farm gave constant employment to upward of two hundred and fifty persons, exclusive of carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, blacksmiths, a tailor, and a shoemaker, so that "the seat and its offices resembled a little village." The farm, contrary to the custom in the Southern States, was not under the direction of overseers, but Washington himself superintended and gave personal attention to all the minutiae of its management. Twenty-four plows were kept in constant use, when the weather permitted, and in the spring of 1789, when the letter was written, six hundred bushels of oats had been sown, upward of seven hundred acres with wheat, as much more prepared for corn, barley, potatoes, pease, beans, &c., five hundred acres assigned to grass, and during the summer one hundred and fifty acres were to be utilized in the raising of turnips. It appears that "none of that pernicious weed, called tobacco," was raised, but only such food as was good for man and beast. The live stock is given as one hundred and forty horses, one hundred and twelve cows, two hundred and thirty-five working oxen, steers, and heifers, and five hundred sheep. Yet notwithstanding all the appearances of income, Col. Lear believed no real profit was derived, as almost all the product of the farm was consumed on the premises. Before the war, tobacco and wheat were the principal products, and the quantity not consumed on the estate was shipped to American and

foreign ports. A flouring mill was operated, a brick yard worked, and a carpenter establishment sustained. There were also valuable fishing landings on the shores bordering on the Mount Vernon lands. The cultivation of tobacco was abandoned because Washington believed it exhausted the soil, and its free use injured the health of the laborers. I have seen, in the possession of Joseph M. Toner, M. D., of this city, a piece of plank, cut from the bolting chest at the time the flouring mill was taken down, in 1852, on which was burnt, "G. Washington," in antique English letters. All barrels and packages bearing Washington's brand passed unchallenged, free of inspection every where.

Some facts in reference to the ancestry of the subject of this sketch may not be uninteresting. Henry Sherburne, of noble ancestry, whose descendants became notable citizens, came to Portsmouth from England, with the early settlers in 1631, and died about 1680. He married, Nov. 13, 1637, Rebecca Gibbins, who died July 3, 1667. She was the only daughter of Ambros Gibbins and Elizabeth Gibbins. Her father was of ancient lineage, one of the company of early settlers, a companion of Sherburne, trader for the company of Laconia, factor and attorney for Mason, commissioner, &c. He was elected assistant governor of the Portsmouth settlement, in 1640, and died July 1, 1656. His wife died May 14, 1655. Tobias Lear married, April 11, 1667, Elizabeth, born Aug. 4, 1638, the eldest daughter of Henry and Rebecca Sherburne, just named. She was the widow of Tobias Langdon, whom she married June 10, 1656, and who died July 27, 1664. Tobias and Elizabeth Lear had a daughter Elizabeth, born Feb. 1, 1669, who died in 1681. The father died about the same time, leaving one son, Tobias Lear, who may, according to Savage, have been of Newcastle of 1727.

Col. Tobias Lear, the subject of this sketch, was the son of Captain Tobias

Lear, of Sagamore, and came through the foregoing line of ancestry.

At the "Point of Graves," Portsmouth, are to be seen three stones, in memory of Captain Tobias Lear, his wife and mother. Captain Lear died Nov. 6, 1781, aged 45, and on the dark slate stone, in remarkable state of preservation, which marks his grave, is inscribed:

"A WIT'S A FEATHER, AND A CHIEF'S A ROD; AN HONEST MAN'S THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD."

On his wife's,—“Mary Lear died May 24, 1829, aged 90.” Her maiden name was Mary Stilson. The other is in memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Lear, who was the wife of Capt. Tobias, the mother of Capt. Tobias, and the grandmother of Col. Tobias Lear. She died July 21, 1774, aged 58. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Hall.

Within the grant of territory to Capt. John Mason, of Nov. 3, 1631, which included Newcastle, Rye, and Portsmouth, the Lears resided on land situated on the southerly side of the Sagamore, or Witch creek, as sometimes called, easterly from the Langdon or Elwyn farm, toward Little Harbor and Newcastle, or Great Island, as then known.

Captain Tobias Lear, the father of Col. Lear, signed the “association test,” or test oath, in August, 1776. His son at that time was only fourteen years of age.

A friend writes that by the will of Capt. Lear, on file in the Register's office, at Exeter, “his large possessions at Sagamore Creek, Portsmouth, Rye, and Epping, were bequeathed mainly to his widow, during widowhood, and to his son and other heirs.”

In the GRANITE MONTHLY of April, 1881, is a sketch of my grand-parents, Capt. Robert Neal and Margaret Lear Neal, and their descendants, in which I intimated that I might furnish another article relating to the families of Neal and Lear prior to the Revolutionary war.

The foregoing, suggested by my recent visit to the “Congressional Burying

Ground,” covers a portion of the deferred items. Want of time prevents further elaboration. I will, however, add that in the preparation of this sketch considerable data accumulated which may be of interest, and is therefore given in this supplementary form.

The learned and eccentric John Langdon Elwyn, a grandson of ex-Gov. John Langdon, and who died Jan. 31, 1876, wrote, in 1840, a pamphlet entitled “Some account of John Langdon,” in which he said that Tobias Langdon's widow married Tobias Lear; that he and his descendants lived hard by the Langdon farm; that Col. Tobias Lear was a connection of ex-Gov. Langdon; and that his ancestors had lived on Sagamore Creek, “immediately adjoining the Langdon's, from the first, and stayed till nearly our day.”

Col. Lear's father's mother, Elizabeth Hall Lear, was a sister of ex-Governor Langdon's mother—Mary Hall Langdon.

A daughter of Elizabeth Hall Lear married Nathaniel Sherburne. They were the great grand-parents of Mrs. Admiral Storer, née Mary Lear Blunt, who was the fourth daughter of Capt. Robert W. Blunt. Ramble number 13 relates to the Blunt family.

In one of the town books of Newcastle is this record: Tobias Lear, son of Tobias and Hannah Lear, born March 29, 1706. Among the tax payers in Newcastle, in 1727, was Tobias Lear and Tobias Lear, 2d. A Tobias Lear appears as having a family and living near Sagamore creek in June, 1678. A petition against a bridge at Newcastle, over the main river, of Little Harbor, to the main land, signed by Tobias Lear and others of Portsmouth and Newcastle, was presented to the general assembly, in session at Portsmouth, April 24, 1719. In the office of the secretary of state, at Concord, I have seen a petition signed by Tobias Lear, George Walker, *et al.*, in 1693, as residents of Sagamore, addressed to the lieutenant-governor and council, requesting not to be connected with Great Island, now Newcastle.

My grandmother, Margaret Lear, who was born Oct. 13, 1753, married Robert Neal, Feb. 12, 1778, and died Nov 22, 1845, and was a daughter of Walker Lear, who was born at Newcastle, N. H., Aug. 25, 1719, and was the son of Tobias Lear, who married Elizabeth Walker April 14, 1714, a sister of Capt. George Walker, whose name is inscribed on Atkinson's massive silver waiter, as having died Dec. 17, 1748, aged eighty-six. He was a very prominent citizen of the province, “and left property to his wife

Abigail, and to Walker Lear, son of his sister, Elizabeth Lear." He was province marshal in 1698, captain of a troop of horse, and an influential member of the assembly from Portsmouth, his term of service extending, with the exception of a few years, from 1716 to 1742. The silver which formed the Christening bowl, used at the South Parish, in Portsmouth, was purchased from the £100. old tenor, which Captain Walker bequeathed to the church. My grand-uncles, George Walker Lear and Joseph Lear, moved to Saville, now Sunapee, N. H., before the Revolutionary war, and had children.

The names of Tobias Walker and George Walker have been perpetuated. Both George Walker Lear and Joseph Lear signed the "test oath" of 1776, at Saville. A deed of June 6, 1753, executed by Walker Lear, and Mary, his wife, conveying a certain piece of "marsh or meadow ground," on Sagamore, to Samuel Beck, "of Sagamore creek," and known to this day as the "Walker Lear marsh," was recently sent to me by my esteemed friend, Col. Andrew J. Beck, of Portsmouth, a descendant of the grantee.

The burial place of the Walkers and Lears is on the Langdon or Elwyn

farm, surrounded by a stone wall, in a beautiful grove of oaks, near the east line of the farm, just north of John W. Johnson's new house on Sagamore road, on land formerly belonging to the Becks.

One of the stones which has been transferred to the Elwyn lot,* bears this inscription: "Here lies the body of Mrs. Mary Walker, wife to Captain George Walker, died June 1, 1734, aged 62 years."

In the same lot we copied from an ancient stone the following: "Here lies buried ye body of Capt. Tobias Langdon, aged 64 years, who deceased ye 20 Feb. 1725."

Captain Langdon was born on the farm where his body reposes. His widow became the wife of Tobias Lear, as heretofore stated.

If in Portsmouth I could trace with more distinctness the chronology of the family, thus rendering the record more complete, and making available other memoranda in my possession.

More anon.

* Probably to preserve it, as other stones on the original ground, bearing inscriptions, had been broken.

NEW HAMPSHIRE RAILROADS.

BY J. W. FELLOWS.

The importance of railroads, to the people of New Hampshire, can hardly be estimated. Probably no section of this country is benefitted and its material interests so largely and directly aided in a general manner as this state, while in some localities, the development of every important enterprise is almost entirely dependent upon railroad facilities. It has been suggested that a brief history of the different corporations may be of public interest, and it is proposed, in a series of articles, to give an account of their origin, progress and influence, their connections and business relations with foreign companies.

The various charters which have been granted, with their respective dates, are included in this article for convenience and reference.

They may be arranged in three systems or groups, namely: in the eastern, the middle, and the western sections of the state. Some notice will be given of those men who were active and efficient in undertaking and promoting these enterprises, and the subject be treated in detail as far as will be of interest to the general reader.

Following is a list of charters:

1833, JAN. 1. Boston & Ontario R. Co. From any point in southerly line of state, in or near Dunstable, northwardly and westerly to the westerly line of the state on Connecticut river.

1835, JUNE 23. Nashua & Lowell R. R. Corporation. From any point in southerly line of state to some convenient place in or near Nashua village.

1835, JUNE 27. Concord R. R. Corporation. From any point in southerly line of state, in Hudson, Pelham, or Salem, or any point in Nashua village, or between the factories of the Jackson Co. and the Merrimack river, so as to enter *via* N. & L. R. R., to Concord.

1835, JUNE 27. Keene R. R. Co. From village of Keene to line of state in Fitzwilliam or Rindge, in direction of Worcester, Mass.

1835, JUNE 27. Boston & Maine R. R. From state line at Haverhill, Mass. to line between New Hampshire and Maine.

1836, JUNE 18. Eastern R. R. in New Hampshire. From state line at Seabrook to line between New Hampshire and Maine.

1837, JUNE 30. Concord & Lebanon R. R. From any point in Concord, so as to enter on C. R. R., to the west bank of the Connecticut river, near mouth of White river, in Lebanon.

1838, JUNE 26. An act to unite the Nashua & Lowell corporations of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and other purposes.

1839, JULY 2. Dover & Winnipiseogee R. R. From any point in Dover, in a northerly direction, to some point in Alton, near southerly extremity of Winnipiseogee lake.

1839, JULY 2. Portland & Connecticut River R. R. From any point in easterly line of state, between Haverhill and Colebrook, to some convenient point in westerly line of state between those towns.

1842, DEC. 21. Portsmouth & Dover R. R. From any place at or near depot of B. & M. R. R., in Dover, or on said railroad, between said depot and Madbury meeting-house, to any place in Portsmouth. Also a branch from any part of said railroad to B. & M. R. R., in Durham, after principal road is completed from Dover to Piscataqua Bridge.

1844, JUNE 18. Northern R. R. Co. From any point in Concord, or Bow, so as to enter on C. R. R., to the east or west bank of Connecticut river,

in Haverhill or Charlestown or betwixt the same.

1844, JUNE 19. Great Falls & Conway R. R. From point at or near depot of B. & M. R. R., in Somersworth, through certain towns named, to any place in Conway.

1844, JUNE 19. Fitchburg, Keene & Connecticut River R. R. Co. From any point in south line of state, in Fitzwilliam or Rindge, to western boundary of state, in Walpole or Charlestown.

1844, DEC. 24. Groton & Nashua R. R. Corporation. From any point in southerly line of state, between Nashua river and northeast corner of Dunstable, Mass., within one hundred rods of said river, thence through Nashua to any convenient point in Nashville, with right to connect with N. & L. R. R., or C. R. R.

1844, DEC. 27. Northern R. R. From any point on C. R. R., in Concord, or Bow, to west bank of Connecticut river in Lebanon.

1844, DEC. 27. Boston, Concord & Montreal R. R. From any point on westerly bank of Connecticut river, opposite Haverhill or Littleton, or any intervening town, by routes mentioned, to any point in Concord, or Bow, so as to enter on C. R. R.

1844, DEC. 27. Cheshire R. R. Co. From any point in south line of state, in Fitzwilliam or Rindge, through village of Keene to the western boundary of state in Walpole or Charlestown.

1844, DEC. 27. Colebrook R. R. Company. From any point on east line of state, where contemplated railroad from Portland to Montreal shall meet same, thence in continuation of same, through Dixville and Colebrook, to line of Vermont.

1844, DEC. 27. Ashuelot R. R. Co. From any point in south line of state, in Richmond or Winchester, to western boundary of state in Hinsdale.

1844, DEC. 28. Wilton R. R. Co. From any point on C. R. R. between Souhegan river and its junction with N. & L. R. R., through Amherst village and Milford to East Wilton, or from

any point on N. & L. R. R. in Nashville to East Wilton, Greenfield, Peterborough, and Marlow, or from any point in south line of state within one mile of Nissitissett river, to East Wilton, Peterborough, and Marlow.

1845, JULY 1. Portsmouth, Newmarket & Exeter R. R. From Portsmouth to such point on B. & M. R. R. in Dover, Durham, Newmarket, or Exeter, as they may think expedient.

1845, JULY 1. Portsmouth, Newmarket & Concord R. R. From such point in Portsmouth or on B. & M. R. R. in Dover, Durham, Newmarket or Exeter, as they shall think best, to Concord or Manchester, or any point on C. R. R. between Concord and Manchester they may select.

1846, JULY 8. Souhegan Railroad Company. From Amherst village to Concord Railroad, near mouth of Souhegan river, in Merrimack.

1846, JULY 8. Peterborough & Shirley Railroad Company. From line of state, in Mason, through New Ipswich to Peterborough.

1846, JULY 8. Franklin & Bristol Railroad. From any point on Northern Railroad, in Franklin, to Bristol village.

1846, JULY 10. Ashuelot R. R. Co. From some point on Cheshire Railroad, in Keene, or Swanzy, to connect in Hinsdale with any railroad constructed in Connecticut valley, leading through Hinsdale.

1846, JULY 10. East Wilton and Groton R. R. Co. From some point in East Wilton, through Milford, Brookline, and Hollis, to line of Massachusetts, to unite with East Wilton & Groton Railroad of Massachusetts.

1846, JULY 10. Sullivan Railroad Company. From some point in westerly line of state, adjoining Windsor or Weathersfield, Vt., to a convenient point to connect with Cheshire Railroad, near Cheshire Bridge, in Charlestown. (See charter.)

1846, JULY 10. Salisbury & East Kingston Railroad Company. From some point on state line, near Jewell's Mills, in South Hampton, to some

point on B. & M. Railroad, in East Kingston.

1847, JUNE 30. Manchester & Lawrence Railroad. From state line in Salem to any point on Concord Railroad in Manchester.

1847, JUNE 30. Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad Company. From western boundary of Maine, through Coös county, to western or western and northern boundary of New Hampshire.

1847, JULY 2. Cocheco Railroad Company. From any point in Dover to some point on B., C. & M. Railroad in Gileford, Meredith, Center Harbor, or Holderness.

1847, JULY 2. Goffstown & Manchester Railroad Company. From west village in Goffstown to Manchester.

1847, JULY 2. Grafton Railroad. From westerly boundary of state, in Lebanon, to a point in westerly boundary of state in Orford.

1847, JULY 2. Conway & Meredith Railroad Company. From west village in Conway to some convenient point on B., C. & M. Railroad in Meredith.

1848, JUNE 20. Connecticut River Railroad Company. From a point on Cheshire Railroad, in south part of Walpole or north part of Westmoreland, through Westmoreland, Chesterfield, Hinsdale, and Winchester, to south line of state, with one or more branches to west line of state.

1848, JUNE 24. Contoocook Valley Railroad. From any point on Concord Railroad, or Northern Railroad, in Concord, to any point in Peterborough.*

1848, JUNE 24. Concord & Claremont Railroad. From any point on Concord Railroad in Concord, or Bow, or any point on Northern Railroad in Concord, to the Sullivan Railroad in Claremont.

1848, JUNE 24. New Hampshire Central Railroad. From any point in Manchester, through Bedford, Goffstown, New Boston, Weare, Henniker, Bradford, Newbury, Wendell, New-

port, to Claremont, and thence to connect with Sullivan Railroad.

1848, DEC. 13. Monadnock Railroad. From line of state in Fitzwilliam, or westerly part of Rindge, or some point on Cheshire Railroad, in either of said towns, to any convenient point in Peterborough.

1848, DEC. 25. White Mountain Railroad. From some point on Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, in Haverhill, near Woodsville, to some point on Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad, in Lancaster.

1848, DEC. 29. Nashua & Epping Railroad Company. From Nashua, or Nashville, through Nashville, Hudson, Londonderry, Derry, Chester, Sandown, and Raymond, to a point on Portsmouth & Concord Railroad in Raymond or Epping.

1849, JAN. 3. Piscataquog River Railroad. From some point on New Hampshire Central Railroad in Goffstown, or New Boston, to Water Village in New Boston.

1849, JAN. 3. Essex Extension Railroad Company. From Center Village in Salem, to point where Essex Railroad of Massachusetts strikes state line in Salem.

1849, JAN. 3. Connecticut River & Montreal Railroad Company. From point on Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, at or near mouth of Ammonoosuc river, in Haverhill, or the terminus of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, up Connecticut river to a point in Lancaster that shall be most convenient for connection with Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad.

1849, JAN. 4. Suncook Valley Railroad. From some point on Portsmouth & Concord Railroad, in Hooksett, Allenstown, or Pembroke, to Pittsfield village.

1849, JULY 6. Manchester & Candia Railroad. From any point on Concord Railroad, or Manchester & Lawrence Railroad, or New Hampshire Central Railroad, in Manchester, to a point on Portsmouth & Concord Railroad, in Candia.

1849, JULY 6. Suncook Valley Extension Railroad. From any point on Suncook Valley Railroad, in Pittsfield, to any point on Cochecho Railroad in Alton.

1849, JULY 6. Salisbury & East Kingston Extension Railroad. From, at, or near woodshed on Boston & Maine Railroad, in East Kingston, to Portsmouth & Concord Railroad in Epping or Raymond.

1851, JUNE 26. Pittsfield & Concord Railroad. From some point on Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad in Concord, on east side of Merrimaek river, to Pittsfield village.

1851, JULY 2. New Hampshire Union Railroad. From present terminus of Contoocook Valley Railroad, in Hillsborough, to some point on line of Cheshire Railroad, or to eastern end of Ashuelot Railroad, in Keene.

1854, JULY 14. Claremont Railroad Company. From some central point in Claremont village, to connect with Sullivan road at some point in Claremont.

1855, JULY 14. Ammonoosuc Valley Railroad Company. Authorized to buy White Mountains Railroad and to build a road from said railroad in Littleton, to some point on St. Lawrence & Atlantic Railroad in Lancaster.

1855, JULY 14. Sugar River Railroad. From a point on Merrimack & Connecticut Rivers Railroad, or on Contoocook Valley Railroad, in Henniker, to a point to connect with Sullivan Railroad in Claremont.

1855, JULY 14. Concord & Portsmouth Railroad. Authorized to purchase Portsmouth & Concord Railroad.

1856, JULY 12. Contoocook River Railroad. Authorized to purchase stock and bonds of Contoocook Valley Railroad.

1859, JUNE 27. White Mountains (N. H.) Railroad. From Woodsville to some point on Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad. Takes property of White Mountains Railroad and succeeds it.

1862, JULY 1. Dover & Winnipisaukee Railroad. Authorized to pur-

chase and run Cocheco Railroad, between Dover and Alton.

1863, JULY 1. Suncook Valley Railroad. From a central point in Pittsfield village, to Concord & Portsmouth Railroad at or near Suncook.

1864, JULY 16. Manchester & Keene Railroad. From any point on Concord Railroad, Manchester & Lawrence Railroad, Concord & Portsmouth Railroad, or Manchester & North Weare Railroad, in Manchester, or in Goffstown, to any point on Cheshire or Ashuelot Railroad, in Keene.

1864, JULY 16. Coos Railroad. From termination of White Mountains Railroad in Littleton, to some convenient point on Grand Trunk Railway (formerly Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad) in Northumberland.

1865, JUNE 30. Portsmouth, Great Falls & Conway Railroad. Authorized to purchase Great Falls & Conway Railroad, &c.

1866, JULY 2. Portland and Rochester Railroad Company. From westerly line of Maine to Manchester.

1866, JULY 7. Peterborough Railroad. From some central point in Peterborough village, to connect with Wilton Railroad in Wilton, or Peterborough and Shirley branch of Fitchburg Railroad, in Mason.

1866, JULY 7. Sugar River Railroad. Authorized to purchase Concord & Claremont Railroad, extending from Concord to Bradford, and to build from end of said road in Bradford to any point on Sullivan Railroad in Claremont.

1866, JULY 7. West New Hampshire Railroad. From a point on Cheshire Railroad in south part of Walpole, or north part of Westmoreland, to westerly line of state in Chesterfield, and thence to any point on Ashuelot Railroad in Hinsdale.

1866, JULY 7. Portsmouth and Dover Railroad. From any point on Eastern Railroad, in Portsmouth, to any point on Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, or Dover & Winnipissee Railroad, in Dover.

1867, JULY 6. Portland, White Mountains & Ogdensburg Railroad. From any point in easterly boundary of state in Carroll county, to connect with Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad, of Maine, to some point in westerly boundary of state, in Monroe, Littleton, Dalton, or Lancaster.

1868, JUNE 30. West Amesbury Branch Railroad Company. From a point on state line near south corner of Newton, to connect with West Amesbury Branch Railroad of Massachusetts, to a point on Boston & Maine Railroad in New Hampshire, or to a point near house of James Brickett.

1868, JULY 1. Wolfeborough Railroad. From some point on Great Falls & Conway Railroad, in Wakefield, to some point on Lake Winnipissee in Wolfeborough.

1868, JULY 1. Exeter Railway. From any point on Concord & Portsmouth Railroad, in Epping, to any point on south line of state in Seabrook, or South Hampton, or to any point on Eastern Railroad in Hampton, Hampton Falls, or Seabrook.

1868, JULY 3. Mont Vernon Railroad. From any point on Wilton Railroad, in Amherst, to any point in Mont Vernon, New Boston, or Frankestown.

1868, JULY 3. Franklin & Portland Railroad. From point on Cocheco Railroad, at or near Downing's crossing, in New Durham, to a point on Northern Railroad in Franklin.

1868, JULY 3. New Hampshire Central Railroad. From line of Maine, in valley of Great Ossipee river, in Freedom, or Effingham, to the Northern Railroad, in Danbury.

1869, JULY 6. Concord & Rochester Railroad. From some point on Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, in East Concord, to some point on Portland & Rochester Railroad in Rochester.

1869, JULY 7. Hillsborough & Peterborough Railroad. From any point in Center village in Peterborough, to present terminus of Conto-

cook Railroad in village of Hillsborough Bridge.

1869, JULY 7. Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad of Maine. Right to prolong its railroad from west line of Maine through certain towns named.

1870, JUNE 27. Blackwater River Railroad. From some convenient point on Concord & Claremont Railroad, in Concord, to some convenient point on Northern Railroad, in Andover.

1870, JUNE 29. Windsor & Forest Line Railroad. From any point on west bank of Connecticut River, in Cornish, to any point in Greenfield.

1870, JULY 2. Manchester & Claremont Railroad. From Manchester & North Weare Railroad, to some point in or near Henniker village.

1871, JULY 11. Littleton & Franconia Railroad Company. From White Mountains Railroad, or its extension in Littleton, to any point in Franconia.

1871, JULY 13. Brookline Railroad. From any point on state line between Hollis and Pepperell, to any point at or near Brookline village.

1871, JULY 15. Wolfeborough & Alton Railroad. From some point in Alton to some point to connect with Portsmouth, Great Falls & Conway Railroad, in Ossipee, or Wakefield.

1872, JUNE 26. Rye Beach Railroad. From some point on Eastern Railroad, in Hampton, to some point on same railroad, or on Concord & Portsmouth Railroad, in Portsmouth.

1872, JUNE 27. Nashua, Acton & Boston Railroad Company. From northerly line of Massachusetts to any railroad in Nashua.

1872, JULY 3. Claremont & White River Junction Railroad. From Claremont to west bank of Connecticut river in Lebanon.

1872, JULY 4. Iron Mountain Railroad. From Bartlett, through Bartlett and Conway to any convenient point to connect with other railroads.

1874, JULY 7. Nashua & Plaistow Railroad. From Plaistow or Atkinson to some point in Nashua.

1874, JULY 7. Spickett River Railroad. From some point in northerly line of Massachusetts, in Salem, or some convenient point on Manchester & Lawrence Railroad in said town, to some point on Nashua & Rochester Railroad, in Derry or Hampstead.

1874, JULY 7. Lowell & Windham Railroad. From state line in Pelham to Nashua & Rochester Railroad in Windham.

1874, JULY 9. Pemigewasset Valley Railroad. From Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, in Plymouth, to Franconia, &c.

1874, JULY 9. Swift River Railroad. From some point in Conway to connect with Portsmouth, Great Falls & Conway Railroad, to height of land in Waterville, Allen's or Elkins's grants.

1875, JULY 2. Sawyer River Railroad. From some point in Hart's Location, westerly, up valley of Sawyer river, to some point at height of land dividing waters which flow into Sawyer river from those which flow into Pemigewasset river.

1875, JULY 15. Manchester & Ashburnham Railroad. From Manchester to line of state near Winchendon, Mass.

1877, JUNE 26. Farmington & Rochester Railroad. From some point in Farmington to some point in Rochester.

1877, JULY 14. Manchester & Fitchburg Railroad. From Manchester to some point on state line in Brookline, Mason, New Ipswich, or Rindge.

1878, JULY 11. Profile & Franconia Notch Railroad. From Mt. Washington branch of Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, in Bethlehem, to some point near Profile House, in Franconia.

1878, JULY 11. Whitefield & Jefferson Railroad. From some point on Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, in Dalton, or Whitefield, to some point in Randolph, with authority to extend a branch into Kilkenny or Berlin.

1878, JULY 18. New Zealand River Railroad. From some point on Bos-

ton, Concord & Montreal Railroad, in Carroll, up valley of the New Zealand river, near to the head-waters thereof.

1879, JULY 18. Lancaster & Kilkenny Railway Company. From point

on Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, near bridge on Israel's river, to forks of Garland brook, near base of Round mountain, in Kilkenny.

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

BY CHARLES W. COIT.

Swift spread the tidings through the land,
And messengers rode fast,
To tell all gallant Englishmen,
The hour was come at last.
When each must go aboard his ship,
And fight upon the main.
For country, faith and kindred,
'Gainst the proud fleet of Spain.
From every point and headland
Along the southern shore,
From beetling cliff, from shingly strand,
Where waves of ocean roar,
The beacon fires shone bright and clear
O'er all the briny flood.
And trailed far out into the night
Their crimson rays of blood.
And eager hands were hastening down
To many a hidden bay,
To man their boats, and put to sea,
And join the coming fray.
And all through merry England
The loyal spirit burned,
And country-folk and gentlemen
Their faces sea-ward turned.
In Plymouth Sound Lord Howard lay,
With forty ships and more;
But ere the light of morning shone
He'd left Mount Edgecomb's shore.
And waited ready for the foe
Upon the billows green;—
And southward oft he bent his eye,
With eager glance and keen.

The day wore on; and now the sun
Was tending toward the west,
And shed a milder radiance
Upon the surge's crest;
When, like a belt of snowy clouds
That through the azure sweep,
There rose a line of canvass white,
Afar upon the deep.
Near and yet nearer came the sails,
Filled by the breezes light;
And Spain's Armada swept along,
A fair and goodly sight.
There galleons proud, of mighty size,
Their masts upreared on high,
And pennons gay, of every hue,
Streamed bright athwart the sky.

The cross, the holy emblem,
Gleamed red on every sail.
Destined to carry death to all
Without the Roman pale.
Upon the decks there glittered arms
Of polished brass and steel;
And sparkled many a jewelled coat
Of Leon and Castile.
There Andalusian peasant-lads
Dreamed of their distant home;
There priests of Italy and France
Prayed for the cause of Rome.
From Burgos and Valladolid
The young hidalgos came,
And noble youths from Portugal,
To seek the path of fame.
All Spain had sent her chivalry
To swell the mighty host.
That now bore on right gallantly
Along the Cornish coast.
Ah! Little thought that proud array
Of coming woe or gloom!
But falsehood and an evil cause
Deserve an evil doom!

The Lizard Head they left behind,
And onward held their way,
Until the dusky evening hour
Found them off Plymouth Bay.
While there they waited for the dawn,
Throughout the summer night
The English vessels glided forth,
All eager for the fight.
Their prows were sharp, their hulls were light,
Their cordage stout and strong,
And five score honest English lads
Obeyed each boatswain's song.
And now they sailed against the foe;—
Lord Howard's flag was first;
And from their decks, and port-holes
black,
The streams of red fire burst.
The English cannon did their work,
And pierced the Spanish oak,
And soon upon the waters 'round
Floated the sable smoke.
And Drake and Howard sped along
Amidst the ships of Spain,
And oft the heavy galleons chased,

But ever chased in vain.
 And hard the Spaniards plied their guns,
 And fired thick and fast;
 But high above the hostile decks
 Their shot and bullets passed.
 The livelong day they fought amain.
 As fight alone the brave,
 And many a gay and gallant youth
 Lay dead upon the wave.

At night, new dangers threatened
 The fleet in foreign seas;—
 A rocky coast to leeward.
 Windward, a freshening breeze.
 Yet onward up the Channel,
 Despite the stormy wind,
 The galleons tossed, and tried to leave
 Their wily foes behind.
 Sidonia, Spain's high admiral;
 With care and danger spent,
 To gain the friendly shores of France,
 His anxious journey bent.
 For six long days he rode the deep,
 To English ships a prey,
 That darted in among his fleet,
 And sped unhurt away.
 But Howard saw his armament
 Grow daily more and more;
 For lords and youths of noble blood
 Came from the English shore.
 From Portland, Weymouth, Poole, and
 Lyme,
 The sons of England streamed;
 With sloops and snacks and pinnaces
 The Channel waters teemed.
 And ever shots were flying thick
 The hostile fleets between.
 In troth, it was a gallant fight!
 The like was seldom seen!

And now, at last, in Calais Roads
 The Spanish anchors fell,
 And safe the lofty galleons rocked
 Upon the passing swell.
 But dark as winter was the night,
 And swiftly flowed the tide,
 And hoarse and long, through spars and
 shrouds,
 The western breezes sighed.
 And, save the night-watch, all were still
 And wrapt in slumbers deep.
 Perchance they dreamed of sunny Spain,
 And smiled within their sleep.
 Ah! Empty dreams! Ah! Boding
 smiles!
 No more ye'll see that land!
 For e'en while slumber's on your brow,
 The foe is at your hand!

The bells were striking mid-night's hour,
 When through the startled air,
 Right where the great Armada lay,
 There shot a sudden glare.

And forked flames were glancing
 Amid the depths of night,
 And shed upon the Spanish ships
 A wild and awful light.
 Then men awakened from their sleep
 In terror and dismay.
 And strove the cable-lines to cut,
 And sail from danger's way.
 And ever shouts of anguish
 And wild confusion rang
 Amidst the sounds of groaning masts,
 And chains and anchors' clang.
 Sidonia shot the signal-gun,
 The fire-ships to flee.
 And bade his stricken host set sail
 To gain the open sea.
 No need of order; all obeyed;
 For fear was in the wind.
 Yet some were wrecked; some fell a
 prey
 To English ships behind.

At morn, the German ocean's surge
 Against the galleons beat;
 And onward sailed before the breeze
 The dreaded English fleet.
 There flew the privateers of Drake;
 There gallant Hawkins came;
 There Frobisher and Seymour sped,
 And many a noble name.
 Then rose the din of battle,
 With cannon's mighty roar,
 And masts and spars were falling;
 And streamed the decks with gore.
 And helpless on the bloody waves
 The Spanish vessels lay,
 With leaking hulls, and shattered sides,
 And cordage shot away.
 In vain the Spaniards struggled
 Against a hapless fate;
 In vain they hurried against their foes
 The fury of their hate;
 In vain they prayed the holy saints
 To help them in distress;—
 For God above had willed, not theirs,
 But England's arms, to bless.

And many sank beneath the wave;
 Few saw their distant home.
 So fell the haughty hopes of Spain;
 So fell the dreams of Rome.
 Throughout the land was wailing
 And lamentation sore
 For those that sailed away in pride,
 And came again no more.
 But every English heart rejoiced,
 In cottage, tower, and hall.
 And blessings heaped they on the men,
 Who wrought the Spaniards' fall.
 So perish all, who would invade
 The country of the free!
 So perish all, who would uphold
 The Roman tyranny!

DANIEL BLAISDELL.

BY M. A. WALLACE.

Among the early settlers in Canaan, no one was more distinguished for good sense, for integrity, and for uprightness in his relations to society, than Daniel Blaisdell. He, with his brother Parrott, had done service in the war of the Revolution, and being honorably discharged, about the year 1780, in company with other soldiers, emigrated from Amesbury, Mass., to this town, and here made his home during all the years of his long and honorable life. He was eighteen years old at the time of his arrival, with but little knowledge of books, but possessing a constitution inured to toil and hardship. He came here, as did many others, because it was reported to be a goodly land where a man might make himself a home by the labor of his own hands. The soil was rich and fruitful, and only needed persevering labor to be made to bring forth abundantly. After looking about among the scattered settlers for a few days, he engaged to work for Joseph Flint for six months at six dollars per month. Mr. Flint had been a merchant in Newburyport. About a year previous to this time he came here from Hopkinton, and began to clear up the farm where George Davis now lives. The work was very laborious, and the master was hard and exacting upon all who fell under his control. Early and late they toiled,—daylight calling them to breakfast and candle-light to supper. He used to tell young Blaisdell that if he would remain in his service he would make a man of him, and having a large family of girls, he supposed their company to be sufficiently magnetic to make the young man forget the hard labor to which he was subjected. He served his time faithfully and well, and then hired himself to Capt. Charles Walworth, who lived on the South Road. The Captain was

strongly religious, having imported his Puritan sentiments with him from Connecticut. He was a man of great natural kindness, and often gave his young friend good advice. While employed with Capt. Walworth, some of the ungodly young people got up a ball, to which they invited Blaisdell. The Captain objected to his going, using all the arguments then in common use, against the sinfulness of dancing, all of which failed to convince the young man. Then the Captain told him if he would stay away from that wicked gathering of scoffers, he would, the next day, show him something that would be of great advantage to him. Daniel staid away from the ball, but his heart was there all the evening, because little Sally Springer was to be there, and he had begun to believe that the angels had not yet all left the earth. The next day the Captain took him down into a densely timbered region (the farm where Prescott Clark now lives), and advised him to buy it, build a log house, get married, and make himself a home; in two years he could pay for it with the crops. He bought one hundred acres, agreeing to pay Mr. Walworth \$300 therefor, and went to work clearing it up, and, it is said, the first crop of wheat paid for the land. He built him a log house, and then wooed and married the little girl (who was an angel to him) in January, 1782, being scarcely twenty years old, and in due time they had sons and daughters born unto them—a house full.

He worked hard and was rewarded with increase in various ways. He became a teacher; he studied politics and was elected to various town offices; he stored his mind with much practical legal knowledge, which he imparted freely to all his neighbors. He often acted as a justice, and his

decisions were regarded as just and right.

In twenty-one years eleven children were born to him. More than eighty years ago a tax was levied by the legislature which was very burdensome to some of the new towns. Caleb Seabury was said to have been the occasion of it. He was sent to Exeter as a representative. He thought he could signalize his term of office by assuring the legislature of the great wealth of Canaan. Its soil yielded spontaneously and enriched its people. The effect of this speech, or talk, was the passage of the law which burdened the people with taxes. The next year Mr. Blaisdell was sent to Exeter to ask for the modification of the law. He told them that it was true that the lands of Canaan were exceedingly rich and fruitful. It was like all other new soil upon which the timber forests had been reduced to ashes. If they would make wheat, and rye, and corn, legal tender for taxes, it would relieve the people greatly, but there was no money and no market for their commodities. Lands, cattle, hogs, ashes, grain, &c., were the circulating medium. Nearly all purchases were made by way of exchange. In this way he pleaded with them, until they consented to modify the law, which greatly pleased the people, and made him more popular than ever.

Before Mr. Baldwin left town Mr. Blaisdell had passed through the mysterious process which men call "a change of heart, had joined the new Baptist church, and was ever afterward a consistent Baptist, and advocate for the stated preaching of the gospel." His manner of stating his opinions was somewhat diffuse, and like a small piece of butter on a large slice of bread, was a good deal spread out. He sometimes stated it thus: "We believe that the preaching of the gospel was instituted by the all-wise Governor of the universe, as a means whereby to communicate his special grace to a ruined world; and we be-

lieve, also, that a regular, peaceful gospel, tends to promote good order, and strengthen the bonds of society." He was prominent in all the services of his church, and also in all the connections of his party. As a Christian, the Baptist church was his strong tower; a belief in its tenets could alone save lost souls. His political faith was as fixed and unalterable as his religion. The great Federal party had the immortal Washington for its head, and through that organization, alone, could our free institutions be perpetuated. It was the sacred privilege of Federalists to hate Thomas Jefferson and his Democracy, as it was the duty of Baptists to avoid the devil, and flee from the wrath to come. These two principles governed all his actions in religion and politics. His first appearance in public life was as a legislator at Exeter. His sturdy sense and fearless expression of opinions attracted attention and won the applause of his party. He enjoyed the honors he was winning, and had vivid dreams of future greatness. Several years he was elected a senator, and five times he was elected councillor, and one term he served in Congress in 1809-11. While in Congress he was an active partisan, and opposed all measures involving the peace of the country. He was an aggressive politician, and many times came in conflict with the leaders of the war party. Being a rough debater, with few courtesies of speech, he received from John Randolph the sobriquet of "Northern Bear," a title which clung to him all the days of his life.

I insert here two original letters, which have lain *perdu* for two generations. The spelling is a little unusual, also the use of capitals, showing defects in his early education. These I have taken the liberty to correct. The first letter might, with propriety, be made to refer to scenes and events of more recent date, and both exhibit, in strong light, the unyielding nature of the man.

"WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 28, 1810.

Dear Sir:—

I received yours only last evening, which I read with pleasure. You complain of Democratic orators dealing out falsehood; I thought you knew them better than this, for if I should find them dealing in any other commodity, I should think them insane, or that they had deserted their cause. This I apply to their leaders, and not to all who call themselves Republicans, for there are many among them who are well disposed men, and need only to be here one week, and hear the threats in Congress, to convince them that they have been misled. A leader among them, three days since, in Congress, made a war speech, and in reply to a gentleman who had spoken against war, said: 'Some gentlemen seem to regret the loss of blood and treasure more than submission to Great Britain. I, also, said he, regret the loss of the blood of some of our citizens, but if we go to war with England, Canada must be taken, and we very well know what men must be engaged in taking that country.' And many more such expressions, which would make the blood of our New England Republicans boil. I immediately went to him and required an explanation. He looked beat, and paddled off as well as he could.

Let nothing deter you from duty at, and before the second Tuesday of March. For the darkest time is just before day.

I am sir, &c.,

Signed,

DANIEL BLAISDELL.

To John Currier, Esq."

The next letter is interesting as showing the hostility of the Federal party to all measures for the defense of the nation at a time when England, supposing us to be weak, had become, day by day, more arrogant in her demands.

"WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 27, 1810.

Dear Sir:—

I send you Mr. Epps's war speech, which seems to have originated in a fit of madness, that the Senate had seen fit to cut Mr. Mason's American navigation act of that part which they intended, instead of the Embargo or non-intercourse. It was sent back from the Senate to our House on Thursday, with only three out of thirteen sections left. The two first to interdict the armed ships of England and France from our harbors. And the

other, to repeal the non-intercourse act. To be sure, sir, it was a curiosity to see the embargo hands, with distorted features, rise in turn, and declare that it was treason against the party that had brought forward and supported commercial restrictions, to thus dispose of it without a substitute. Some of them said they would much rather the hall might fall in and crush them to death, than abandon the system in this way. And after a Sunday evening caucus at the president's, they (as it would seem) are prepared to plunge the nation into immediate war, for Eppes did not deny, but owned it must have that effect. Seventy-four supported the measure, and forty-nine opposed it. If so many of their war measures, resolutions, and proclamations, had not evaporated, all must see that we must have a war with England soon, for France is only mentioned to deceive the people. The president, on Saturday before the caucus, said openly, our affairs with France were in a fair way to be settled. Tell your demos if there is any dependence to be placed upon their leaders, they may fix their knapsacks to go to Canada.

From your friend,

DANIEL BLAISDELL.

To John Currier, Esq."

At the expiration of his term, in 1811, Mr. Blaisdell returned home, firmly believing it to be a Christian virtue to oppose the coming war. Public meetings were called for the purpose of concentrating public opinion. A series of resolutions, longer than one of John Worth's prayers, and more tiresome, setting forth the iniquities of the Democratic leaders, and calling upon good men to defeat them, were passed. The excitement ran fearfully high, and continued for years. Many worthy neighbors became estranged, and the lives of many of them were too short to outlive the ill-feeling engendered.

And for more than twenty years he went in and out among his neighbors and friends, exercising great influence in their affairs, honored and respected by all, even by the Democrats, whom, as a party, he never ceased to denounce as the enemies of his country. The struggles of his early life had given him habits of industry, temperance, and economy. He built him

a modest house on the farm since owned by James Doron, and readapted himself to the career of a farmer. His knowledge of law made him a safe counsellor. He was sometimes called upon to carry business for his neighbors up to the courts. At one time he was solicited to carry a case to the court at Exeter. He started on horseback, as was the custom then, and on his road was overtaken by Gen. Benjamin Pierce, who was traveling the same way. Personally they were friendly, but very hostile in politics. Blaisdell was a man of even temperament, not easily excited, and whom mere words could not offend; but he never yielded a point once settled in his mind. Pierce, in temperament, was the reverse of Blaisdell, but he was equally tenacious of his opinions. Blaisdell believed only Federalism and baptism. Pierce believed only in Democracy. They traveled together, discoursing pleasantly as they rode until they approached the subject of politics. Pierce quite earnestly denounced the Federalists as the enemies of the country, and as desiring to destroy the liberties of the people by consolidating all power in the hands of a few families. Blaisdell very coolly replied by accusing the Democracy of demagogism, of debauching the virtue of the youth of the country, and like satan, of wishing to lead all things down to himself. This reply infuriated Pierce. He declared that he "would not ride with such a traitor any further," and jumping off his horse dared Blaisdell to take his chance of a "thrashing on the spot." Blaisdell declined to take the chances offered, not only because they were not favorable to him, but because he saw nothing to fight about. He said some soothing words to the governor, who finally remounted his horse, and the two jogged on to Exeter as though nothing had occurred; but they talked no more politics on that ride.

There never was much poetry in his life. His habits of thought had always

been so earnest, so convincing to his reason, that every position he ever assumed, whether in morals, politics, or religion, became to him matters of fact. He never yielded a point to an opponent, because he never allowed himself to be in the wrong. It pleased him to see labor rewarded, and mean, tricky people punished. But young folks never loved him, because he never seemed to see them. He would speak of "the rising generation," with a look so far away, as if he never expected to give place to them, or as if they were to drop from some distant sphere, and slowly approach to greet him as he disappeared. We used to look upon him as the embodiment of dignity and wisdom, a man with whom we could take no liberties. He was a willful man, who liked to have his way. Like most men in his day he ignored the presence of children. I do not remember of any boy who felt proud of his caresses or approving words. He never uttered them, and he very seldom saw any boys. His own life, from boyhood until long after he thought himself a man, was of hard toil, without schools or books, and all the way up hill. Did he never yearn for a word of encouragement? I often wonder, when the manner of these men's lives occurs to me, how they could always pass by the children,—the boys, who are coming right along to crowd them out of the way?

In his day the old Judge was a great power in politics, and he had the faculty of keeping his party in office nearly all his life. He never thrust himself forward for office, nor would he allow more than one of his boys to be in office at the same time. This policy made him strong. He did not use his political influence to keep his family in office. In this respect he understood human nature better than some of the leaders of later years. The people respected his advice because they knew him to be unselfish.

* * * It was more than fifty years ago, just before March election, there had been a sly caucus at Cobb's tav-

ern, in which Wesley Burpee, Daniel Pattee, William Campbell, with a few others, figured, and Elijah Blaisdell had been nominated for representative. It was intended for a surprise, and only such as were friendly to Elijah were present. Old Bill Wood and Levi Wilson had been there after their daily rum; going home, about sunset, the Judge hailed them for "the news up to the street." "O, nothin much," replies Uncle Bill, "only we had a caukis, and sot up 'Lijah for representative." "What!" thundered the old Judge, "'Lige Blaisdell for rep! impossible! But who's done it? He 'aint fit fer it, more'n my old hoss, and I tell you he shan't have it." And he did n't get it. The Judge mounted his old horse, and rode up to Wallace's store, where a crowd had begun to gather. He dismounted, and, after saluting them, inquired if any thing of importance had transpired. They confirmed his first intelligence, with more particulars. Then he smoothed his brow and replied, "men, this will never do; because I was fit to hold office, it don't follow that all the Blaisdells are fit for it, and I ought to be pretty well acquainted with them all. And then the way this nomination has been made is unfair. A man that plays tricks, even in politics, aint worthy of your votes. We must get together, Saturday night, at this store, and talk it all over, and depend upon it, we 'll have a good man nominated." The other Blaisdell staid at home that year. That Saturday night was memorable in the annals of Canaan Street. There was a large gathering, and they drank rum freely, every body did, except this matter-of-fact old judge. Asahel Jones, who belonged to the other party, appeared among them. He was accused of being a spy, and he was ordered to prepare for instant death. They secured him, placed a rope about his neck and shoulders, and drew him up to a beam, in the store, several times, letting him down hard. Asahel was badly hurt, and worse frightened, and

begged hard for a reprieve. Finally he was permitted to start for home. He went off over the hill, crying murder! help! On the road, the cold air began to freeze the rum out of his skin, and he was sorely chilled. He grew mad as he thought how he had been assaulted and battered by those fellows on the street, no better than he. Next morning he presented himself before his friend, Elijah Blaisdell, and complained of his assailants, three of whom were arrested and made to pay \$20 for the wicked sport they had enjoyed. After the election of General Jackson, in 1828, Elijah became a Democrat. The old judge was much annoyed at his son's apostasy from his own faith, but he pretended to be greatly pleased, "because, said he, now we shall know where to find him all the time."

Mr. Blaisdell became one of the largest owners of lands in Canaan. When the proprietors dissolved their organization, he, with Joseph Dustin, purchased all the ungranted lands in the town. These included swamp lands, gores, and corners which the surveys had failed to connect. His children, as they grew up, married and settled in town, and the third generation numbered sixty-nine persons. It is interesting to look at some of these families, and compare their numbers with those of the present time. Of his eleven sons and daughters, Elijah, the lawyer, had twelve children; James, the sheriff, seven; Daniel, the musician, fifteen; William, the painter, seven; Joshua, the sheriff, five; Parrott, the farmer, nine; Jacob, the doctor, none; Jonathan, the trader, two; Sally, wife of Joseph Dustin, five; Rhoda, third wife to Eben Clark, two; Timothy, the broker, five. These families, for years, all resided in one neighborhood, and it was a common remark that the old folks could visit all their numerous offspring in one day. The name was once nearly as common as blackberries (Barney at E. C.), but it has disappeared from our records, or is only found in the grave-yards. Our worthy

friend and neighbor, Mrs. Joseph Dustin, now in her seventy-ninth year, is the only representative among us of that numerous family.

I have thought this man's life worth relating, inasmuch as it illustrates the upward growth of a poor boy, without education, who, ere he was twenty years old, burdened himself with a family, and then, by a life of earnest industry and integrity seldom equaled, rose, by successive gradations, until he became the patriarch of the town, and

was held in respect and honor throughout the state. After a toilsome and thoughtful life of seventy-one years he passed away, and was buried in yonder grave-yard. His wife survived him about five years. They traveled together over the road upon which they started in their youth, more than ten lustrums of years. The legend that encircles his head-stone is an affectionate tribute to his virtues. "The just shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

THE HOME OF THE GILMANS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

A gloomy May sky was over the earth when I first saw Exeter—Exeter, the ancient Squamscot, long the political rival of Portsmouth, for many years the capital of the state, the seat of a famous school, and rich with historic associations and memories of great men. Squamscot river was dull and rough, the leaves had not yet clothed the trees with their habit of green, a slight, disagreeable drizzle of rain made it dismal overhead and nasty under foot; but the attractions of the ancient borough could not be hid even under a glowering sky. As I rode to the American House, from the station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, I could not help remarking the beautiful situation of the village, the metropolitan appearance of its business blocks, its wide streets, its many elegant private residences, and its noble old elms, many of which shook their patriarchal limbs in the breezes that tanned the cheeks of heroes who sailed with Pepperell, to Louisburg, or shook the sails of Revolutionary privateers that sailed from Exeter wharves to meet the red cross of Great Britain.

The place is a busy one. The falls of Squamscot river furnish a vast water power that is well improved. There

are cotton factories and machine shops. Hard-ware, notions, paper, furniture, carriages, gas, tin, boots and shoes, are made here; and at either end of the town great tanneries, with picturesque but rather unfragrant heaps of hemlock bark stacked in the broad yards, tell their own story of labor and revenue to the utilitarian, and to the sentimentalist sing mournful requiems of departed forests, of rock-ribbed hills laid bare, and of lonely roads where once the graceful, fadeless, foliage of the evergreen monarchs made cool shade in summer sun, and warm protection from winter winds.

But despite the industry and democratic proclivities of its people, Exeter is very aristocratic. The whole air breathes of a courtly atmosphere, even when distant from the court house. The houses seem to have thrust themselves back in proud dignity from the street, placing broad lawns between, or else they stare down upon the visitor with the haughty, overbearing aspect of an ancient dowager. Doubtless the old town is not unconscious of its past worth and dignity, or of its present wealth and prosperity, so we can forgive it much of its patrician manners. It is a beautiful, attractive, re-

finest place, with an "infinite variety" as great as the star-eyed Egyptian's could have been. The modern and the antique are so combined that there is nothing stale about the village, nor does it cloy the appetite it feeds.

While we are partaking of the excellent cheer at the American House, let us take a backward glance at Exeter, and ascertain what manner of men settled the town, part of which is so new and garish that it can not be older than yesterday, part of which is quaint and drowsy, gray and moss-covered with age that tells of pre-Revolutionary times.

We learn that at the time the great struggle was beginning in England between kings and commons, during the time of John Hampden and Lord Strafford, there was also trouble in Massachusetts. It was the year 1638. The Antinomian controversy, under the leadership of Anne Hutchinson, after a bitter and violent contest, had been brought to a termination. The leaders of the party, by sentence of the General Court, were banished from the colony. Among these was the Rev. John Wheelwright, a man of rare talents in any age, who led a large body of his disciples to the shores of Squamscot river, where they purchased a title of land from the Indians, and proceeded to erect a settlement. The surrounding country was then an unbroken wilderness. Portsmouth and Dover on the Piscataqua were the only settlements within our state. Indians were numerous on every side. On the west, at Penacook, the royal Passaconaway swayed the scepter; on the south, where Lowell now stands, Runawit ruled the tribe of Pawtuckets; and Wehanownowit was sachem of the Squamscots. And here in the dark and gloomy forest, in silence unbroken save by the savage warwhoop, the cry of wild beasts, or the solemn roar of the ocean, they made their earthly home, and laid the foundations of a government insuring to all the people the largest civil and religious liberty.

"Amidst the storm they sang.
And the stars heard and the sea:
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves foam.
And the rocking pines of the forest
roared:
This was their welcome home."

The second church organized in New Hampshire was the Congregational church at Exeter, in the autumn of 1638, eighteen years subsequent to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, and fifteen years after the first settlement of the state. Dover and Portsmouth were already flourishing colonies. In the former place a meeting-house was erected as early as 1633, and William Leverich, a "worthy and able puritan clergyman," was engaged as minister. But a church was not formed there till 1639, and no pastor was regularly settled till 1642. The first pastor installed at Portsmouth was in the year 1639, but no minister was settled in that place till late in 1671. The only towns in the province in which ministers had been settled, previous to 1670, a whole half century from the landing of the Pilgrims, were Hampton, Exeter, and Dover. The organization of the church at Hampton occurred in the summer of the same year with that of Exeter.

Exeter played a great part in the revolution. A place of some eighteen hundred inhabitants at that time, she sent the noblest and best of her sons to fight for the cause of freedom. In the halls of legislation, too, many of her citizens played a part second to none. The court and assembly met there through the Revolution, and in the trying years of 1775 and 1777 heroic scenes were there displayed. Her ship-yards were full of activity and bustle, and the noted and gallant sailors of Exeter vied with those of Portsmouth in deeds of enterprise and daring.

In 1789 Washington visited the place, and this is what he says of it: "This is considered the second town

in New Hampshire, and stands at the head of the tide water of the Piscataqua river, but ships of three hundred and four hundred tons are built at it. Above (but in the same town) are considerable falls, which supply several grist mills, two oil mills, a slitting mill, and a snuff mill. It is a place of some consequence, but does not contain more than one thousand inhabitants. A jealousy subsists between this town, where the legislature alternately sits, and Portsmouth, which, had I known it in time, would have made it necessary to have accepted an invitation to a public dinner; but my arrangements having been otherwise made, I could not."

Probably a greater number of distinguished men have been in Exeter than in any other town in the state, Portsmouth and Hanover not excepted. Its prominence, as the seat of legislative and executive power, drew celebrities there at the time of the Revolution, and for several subsequent years. Latterly, the fame of its institution of learning, Phillips' Exeter Academy, has called the best brains of the land to the village on the Squamscot. They have gathered there, statesmen, like Webster and Cass; scholars, like Everett, Sparks and Bancroft; lawyers, like Hale and Dix, and scores of other brilliant names, to drink of the well of knowledge, and have gone forth again to spread the waters from bench and bar and pulpit, throughout the nation.

And Exeter has had great men of her own. There is a great deal in blood, and there was good blood among the early settlers. Exeter has furnished her full share of public worthies. Governors, senators, attorney-generals, judges, members of cabinets, without number, have had their birth-place and residence in this village by the Squamscot. The intelligence and morals of her people, and the genius of her sons have been among the brightest ornaments of the Granite State.

Exeter is an old family town. One hundred years ago it was, as it is to-day, the abode of a dozen wealthy and aristocratic families. These owned extensive possessions, lived in stately mansions, and their wealth was as abundant as their patriotism was approved. Foremost among these families were the Gilmans. Through all the colonial period they were a notable and influential race. Members of the family held civil office from the time our colony became a royal province up to within the memory of men now living. Edward Gilman, the ancestor of all the Gilmans of this state, came into New Hampshire soon after its first settlement, and among his descendants have been men in every generation, who have done honor to their country, and whom this country has delighted to honor. Hon. John Gilman, the son of the preceding, was one of the councillors named in President Cutts' commission in 1679. He died in 1708. His son, Capt. Nicholas Gilman, was an officer of skill and decision during the Indian wars of Queen Anne's reign, was a friend of Col. Winthrop Hilton, and had command of a detachment that marched against the savages to revenge the death of that lamented officer in 1710. Hon. Peter Gilman was a royal councillor under John Wentworth, and was the first to fill the office of brigadier-general in New Hampshire. Col. Daniel Gilman was one of the commissioners from New Hampshire, stationed at Albany, in 1756, to take care of the provisions furnished by the province for our troops quartered at Ticonderoga. He was also the colonel of the Fourth New Hampshire regiment of militia for many years. He was a grantee of the town of Gilmanton, and two of his sons settled there.

Nicholas Gilman, his oldest son, was born Oct. 21, 1731. The greater part of his life was passed at Exeter. He inherited his father's patrician rank, and early became a man of influence in his native village. In 1752 he purchased of William Ladd, Esq., the large

mansion-house that had been built by Nathaniel, and moved into it with the wife he had recently married, Miss Ann, daughter of Rev. John Taylor, of Milton, a descendant of one of the Pilgrim fathers.* The new mistress of the Gilman house, as it was thereafter termed, was a woman of large culture, strong mind, and great beauty of person. Her first child, who was born just a year after her marriage lacking two days, was named for her father, a patronymic that was famous in New Hampshire in after years. The early years of marriage were somewhat disturbed by the rumors of war, that blew fateful and threatening from the frontiers, and his second son, who bore his own name, was an infant of scarcely two months, when Nicholas Gilman marched, as lieutenant, under his uncle, Peter, to join in the operations around Lake George, in 1755.

Prior to the Revolution he held many important civil and military appointments under the government of the magnificent Wentworths. Between him and the last royal governor, the cultivated and enterprising Sir John, there was a strong personal friendship. When the storm of the Revolution came, he threw all of his influence into the patriot cause; but this did not antagonize him with the governor, who declared that when the rebellion should be put down, Col. Gilman should be spared all punishment. No other man shared his friendship to such a degree, save Maj. Benjamin Thompson, who was afterward Count Rumford.

Nicholas Gilman was one of the great men of New Hampshire during the Revolutionary period. He had wealth, large ability, and a great name, and he threw them all into the scale for the patriot cause. Nor did he shirk the toils incumbent on the patriot of '76. He won, it is true, no glory in the field of carnage. His was not the genius of a man of war, but

that of a man of peace. He was needed at home, and the services of Meshech Weare himself could have been better dispensed with than those of Col. Gilman. From 1775 to 1782 he was Treasurer of the state of New Hampshire. Beside this, he was Continental Loan Officer, one of the chief members of the committee of safety, and councilor of the state from 1777 to the day of his death. His relation, therefore, to the financial affairs of New Hampshire, resembled much that of Robert Morris to those of the nation. He was an active and accomplished man of business, and his prudence and skill in finance were remarkable. New Hampshire had no abler servant in the field, at home or abroad, than Col. Gilman, and perhaps it is not saying too much to state that he furnished a fourth part of the brains of New Hampshire in the Revolution, the other members of the quartette being Meshech Weare, Samuel Livermore, and Josiah Bartlett. Moreover, his own personal strength and the influence of his able sons and numerous friends, furnished a firm support to the patriot cause in the eastern part of the state, which, if such powerful influence had been lacking, would probably have been overawed by the authority of the crown.

Col. Gilman survived the treaty of peace but one year. He died in the prime of life, April 7, 1783. His wife preceded him to the grave by a few days, dying March 17, 1783. Their tombs are still visible, in the old cemetery of Exeter. They were the parents of three sons. John Taylor, Nicholas, and Nathaniel Gilman, all prominent men of New Hampshire in their day.

The mansion occupied by this distinguished worthy from the time of his marriage to that of his death, is still standing on Water street. It occupies a slight eminence, overlooking the street and the river, with the front facing the south-east. The old house has been kept in pretty good repair, and has never been altered nor in any

*Miss Ann Taylor was a lineal descendant of Mary Chilton, who, according to tradition, was the first woman of the Pilgrims to set her foot on Plymouth Rock.

way modernized. It stands out alone in the landscape, with an air of venerable dignity, its huge chimneys rising above the tall trees, and its windows looking down upon the street and over the water, where many a time they must have seen pageants and sights worth looking upon. In its one hundred and fifty years of life, it must have seen much that was interesting in the history of Exeter.

We walked up the broad pathway to its portal in the gloom of the following morning. The storm was over, but the sky was still lowering, and the mists were rolling up thick and heavy from the Squamscot. The old house looked stern and uninviting, and I experienced a sensation of awe as I stood under its lofty front, a feeling akin to that I had felt when in the evening shadows I walked up to the portico of Monticello, or when in the dull November morning I first saw the roof of Mount Vernon. It may be that the august memories that invested it might have affected me; the solemn mood of the weather may have depressed me; or the old house indeed might have been in one of its inhospitable moods. Of course houses have their moods as well as people.

The Gilman mansion was built somewhere near the year 1740, and is therefore of an age contemporary with the Mount Vernon mansion, the Walker house at Concord, and the Sparhawk mansion at Kittery. It is only a few years older than the Gov. Wentworth house at Little Harbor, and but a year or two younger than the Meshech Weare house at Hampton Falls. It is a good specimen of the domestic style which prevailed in the colonies before the Revolution. Built of brick covered with wood, three stories in height, with dormer windows in its upper story, gambrel-roofed, and its walls a yellow dun color, its air of antiquity is unmistakable, and at the same time it pleases the eye with its varied charms. It stands well in from the street, with a yard and shrubbery in front. "You have a goodly house here, and a sightly,"

said Judge Livermore to his friend Gilman, while stopping with him once during the Revolution; and Judge Livermore said rightly.

The interior of the house is as worthy of inspection as the outside promises. There are sixteen rooms in all, exclusive of closets, and so forth. The principal apartments in the mansion are the hall, the parlor, and the room on the southwest corner used by the Gilmans for an office. The house is built all of hard wood, and the polished oaken floor of the hall shines like a mirror. It is a broad, generous room, with more than one reminder of past greatness in its wainscoted walls, its staircase railed in with the curiously wrought balusters which the taste of the times required.

The parlor is a large room, some longer than it is wide. It is not very lofty, being rather low posted as are all the rooms on the first floor, those in the second story being higher. There are three windows looking out to the south. These windows have deep embrasures and seats, and folding shutters. The "Squire's Room," as it is called, is some eighteen by twenty feet, well-lighted, cheerful and cosy. His presence seems to haunt it, and it looks to-day very much as it must have looked the last time he set his foot in it, irrespective of furniture. To name the great and famous men who have sat within those walls, would exhaust no little time. The wisest, and bravest, and best of the sons of New Hampshire have gathered there at times, in private confab, in social converse, and to discuss affairs of state. Jean Paul Richter has declared—"no thought is lost." If this be true, how affluent of mirth, wit and eloquence that historic room must be.

The chambers are of good size and noble prospect. The best chamber is finished entirely with wainscot work, ceiling and all, and there was never any plastering in the room. From its windows one gets fine and extensive views of the surrounding country.

As we came out of the house, the sun broke out in its glory from the cloud of mist. What a sudden transforma-

tion underwent the old house then ! As the sunshine played like a halo over it, the homestead had the double charm of being both historic and beautiful. To see it as I did on that May morning, its gray walls rising amid the green trees, the sunlight breaking through the foliage and falling in patches on its front, and on the shady masses of shrubbery ; and to think of the noble men and the fair women who have passed beneath its doorways, of the scenes it has witnessed of joy and of sorrow, of the varied life it has known and shared, all crowding upon the sight and sinking deep into the heart, its memory will be enduring.

At the rear extends the ell and shed, and in former times a large barn stood back of them. It was taken down only a few years ago. An old coach, cumbrous and large, with seats for six, that was used by Gov. John Taylor Gilman, and possibly by Col. Nicholas, was once sheltered here, and is still remembered by the "oldest inhabitant." The last known of the carriage, was in the possession of Hon. John Broadhead, member of congress. A big elm, twenty feet in circumference, whose limbs sheltered the old house in the time of the Revolution, was cut down several years ago. From the root has grown a shoot that is now a tall and thrifty tree.

After the death of Nicholas Gilman, the old house became the property of his oldest son, John Taylor Gilman, who resided in it until his marriage with his third wife. John Taylor was the most prominent of the three brothers. He was born Dec. 19, 1753. His early education was scant, being no more than what the common schools of Exeter afforded at that time. At an early age he became interested in ship building, an industry that was then actively engaged in by many of the citizens of Exeter. The elder

Gilman was a wealthy and enterprising man, owner of a large estate and a store. In connection with navigation, young Gilman now and then busied himself with agriculture and trade.

One of the schoolmates of John Taylor Gilman was Miss Deborah Folsom. She was the daughter of Gen. Nathaniel Folsom, the rival of Gen. Stark, and a famous Revolutionary worthy. Born the same year that Gilman was, Miss Folsom was, during the few years prior to the revolution, the reputed belle of Exeter. The two families were intimate, John Taylor soon became an announced suitor, and a few months before that affair at Concord Bridge, "Where the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world," they were married. When the revolution broke out. John Taylor Gilman was only twenty-two years old.

On the morning of April 20, 1775, at day-break, the news arrived at Exeter of the battle at Concord. With all the alacrity and ardor of a youthful patriot, the young husband gathered a company and marched for Cambridge, which place he reached at noon of the next day. Mr. Gilman, however, did little military service. He was needed at home. He acted as commissary in supplying the three regiments of the State, at Cambridge. In 1779, he was elected a member of the N. H. legislature, and subsequently served upon the committee of safety. In 1780 he was the sole delegate from New Hampshire to attend the convention at Hartford. He was absent six weeks from home, riding on horseback and paying his own expenses, as there was not sufficient money in the State treasury to defray them. This period was known as the "dark days." The crops of the farmers had been unfavorable, and destitution and distress pervaded the army. There was no money nor credit in either department.

[CONCLUDED IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

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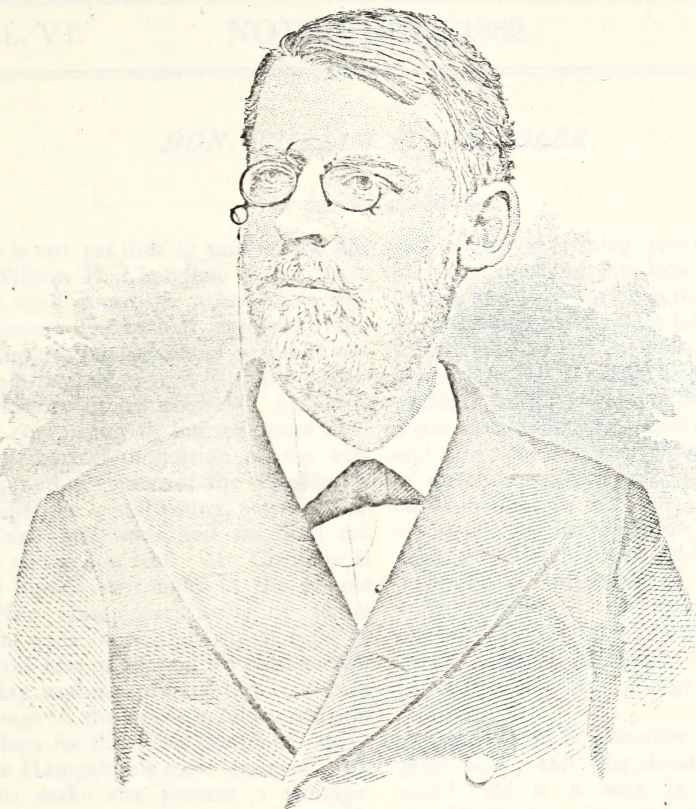
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DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, HISTORY, AND HOME PROGRESS

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Very Truly
Wm E. Chandler

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No. 2.

HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.

BY HENRY ROBINSON.

It is not yet time to sum up the life of William E. Chandler. When that time shall come, an abler, more experienced hand shall carefully trace the interesting details of a public career intricately woven with the political history of his country. Although now comprising in himself more than his numerical proportion of the wisdom and sagacity of the President's Cabinet, he is still young, active, earnest, and ambitious, and far from the sear and yellow leaf. Mr. Chandler is well known personally to the people of New Hampshire, many of whom might question our priority of right to discuss him at all, and we shall assume to say nothing new of him. But he belongs to the whole people, and our apology for this hasty sketch of one of New Hampshire's most eminent sons, is to make the present a vantage-ground only, whereon, in the crude outlines of a splendid past, may be caught some reflection of the brilliancy of future promise. To be the foremost politician of his state, in a state so closely and hotly contested that every good citizen is to some extent a politician, is no cheap encomium. We mean politician in the best and true sense of the term. Writing in the smoke of individual prejudices, whilst yet the smart of his partisan conquests is still felt, and personal pique and disappointment are rife at his successes,

and whilst yet burning jealousies rankle,—to speak of him now fully and frankly as it is in our heart to do, might be premature, and might be impolitic toward him as well as toward others. To narrate the thrilling history of his eventful public career, with the adequate reasons for his positive courses and pronounced views, through a life of the most unswerving independence and indefatigable zeal, might be to invite invidious discrimination, to awaken unpleasant comparisons, and to arouse unprofitable discussion of important issues hardly yet cold enough in the interest of living men for an unprejudiced autopsy. It might, too, open the writer to the charge of overpraise.

But William E. Chandler is indeed a great man; and why should it not be said? He is a man in whom we should all take pride, and of whom we should speak as becomes his real worth to his native state, where he is not without honor. He is a man of wonderful readiness of mind, of remarkable ability, and, above all else, of undoubted integrity. His political opponents will tell you that. He says in the fewest words possible what he has to say, and he says what he means, and means what he says,—you may rely upon it. His word is to him a bond. This is one great reason why those who know him best love him

best. This is one great reason why he is so trusted a leader in his country, so influential a citizen in his own state, and courted, and quoted, and counted upon everywhere that sound principle is at stake. Integrity is a crown jewel. Honesty is the highest and noblest element of human character,—honesty of purpose and action, purity of thought and mind, square dealing with one's fellow-men, a scrupulous uprightness in all the thousand-and-one petty details of a busy life, and a strict and constant adherence to truth and rectitude, whether in public or private. But in him honesty is set off by and has the advantage of an intellect that rises at times almost to the level of genius, for as precocious lad at school, as astute lawyer at the bar, or as commanding statesman in the clustered head of the present national administration, William E. Chandler has developed and displayed an intuitive keenness of discernment, a remarkable clearness of judgment, a conciseness of statement, and an almost supernatural aptitude for leadership, that have at once pressed him into the front ranks of those with whom he has been associated.

With unflinching integrity and surpassing ability, Mr. Chandler has combined the very best practical sense and a thorough knowledge of human nature in all its different phases. His circle of acquaintances is very extensive; he has friends in every clime, and knows more men personally, probably, than any other man in America. When New Hampshire shall some day be asked, as she should be asked, and as we predict she will be asked, to present another name for the presidency of the United States, the name of William E. Chandler will be first to spring into expression as an available and worthy candidate, and will find almost unanimous echo in the hearts and sentiments of the Republican majority of his state.

Chandler has made mistakes. Who has not? But they did not crush him, nor subdue his enthusiasm. He rose

triumphant above them, and profited by their experience. He has faults. Who has not? But he wears them all upon his sleeve. His private character is unassailable and above reproach. There is no shade of suspicion upon the sterling qualities of his high manhood, and the detractors of his public career have been few, and quickly discredited without even the pretence of denial.

He is a contentious man,—contentious for what he believes to be the right. If you have him with you, he is a host in himself; but if he be arrayed against your cause, he is sure to be the central figure of the opposition, and you must beware of his bold, rapid advances. Such is the vehemence of his impulsive nature and the ardor of his temperament that he is a partisan to any cause that wins his sympathy, but no man is quicker to bury the hatchet, and to forgive and forget, when the contest is over. He is a splendid fighter, but is supreme at reconciliation.

His characteristic frankness is a charm that contributes more than a little to his personal popularity. He has a directness of purpose and a firmness of execution that does not mislead you as to his objects. He is not politic; he never strove to bask in the sunshine of popular favor; he is not easily swayed by the clamor of a crowd; but has kept steadily on in the straight path of his own convictions of duty. More than once he has seemed to stand in his own light, and more than once the people have returned to his leadership, after wandering from what he had defined to be the right course. He is no mere place-hunter. Whenever he has held offices it was the office that sought the man. He never was enamored of sounding titles and official positions, and has held only few, and solicited none. As a public man only, his wide-reaching influence has been felt, and his present elevation was attained by force of sheer ability, and by acknowledged integrity, rather than by the

regular course of promotion, round by round up the ladder of political eminence.

His indefatigable attention to detail is an important secret of his success in life. We saw him, not long ago, in the navy yard at Portsmouth, inspecting personally every gun, and timber, and rope,—everything there however insignificant it might seem,—giving orders as he went along, dictating memoranda, mastering in his own powerful mind the whole situation. With a memory skilfully attuned to the accurate recollection of a million details, and yet a mind fitted for the grandest and most comprehensive command, we have in him a secretary who will be an honor and a credit to the whole country. The people of New Hampshire may well sound his praises, but they do not overestimate his worth and importance in the very responsible position which he has recently been called to fill at the head of the United States Navy. He has already done, and is doing, an immense amount of valuable hard work that makes no public showing, and the results of which are unselfishly put into the common fund, to be credited to the faithfulness and patience of all with whom he is associated in the executive branch of the general government.

He is not a big man physically. Nature did not endow him with an especially handsome form and face, but he has a lithe, well-proportioned figure, a cheerful countenance, and a bright, pleasing manner. His step is quick and elastic, and he has a fascinating self-assurance that cheers on his comrades, and entitles him to the respect of his opponents. When a question is settled, he drops it. He is impatient of annoyance, and he disengages himself almost abruptly, but without giving offence. He is a nervous man, and does not sit still long, but he has an easy way of making himself at home with you. Hundreds of letters and applications, and matters weighty and petty, come to his atten-

tion daily, but he accomplishes an immense amount of work with an ease and alacrity that are truly wonderful. He is brilliant in conversation, an elegant and yet unassuming entertainer. His hospitality is unlimited, and he is a great lover of good society, which he frequents, and where he is always welcomed. He always has something fresh and original to say, something important to impart, and there is nothing of the cynic about him. He is a man upon whom there is no discount, a man to tie to, a good friend. There is not a lazy particle in his constitution, nor a mean streak in his whole make-up. He has a big, impulsive heart, as many a poor man knows. There is nothing imposing about him, yet he has the faculty of winning the firmest friendships, and his friends hold him in the highest admiration. If you met him a stranger, you would at once pick him out as a great man, and you would make no mistake in so doing. His forte is in the organization and marshalling of men, but he is devotedly attached to his family, and his indulgence therein knows no bounds. Amidst all the bustle of public honor, he never once forgot his own individuality and the tender ties of relationship that bind him to the hearts of those who love him dearly. No renown however grand could glamour his eyes to the worth of old friendships, and the pleasure of old associations and attachments at home. Upon his arrival in Concord, his first visit is always to his mother. If you knew him a poor boy, you need not fear to recognize him now, no matter whether you be rich or poor, high or low. He is an aristocrat of the true type, and does not judge men altogether by their clothes and purses.

He is thoroughly identified with all the best interests of his city and state, and his forward public spirit has prompted him to favor every enterprise for our advantage and advancement. Should he serve the nation with half the zeal he has served the state, his services will be invaluable indeed.

At Washington, Mr. Chandler is a prominent personage, whose acquaintance is eagerly sought, whose friendship is highly valued, and whose influence is proverbially potent. He has always conducted himself upon the highest scale of principle, and acted up to a conscientious regard for the rights of others. The inside history of his political experience would fill a volume more startling in incident than any work of fiction, more dramatic in surprises and expediences than any theatrical play. He has been severely criticised at times, and the public may now and then have been in the dark as to his ultimate motives, but we believe that he has always been actuated by a clear sense within himself of right and justice. He holds the opinions of others in uncommon respect, and his charity for their failures is a fitting cloak wherein to shroud any errors of judgment into which he may have fallen. His associations are with the most reputable and distinguished of men. He is a moral, upright man, with religious predilections, who hates vice and indolence as he does a pestilence. A true patriot, an advanced thinker, a vigorous writer, and a strong, clear, argumentative and interesting speaker. He is in mien and mind a statesman, a scholar, and a gentleman. He is one of those positive, advancing, unflinching, fearless natures that may not be understood and appreciated by all men, diversified and different in taste and disposition as we are ; and if it should be said that we have drawn this sketch in the enthusiasm of strong personal attachment and admiration, we should plead guilty, but should still assert that he is a rare man, one above ten thousand, one of nature's noblemen. The newspaper press teems with glowing reports of his excellencies. It must be remembered, too, that we write in the atmosphere of his native city, where he holds a warm place in the hearts of the people who will not think him undeserving of our earnest words of commendation and praise. We should be pleased to break

from generalities and recite some personal reminiscences, and characteristic and historic incidents in his busy life, but they hardly fall within the scope of this article. We feel that we can not have far overstepped a true general estimate of the man, inasmuch as another has spoken of him in these words :

"I must add a few words appreciative of the character of one whom as a boy and man I have known for forty years. In his personal habits Mr. Chandler is above reproach,—pure in speech as in action,—with a mind quick to perceive, prompt to execute, and comprehensive in its scope. He is a man with convictions and the courage to express and maintain them. He has never sought advancement by flattery or pandering to prejudice. Those who know him best have the most faith in his integrity. The best evidence of it is the fact that in twenty-five years of aggressive political life, while occupying positions of temptation, and criticising freely the action of men who forgot their moral obligations or were shirking their official duties to the detriment of the public good, no one of them has been able to connect him with personal dishonesty, corrupt practice in official life, or political treachery, or double-dealing. His methods are direct, positive, systematic, exact, and logical. The positions he has held have all come to him in recognition of his ability and earnest efforts in serving the cause he espouses."

William E. Chandler was born in Concord, New Hampshire, on the 28th day of December, 1835. He was the second son of Nathan S. and Mary A. Chandler, of that city. He attended the public schools of Concord, and was an apt, bright scholar from the outset of his studentship. He learned with an avidity that surprised his elders. He had a wonderful memory of facts and early showed an ambition, which has characterized his after life, to surpass all competitors in the race. He excelled in various studies. Although an uneasy, mischievous boy,

his superior capabilities and his frankness and earnestness, together with his pleasant, graceful manners, won for him the love and esteem of his teachers and fellow-pupils. He also attended academies at Thetford, Vt., and Pembroke, N. H. He began the study of law in 1852, when he entered the office of Messrs. George & Webster and George & Foster, in Concord. He was graduated from the Harvard Law School as LL. B. in 1855, and before he had reached his majority was in the practice of law in his native city, where he was associated in business for a time with Francis B. Peabody, Esq., now of Chicago.

Mr. Chandler's parents were eminently respectable persons, and did all they reasonably could for their children, but were not especially endowed with this world's goods, and William had his own way to fight. The narrative of his early struggles and triumphs at the bar would be interesting reading, and we hope to have it some day from his own pointed, piquant pen. At Harvard Law School he was librarian, and he was graduated with prize honors for an essay entitled "The Introduction of the Principles of Equity Jurisprudence into the Administration of the Common Law." This composition is spoken of in high praise and as especially commendable to one so young. It displayed a power of thought, and a research and application far beyond his years. He has always expressed a deep interest in works of true philanthropy, and his benevolence and good will toward all men is something worthy of note. In 1857, he accepted an invitation to lecture before the Concord Female Benevolent Association, in the Unitarian church, and he acquitted himself finely, and at once became known as a vigorous writer and an advanced, clear thinker. He took to politics as naturally as a fish takes to water, and he early took an active interest in the selection of candidates for public office, and in the underlying principles of political parties. He was a shrewd

organizer, and his faculty in this direction was soon discovered and brought into useful service. In June, 1859, Gov. Ichabod Goodwin appointed him Law Reporter of the New Hampshire Supreme Court, and he published five volumes of the Reports, which contain much good law. In 1856, he associated himself with the Republican State Committee, being first Secretary, and afterward serving as Chairman. This was in 1864 and 1865. The election of 1863 took place during the darkest days of the war, following the battle of Fredericksburg. It will be remembered as the most dubious and yet the most important political canvass ever made in this state, and Mr. Chandler's executive ability, and his wonderful power to marshal and control civic forces, were brought into the highest exercise. This remarkable campaign brought him into conspicuous public attention, and may be said to be the beginning of his especial prominence in state politics, and of his inestimable and untiring public services to his party. We are indebted to the recent excellent sketch of Mr. Chandler, by Hon. Jacob H. Ela, for much of the data herein contained.

Mr. Chandler, who had been a member of the legislature of 1862, and, at the age of twenty-seven, had been elected speaker of the house of representatives, in 1863, was again chosen speaker; and in August, 1864, presided over the legislature in which occurred the eventful conflict and riotous disturbances over the veto by Governor Gilmore of the bill allowing soldiers in the field the right to vote. Mr. Chandler gained his earliest reputation for persistency, coolness, and moral courage in this celebrated conflict, so well remembered by the Republicans of the state.

In November, 1864, he was employed by the Navy Department as special counsel to prosecute the Philadelphia navy-yard frauds, and on March 9, 1865, was appointed, by President Lincoln, the first solicitor

and judge-advocate-general of that department. On June 17, 1865, he was appointed first assistant secretary of the treasury, with Secretary Hugh McCulloch, and held the office over two years, resigning November 30, 1867. After his resignation, he practiced law in New Hampshire and Washington, and was solicitor of the National Life Insurance Company, and counsel and one of the proprietors of the Washington-Market Company, and engaged in some mining and railroad enterprises.

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Mr. Chandler was elected as a delegate-at-large from New Hampshire to the national convention of 1868, and subsequently was chosen secretary of the national committee. He held this position during President Grant's administrations, and devoted himself to the successful conduct of the campaigns of 1868 and 1872. In 1876 he declined to occupy the position longer, but still contributed much of his time to assist in the conduct of the canvass. He had, during this time, become the owner of the largest interest in the *New Hampshire Statesman* and the *Monitor*, the leading weekly and daily Republican papers in the state, at Concord, and he was elected, in November, a member from Concord to the constitutional convention which amended the constitution of the state.

After voting in Concord at the presidential election in 1876, Mr. Chandler left for Washington, reaching the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, New York, in the early hours of the morning. The other managers of the national campaign had retired for the night, believing they were defeated; but, coincident with Mr. Chandler's arrival, news reached the committee-rooms that Oregon had been carried by the Republicans, which would elect Hayes and Wheeler by one vote. Mr. Chandler at once comprehended the situation and the points of danger, and, without waiting for consultation, sent dispatches warning against defeat by fraud, to Oregon, Florida, South Carolina and Louisiana. At the ur-

gent solicitation of prominent members of the party, he was prevailed upon to start immediately for Florida, to protect the interests of the Republican party. He there became counsel for the Hayes electors before the canvassing board of the state, and it is universally admitted, by Republicans and Democrats alike, that to him more than to any other man is due the preservation to the Republicans of the fruits of their victory in that state. When the contest was transferred from the states to Congress, and, finally, before the electoral commission chosen to arbitrate and decide who had been elected president, Mr. Chandler acted as counsel, and assisted in preparing the case as presented to the commission.

In the report of the special committee sent by the Senate to investigate the election in Florida, made January 29, 1877, by Senator Sargent, of California, it contained a full statement of what the committee considered to be the law with reference to the conclusiveness of the declaration by a state canvassing board of the vote of the state for presidential electors, which was the earliest formal exposition of the principles of law which were finally adopted by the commission. The authorship of this statement is freely attributed by Mr. Sargent to Mr. Chandler.

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After Mr. Hayes had been by the commission declared elected president, when his administration surrendered the state governments of South Carolina and Louisiana into the hands of the Democratic claimants, Mr. Chandler vigorously opposed it, and criticised the surrender and the men connected with it in most scathing terms, in letters published in the winter of 1877-78. His fidelity to his convictions of duty was conspicuous; and his courage and boldness in attacking the Hayes administration gave him a lasting hold upon the confidence of the country.

In 1880 he was elected at the head of the ticket of Blaine delegates from New Hampshire to the Chicago convention, and was especially active in the contests in the national committee prior to the convention, and as a member of the committee on credentials, of which Senator Conger was chairman, and which made the successful report in favor of district representation.

When his favorite candidate was withdrawn in the convention, he supported General Garfield, and during the campaign which resulted in his election was a member of the national committee and served on the executive committee.

On March 23, 1881, he was nominated, by President Garfield, as Solicitor-General in the Department of Justice; but his confirmation was opposed by Attorney-General MacVeagh, and also by all the Democratic senators, on account of his extreme radicalism on the southern question. The Republicans, with Vice-President Arthur's vote, would have had one majority; but the whole Democratic vote, the absence of the New York senators, the abstention of Senator Mitchell, and the adverse vote of Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, caused his rejection, on May 20, by five majority.

Mr. Chandler had been, in November, 1880, elected a member from Concord in the state legislature, which assembled in June, 1881, and he took a leading position. He favored strin-

gent legislation against bribery at elections, and against the issuing of free passes by railroads, and was in favor of controlling by law the regulation of freight and fares upon all railroads within the state.

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The latest honor conferred upon Mr. Chandler was his selection by President Arthur as a member of his cabinet. He was nominated, April 7, 1882, for Secretary of the Navy, and confirmed April 12, by a vote of twenty-eight to sixteen; he qualified and took possession of the office, April 17, 1882.

Mr. Chandler has been twice married,—in 1859 to a daughter of Governor Joseph A. Gilmore, and in 1874 to a daughter of Hon. John P. Hale. He has three sons,—Joseph Gilmore, born in 1860; William Dwight, in 1863; and Lloyd Horwitz, in 1869. Mr. Chandler's father died in 1862. His mother is still living in Concord. He has two brothers,—John K. Chandler, formerly a merchant in Boston and the East Indies, now residing on a farm in Canterbury, N. H.; and George H. Chandler, who was first adjutant and afterward major of the Ninth New Hampshire regiment, and is now a lawyer in Baltimore. Mr. Chandler's father was a Whig, a man of great intelligence and firmness of character. His mother is a woman of equally positive traits, and has contributed much to the formation of the character which has given success to her sons.

THE HOME OF THE GILMANS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

[CONCLUDED.]

In 1781 Mr. Gilman succeeded Gen. Sullivan as a member of the Federal congress, and was re-elected the succeeding year. He was at that time

the youngest man in congress, but his influence was not the least. At the end of his service in congress, he succeeded his father as treasurer of the

State, showing a remarkable aptitude for finance, only second to that of his father.

John Taylor Gilman was a Federalist in politics, and a firm supporter of the administration of Washington. Some of the other prominent Federalists in the State were Josiah Bartlett, Joshua Atherton, John Pickering, and Nathaniel Peabody. Gen. Sullivan, John Langdon, Timothy Walker and Samuel Livermore, were republicans, sympathizers with Jefferson and Madison. In 1794 Dr. Bartlett, who had been several times elected president of the State, and who had served as the first governor under the new constitution, declined all further public offices, and John Taylor Gilman was selected as the standard bearer of his party. Timothy Walker was the candidate of the republicans. That party was just then greatly in the minority, and Gilman was easily elected. He was at this time at the meridian of his strength and ripened manhood, and one of the most popular men in the State. He was re-elected several times, though opposed by such men as Walker and Langdon. In 1805 the republicans triumphed, and John Langdon was elected governor. Four years afterward the Federalists again came into power, but Jeremiah Smith was the gubernatorial candidate. The next year Langdon was again elected, and also in 1811. William Plumer, of Epping, was elected by the Republicans in 1812. Plumer was re-nominated the following year, but the Federalists, who had again taken John Taylor Gilman for their standard bearer, triumphed. Mr. Gilman was elected the two next consecutive years without any trouble, although opposed each time by that able republican chief William Plumer. His administration covered the exciting period of the last war with England, and though of the opposite party in politics, he was not one to dally when the honor of the flag was in jeopardy. He managed the affairs of the State with much energy and skill, its military defenses requir-

ing his exclusive attention. Detachments of militia were located on the frontier of the "Coos country," to guard against invasion in that quarter. In 1814 an attack from the British fleet, off our coast, was expected to be made on the navy yard at Portsmouth, and upon the town itself. Great excitement prevailed. All eyes were directed to Gov. Gilman, who, serene and calm, but active and determined, surveyed the scene. He issued his call for troops; the State militia, prompt to respond, rushed forward with all its former alacrity and patriotism. More than ten thousand men gathered at Portsmouth and upon the shores of the Piscataqua, to meet the lion of St. George. But the danger passed; the war closed, and New Hampshire, under the guidance of its master hand, came out unscathed and untarnished.

Gov. Gilman declined a re-election in 1816, and announced his intention never to participate in political struggles again. He had now reached that age at which it is natural for men to look forward to days of rest and seclusion. Few men had lived a more active life, or had been more prominently before the public. He had been chief magistrate of the State for fourteen years, a much longer period than any other man; John Langdon, who came next to him, having been governor for a term of eight years, and Josiah Bartlett, William Plumer, and Samuel Bell, four years each. No one of the royal governors held the office so long, with the single exception of Benning Wentworth, whose administration began in 1741, and ended in 1767, a period of twenty-six years.

Gov. Gilman's first wife died in Feb., 1791, and after two years of widowhood he married a Mrs. Mary Adams, a lady who was two years older than himself. She died Oct. 15, 1812, and for his third wife he married Mrs. Charlotte Hamilton, who resided on Front street. The governor was the father of five children, a son who died before him, and four daughters, three of whom married and settled at Port-

land, Maine; another was the wife of Dr. J. G. Cogswell, who organized the Astor Library, in New York City.

After the marriage with his third wife, somewhere near 1814, Governor Gilman rented the old house on Water street, and removed to his wife's residence. Col. Peter Chadwick hired the mansion and lived there for many years. Col. Chadwick was clerk of the court at Exeter for a long time, a man of goodly presence, five feet eleven inches high, erect and broad shouldered, and with the courtly manners of the old *regime*. Of the good looking colonel there is related this exploit. Toward the latter end of his life he visited a son who was located in Illinois. Upon his return he purchased a horse and performed the whole journey on horseback, a distance of eleven hundred miles, being a fortnight on the way. This was a feat that few of this generation would care to perform. Col. Chadwick died in 1845, and the old house remained in the Gilman family, only until lately passing out of their hands.

The house on Front street, in which Gov. Gilman spent his last years, and where he died, is one of the large two-story-and-a-half dwellings, such as were built during the last of the eighteenth century. It stands near the street, with only a small yard between, and a white fence. The house was built by Kendall Lampson, in 1790. Mr. Lampson was an inn-keeper of large means, and a man of note in his day. He died near the end of the century, and the house became the property of Benjamin Conner, who sold it to Mrs. Hamilton. The rooms of the house are large and stately. The wide hall extended through the building to the rear. After the broad and ample parlor, the room of most interest in the house is the landscape chamber, so called. The room derives its appellation from the fact that over the fireplace is a large panel, with a picture painted upon it, the work of an English artist in the first of the present century. In this apartment John Taylor Gilman

died, on a beautiful August day, 1828.

The latter part of the governor's life was spent in that retirement which, after such a public and excited career, could not have been uncongenial to him, in the rural occupations that he loved, and in the cultivation of the social relations. The memories of the past thronged upon him. He loved to recall the days of Washington, and he wore the old costume—long waistcoat, breeches, and queue—to the last. He was interested in all educational projects, and was for a long time one of the trustees of Dartmouth College, and president of the trustees of Phillips' Academy at Exeter. The site now occupied by the academy was given by Gov. Gilman, who ever felt an affectionate concern for its welfare. In 1818 Dartmouth College bestowed upon him the degree of LL. D.

Of a strong and original intellect, Gov. Gilman was a keen observer and a logical reasoner. Few men could see so far as he could, and he was always ready to act upon any and all occasions. As a man, he was ardent, impetuous, and unreserved, in his acts and feelings. A true patriot and an ardent lover of his country, he was ever wont to freely canvass the policy and motives involved in the old national struggles. Life's warfare over, he sleeps now near the home of his youth, among the friends of his boy-hood and noble man-hood. But the turf rests lightly above his grave, and his name is sacredly linked with the other illustrious dead of our early history.

Of Governor Gilman's personal appearance we have several descriptions. He was six feet high, of a portly figure, and weighed about two hundred pounds. He had keen blue eyes, a fair complexion, light brown hair, a lion-like jaw, and a nose of composite order, being neither Roman, Greek, or Jewish. There was something of the celestial in it, and yet it stood boldly out and confronted the future without fear. His face had a certain resemblance to that of Holbein's

Henry the Eighth. It has not, indeed, the sensuality that marked the countenance of the royal Tudor, but there is the same force and energy, the frankness, and the shrewd foresight that the observer can perceive about the ancient portrait. The portrait in the State-house, at Concord, was painted by Harvey Young, of Boston. He painted it from a bust, and a portrait executed by an amateur, and it is believed to be a good likeness, although the family have other portraits that are different in details. The venerable Dr. William Perry, who has been a resident of Exeter since 1814, says that Gov. Gilman was the most dignified man he ever saw. He preserved his straightness and vigor to the last, and many now living remember the solid, dignified figure of the old man, as he took his daily walks, with his hands behind him.

The house has undergone some changes since the governor's day. An addition has been put on one end, and it has been made into a double tenement. Martha Gilman, a distant relative of the governor, owned the house for a few years. In 1837 it was purchased by a Mr. Burleigh. It is now owned by Mrs. Lovering. Mrs. Gordon, a niece of Gov. Gilman, is one of the present occupants. The grounds formerly extended westwardly much further than at present, occupying the site on which now stands the residence of Charles Conner, Esq. They comprised an acre or more, and were decorated by an arbor and flower beds.

Just beyond Mr. Conner's house, on the same side of the street, and just opposite the county-house, stands another notable building. It is the historic mansion "under the elm," the abode for many years of Hon. Nicholas Gilman, and to which came letters from Madison, George Clinton, Gen. Knox, Webster, Langdon, John Adams, and many others of the distinguished men of the day. The place takes its name from a stately tree, of the genus *ulmus*, more than one hundred and

forty years old, that stands in front of the house. The generous shelter afforded by its shade seems to have been appreciated by the old mansion.

The main part of the house preserves its antique appearance. It is two stories in height, with the regulation gambrel-roof. The large ell and the piazza have been built since 1800. The square part was built somewhere between 1730 and 1740, by Dr. Dudley Odlin. Dr. Odlin obtained the land of his father, Rev. John Odlin, who purchased it from the estate of Rev. John Clark, by whom it had been purchased, April, 1696, from Councillor John Gilman. The estate comprised some four hundred acres, extending in a westerly direction to the river. It has been preserved intact to this day. Dr. Odlin died in 1747, leaving the house and land to his son, Dr. John Odlin, who conveyed it to Col. Nicholas Gilman, Dec. 9, 1782, since which time it has been occupied by the Gilmans.

Col. Gilman, as we have said, died in 1783. His large property was divided among his sons. The youngest, Nathaniel, had married Miss Abigail Odlin, a relative of Dr. Odlin, and he now became the owner of the original Odlin property. It was his home for the remainder of his life. Nathaniel was a boy of sixteen when the Revolution commenced, and did not go to the field at all. But he did useful service at home, in assisting his father in his manifold employments. He succeeded his father as financial agent for the state, and was a prosperous and prominent citizen. Though he did not fill the nation's eye like his older brothers, Col. Nathaniel Gilman filled many important offices in his day. He was prominent in the state militia, was a state senator, and served as state treasurer for many years. He died in 1847, at the age of eighty-seven. He was the father of four daughters and seven sons.

Nathaniel Gilman was the tallest and the stoutest of the three brothers. He was the Roman of them all, six

feet and two inches in height, of remarkably muscular and vigorous build, with a Roman nose, light hair, and the fair complexion of the Gilmans. Grave and sober in his look, we can imagine the fear with which he was regarded by the urchins who used to pilfer his fruit. His older brother, Senator Nicholas, was the most elegant man of his day in New Hampshire. He had the fine physique of Ezekiel Webster, and the winning grace of Aaron Burr. His height was five feet and ten inches, the height of a gentleman, according to Chesterfield. He had a nearly straight nose, mild blue eyes, a handsome chin, and wore his hair in a queue. Blonde, superb in carriage, of striking dignity, he was the perfect ideal gentleman of the old school.

Nicholas, like his brother, John Taylor, was a soldier of the Revolution. His whole term of service included six years and three months. During the latter part of the war he was deputy adjutant general, and in that capacity was at Yorktown, where he received from Lord Cornwallis, to whom he was sent for the purpose, by Washington, the return of exactly 7,050 men surrendered. He held the commission of captain, and was for a time a member of Gen. Washington's military family. After the suspension of hostilities, Nicholas Gilman was a delegate, from his state, to the continental congress for two consecutive years,—1786 and 1787. Under the new constitution he was a member of the house of representatives in congress eight years, and a United States senator for nine years. He died before the completion of his second term, at Philadelphia, while returning from Washington, May 2, 1814. He was never married. He resided all his life with his brother Col. Nathaniel.

At the death of the latter the house and estate came into the hands of one of his sons, Joseph Taylor Gilman. He married Miss Mary E. Gray, daughter of the late Harrison Gray, Esq., a well-known publisher of Bos-

ton. In 1862 Mr. Gilman died, comparatively a young man. His widow, after due time, married again—a man not unknown to fame,—Hon. Charles H. Bell, at present the chief executive of New Hampshire. Gov. Bell is a son of Hon. John Bell, who was governor of the state in 1828. He bears a noble name, a name scarcely second to that of the Gilmans in age and honor. Two brothers of the name have been governors of the state during a period of five years; one was a United States senator from New Hampshire for twelve years, and a justice of the supreme court for three years. Another of the name was chief justice of New Hampshire from 1859 to 1864, and one of the most eminent lawyers in the state. They have been speakers of the house, presidents of the senate, and congressmen, filling every office with ability, honesty, and honor. That one of the name should become master of this historic home seems every way fitting and appropriate.

Let us enter the ancient domicile. It is well worth a visit, and its hospitable guise is inviting. The hall is wide and lofty, and its walls are dadoed. The paneling is very broad, and the molding is deep and ornamental. On the right is the parlor, which also has elaborate moldings around the ceiling, and an ornamented mantel. On the opposite side is the library. The front side of this room was used by Col. Nathaniel Gilman as a business office. The room is thirty-six by sixteen feet. One side is completely lined with book-shelves, which are filled with books, many of them rare volumes, collected by Gov. Bell. Among them are several ancient Latin books, "The Golden Book," printed in 1415, and the "Book of the Virgin," with illuminated pages, printed in 1510. There is also a copy of the first book ever published in New Hampshire, namely, "Good News from a Far Country," by Rev. Jonathan Parsons, printed by Fowle, 1756. What is quite as interesting is a tragedy, written by Major

Robert Rogers, of Ranger and Tory fame, entitled "Ponteach." In this room are two costly and beautiful cabinets containing a rare and rich collection of China and Majolica ware. Mrs. Bell is collector and connoisseur of China, and her collection is something to be proud of. Beyond the hall is the dining-room. In it is a gilded-framed mirror, imported by Col. Nathaniel Gilman, that has hung in the same place since 1815.

Going up the broad stairway we enter the second story. Nearly every room has the same appearance that it had eighty years ago. The guest chamber, in the northwest corner, has sheltered many persons of distinction. The wainscot is untarnished. There are deep window seats, and exquisite carving on the walls and above the mantel-piece. The chamber in the south-east corner is the room that was occupied by Senator Gilman all his life. It is in part the same as in his day, and is still pervaded by his presence. There is the furniture he used, the fire-place by which he sat in the blazing light, and some of the books that he read. The chamber is not large, and its antique look is heightened by the huge beam that is left bare in the ceiling.

Right across the way is the room that is used by Gov. Bell as his study. Its furnishing is modern, though there are several relics in the room that have an historical tale. Here hangs the sword that was worn by Gov. John Bell when he was sheriff of Rockingham county. A staff, or wand, that was used by Samuel Gilman, Esq., leans against the wall. Here is a gold ring containing the hair of Col. Nicholas Gilman and his wife. The crest and coat-of-arms of the Gilman family is shown the visitor. The arms of the English family, located in Norfolk county, is—Argent, a man's leg in pale, coupé at the thigh; sable; the crest,—a demi-lion issuing from a cap of maintenance; motto,—*Esperance*. The family in America has substituted, for a crest, a man's arm, grasping a

stringed arrow. Why the change I do not know. The Gilman family is of Welsh origin, and has a genealogy going back beyond the time of Edward, the Confessor.

The house that Councilor Peter Gilman lived in is still standing in a state of excellent preservation. It is on Water street, the second building beyond the American House. A portion of it has antiquity of more than two hundred years, and is probably the oldest building in Exeter. It was erected as a block-house for defence against the Indians, in the far-away days before John Cutts was the first governor of New Hampshire, under the crown. The timbers are of oak, and very durable, and the windows originally were nothing more than loopholes. Col. Gilman owned the house as early as 1745, and added greatly to it. The additions that he made are very high posted, and have a great deal of wainscot and elaborate molding. Two of the rooms can not be surpassed in New Hampshire for their ancient style and magnificence, the paneling and carving exceeding even the work in the old Wentworth and Warner mansions at Portsmouth. Colonel, or Councilor, Peter Gilman, was one of the great men of New Hampshire before the Revolution. He had great wealth, a lofty name, and the royal governors honored him. More than once he entertained the vice-regal Wentworths at his noble home. His state and manner of living was that of the patrician of his time. Silver plate graced his table; he drove in a coach-and-span, and owned several slaves. In 1773, when the offices of major-general and brigadier-general were filled for the first time in the province, Gov. Wentworth bestowed the first upon Theodore Atkinson, of Portsmouth, and the last upon Peter Gilman. At the same time he was a member of the governor's council.

Brigadier Gilman was seventy-two years old when the Revolution came. His whole life had been devoted to the service of the king, and all his honors

and been derived from his representation in New Hampshire. There is no doubt that he was disinclined to help the patriot cause. So well-known were his sentiments that the Provincial Congress, in 1775, required him to confine himself within the limits of Exeter, and not depart from the town without the consent of the proper authorities. Still Peter Gilman was not a dangerous

foe to liberty. His scruples seem to have been respected by his fellow-citizens, and he was the chosen moderator at the town-meeting of 1775. He lived twelve years after this, and died, an old man of eighty-five, in his old mansion which we have visited to-day. The house is now the property of Mrs. Darling.

PREVENTION OF DEFALCATION.

BY GEORGE H. WOOD.

The cases of the Mechanics National Bank of Newark, and Pacific National Bank of Boston, convey lessons to bank directors and stockholders so forcible and telling, that it is not likely they will soon be forgotten. The misfortunes of the First National Bank of Buffalo, N. Y., and the recent performances of bank book-keepers and tellers, however, reveal examples of shiftlessness and incompetence, not less glaring and flagrant than either of the other banks. As it is not probable that a thorough reform has yet been worked in all the banks where lax supervision has been the rule for a number of years, it is necessary to continue to press the matter of the duties of directors upon public attention.

The object in calling attention to so many cases of default is not to prove that men are any less honest than they used to be, nor that bank employees are less reliable than other men, for neither of these propositions is true. But the facts seem to prove that there is a defect in the management of banks which is equally detrimental to the officers and clerks, and the interest of the proprietors.

If all the gift enterprise, chromo and mining stock dealers would establish a bank by themselves, and cut the throats of each other in the hazzardous misuses of their money, the public would not care. But much of the

loss by embezzlements and loaning the credit of a bank by certification of checks for stock speculators, involves the hard earnings of honest people, widows and minor children. Comptroller Knox said, in his able speech at the Bankers' convention, in 1879, that "A good banker is one who takes better care of other people's money than his own." This golden rule applies to directors as well.

As has often been shown heretofore, the evil lies primarily with directors who habitually neglect the duties to which they are elected. They are chosen by the stockholders to guard their interests, and there is no reason why this should not be done with as much care as if the banks were the private property of the directors. But seldom indeed is this the case. Embezzlements occur among private bankers, but not to the extent of the joint stock banks, and the reason of the difference certainly lies in the laxity of the management of the latter, and recent visits to banks indicate this by conversations with directors.

But general statements such as these are of little practical effect. Therefore, suggestions of real merit are submitted, and which, if followed, will prevent many future cases like those mentioned.

In the large majority of cases of default that have come under public notice, the peculations have been

carried on from time to time, extending over long periods. Now this would be impossible under any proper system of examination by the directors, they having the advantage of knowing the character and habits of the officers and clerks. Many bank clerks are now tempted to fraud by the very negligence of those in charge.

But what is a proper examination, and how should it be conducted? We will consider first the points to be covered in an examination. Banks deal in but two things, actual money, or some form of written obligation that represents money. The credit side of a bank account shows how the money comes into the bank, and the opposite side gives the disposition of it, therefore the debit side is operated upon by the thief, either by making no entry of the receipts of the credit side, or by obtaining money in some way, and counting it on the debit side in some of the items, or by making a charge. This is only done while the examination is going on to bridge over the proper debits, and credits are made subsequently, and the resources drop back short again. There are many ways of producing this result, but these are the two great principles to be borne in mind.

Examples of the kind of examination to be made are already established in many banks throughout the country. They are conducted by a committee of three or four directors every six months, but it would be better, probably, in most cases to have them at shorter intervals, and for the committee to choose the day without the knowledge of the employees. In the banks in which these committee examinations are required, they take the first of the month. No officer or clerk takes any part in the work of examination, except to answer the examiner's questions, if required, and the entire assets of the bank are placed in the hands of the committee. They commence in the morning so as to come out even, and be enabled to follow the transactions of the day, and conclude with

the regular closing of the bank. They count the cash, and examine all the loans and securities of the bank. All the banks indebted to the bank send monthly statements of the balances due. The letters containing these statements, and all drafts, are turned over to the committee and are by them compared with the books. The amounts of the numerous notes held by other banks for collection and rediscount, the accounts of the correspondents, and the amounts due by the bank undergoing examination to other banks (as shown by their books), are in like manner certified by the other banks to the committee.

Combined with committee examinations, the requirement of daily reports from all branches of the bank, systematically arranged, is an excellent safeguard against collusion. The report of every clerk is proved by the report of another clerk, and mostly the proof of one is established by comparison with the items of several others, each distinct. The cashier is enabled, by this system, to check off the results of the business of each day in all the departments. When a report shows extraordinary results, an explanation should be required.

In small banks, where one person does all the work, the temptation is too great, and is certainly a criminal neglect on the part of the directors not to inquire frequently into the affairs of the association.

By this method the committee and the stockholders are assured that the books give a true account of the actual condition of the bank, and speculations, such as have been carried on from year to year in many cases, are sure to be overtaken before they reach any large amount. The only part of the ground not covered is the deposit ledgers, which must, perhaps, always prove a weak point as regards examinations, so long as they are kept by the method that most banks keep them. Some banks, where there are two or more ledgers, change bookkeepers every month, which is an

additional security. There is a very complete system used in many of the Boston banks, called the "depositor's daily balance book," which balances the entire deposit account at the close of business each day, it is simple and no more work than the ordinary ledger system. It is this charging and crediting over long periods without giving any test, that opens the door to so much fraud.

Such a system as given above requires no recommendation. It is better for the officers and clerks, because it

saves them from many temptations. Directors should require it, so as to relieve them from heavy responsibility and possible loss. And, lastly, shareholders are entitled to, and ought to demand that some system providing for a strict vigilance be established in every bank, the results of all examinations published to them and the public. There have been too many examples of slipshod management in banks, and so necessary a reform as this should not be delayed.

SUGAR-BALL.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

'T was years ago, O, years ago! when this old town was new,
 When, in the streets we walk to-day, a tangled forest grew;
 When wolves and bears were all about, and catamounts crouched low,
 When rattlesnakes, in shining curves, went gliding to and fro,
 When Indians skulked behind the trees, seeking for white folks' hair,
 When long-bows twanged, and arrows whizzed like rockets through the air.
 After the men from Haverhill came up to view the land,
 And laid out roads, and marked out lots and meeting-house had planned,
 While swinging axes scared the owls in old ancestral trees,
 And forest monarchs thundered down, sighing through all their leaves;
 'T was then across the wilderness came Jacob Shute one day,
 Driving up Eben. Eastman's team, through that long, toilsome way,—
 "Six yoke of oxen and a cart," an awkward team to guide.
 His "gees" and "haws" must have awoke the echoes far and wide,
 While from the woodland recesses peered many a startled eye,
 As that uncouth old vehicle went slowly bouncing by.
 It must have jostled bush and tree, lurching from left to right.
 While squirrels leaped away, and stood all quivering with fright.
 It lumbered over roots and knolls with heavy roll and tip,
 It jolted over water-beds with frantic plunge and slip,
 And what a lively time was that at "Suncook's rapped Stream!"
 They crossed it safe, as no mishap is told of man or team.
 O, little has come down to us of that drive, long ago!
 We know not if in forest wilds he met a friend or foe;
 If bird or beast, of aspect strange, flitted before his eyes;
 If plant or tree, of form unknown, gave him a quick surprise.
 But when he came to "Johnny Barr's, in 'Nutfield" town, that day,
 I think he stopped for rest and beer, though records do not say.
 He reached, in time, old "Penny Cook," and on a "Head of Land,
 Called Sugar-Ball," where years before a fort was said to stand,
 He must have paused to calculate the better way to go,
 To bring himself and cattle safe to the fair plain below;
 For, "Steep as ordinary Roofs of Houses are," this hill
 Might have appalled a weaker man with many hints of ill;
 But Jacob was a Yankee—though he 'd never heard the name,
 The cuteness of that people had developed all the same.
 He saw the situation, which he mastered at the start.
 By cutting down a pine tree, which he fastened to his cart.
 He chained it on top-foremost, too, so that each stumpy bough,
 Among the roots and brambles would go dragging like a plough.

* Londonderry.

Then, with a fearful rush and din, they all went tearing down,
And that 's the way, so wise folks say, the first team came to town!

* * * * *

One day, when out a riding, and the summer time was new,
My friend asked, "What fair suburb would you most delight to view?"
"O, show me Sugar-ball!" I said, "if I may choose the place!"
And toward the lovely Merrimack our good steed turned his face.
We rumbled o'er the lower bridge, with thunderous refrain,
We bowled, with muffled hoof and wheel, across the cool "Dark Plain."
The pines gave out a balmy breath and sough of anthem grand,
And branching pathways lead away through shadows on each hand.
The spiky lupine mats of blue along the pathway lay,
And columbines enticed the bees that hummed in drowsy way.
Wild cherry trees, like scattered drifts of snow, were here and there,
And poplars twirled their silver leaves in each fresh puff of air.
And then—we had not seemed to climb, or noticed change at all—
My friend said, "Now note well the place for *this* is Sugar-ball."
And here the road sloped sharply down, and seemed to hang between
A sandy bluff that rose straight up, and a deep, dark ravine.
The light, that fell in flickers, making shadows fall and rise,
Came, suddenly, unbroken, and—I sat in mute surprise!
Can words e'er paint the picture? There the sunny river lay,
Each dancing wave alive with light that seemed to rise like spray.
Beyond it stretched our city in an after-dinner sleep,
Half hidden by its spread of green, and all in silence deep.
Between us and the water, that bent round it like a frame,
Lay the Valley of Enchantment, though it never bore that name.
The vale was sweet with blossoms,—tossing waves of pink and white,—
Sending perfume out to meet us, half way up the breezy height,
Till, half tipsy with the fragrance, we grew light in head and word,
And that bobolinks should mock us did not seem the least absurd.
Where the water makes an eddy, clinging closely to the land,
There were ducks, like tiny steamers, paddling outward from the sand,
Or, seemingly o'er-mastered by the greatness of their bliss,
They plunged and dipped in ecstasy that had no vent but this.
There were barns that stood wide open, showing scaffolds fringed with hay;
There were houses that were dwelt in, but the people—where were they?
One woman, in a doorway, whom the lilacs seem to thrive—
One farmer, in a corn-field,—were they all that were alive?
But the valley! O, the valley! with its wealth for heart and brain!
Though we gazed long on its beauties, yet we turned, and turned again—
O, it seemed a restful haven for a weary, world-worn soul.
If the height is Sugar-ball, the vale is surely Sugar-bowl.

ONLY A BUD.

BY E. P. DOLE.

Only a bud on the ocean shore,
A beautiful rose-bud, blooming alone,
In a nook of the gorge, where the wild
billows foam—

Nothing more.

Only a web of the morn before,
Like a bridal veil, from the outer air
Keeping the white bud pure and fair—

Nothing more.

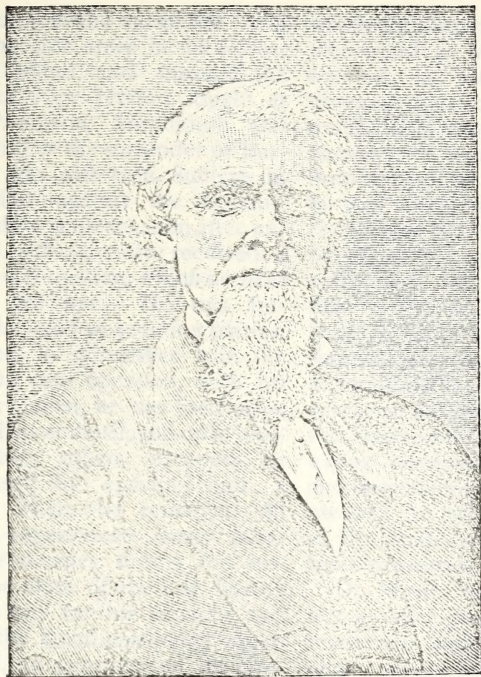
Only the sprays of the ocean shore,
In the beams of the morning that trem-
ble and shine

More brightly than diamond e'er flashed
from the mine—
Nothing more.

Only a bud—on the morn before
Robed in silver and jewels, now naked
and brown;—
And the ocean's dirge—and the sun gone
down—

Nothing more.

Nay, 'tis a bud on eternity's shore,
Transplanted to bloom in the garden on
high,
By the waters of life, in its purity,
Forevermore.

*W. H. H. MASON, M. D.*

BY H. H. METCALF.

There is no more valuable member of any community than the intelligent and devoted physician. If to the faithful discharge of all the delicate and laborious duties of his profession, and the constant thought and study which enables him to keep fully abreast with the progress of medical science, the physician also develops and maintains an interest in matters pertaining to the material prosperity of the community and of the people at large, and in the direction of public affairs, he establishes for himself a two-fold title to the respect and esteem of his fellow-men. Such men there are among the members of the medical profession in this state, and prominent among the number is the subject of this sketch.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON MASON

was born in the town of Gilford, December 14, 1817, being now in the

sixty-fifth year of his age. He was one of the thirteen children (six sons and seven daughters) of Capt. Lemuel B. and Mary (Chamberlain) Mason, all of whom lived to the average age and reared families, but two only surviving at the present time—William H. H., and Benjamin M. Mason, the latter a well-known farmer and prominent citizen of Moultonborough. The father, Lemuel B. Mason, was a gallant soldier in the patriot army during the Revolutionary War. He was born in the town of Durham, in February, 1759, and, although but sixteen years of age at the outbreak of the revolution, joined the army immediately after the battle of Bunker Hill, the sound of cannon from that battle-field, which he distinctly heard at his home in Durham, impelling him to the prompt execution of his already well-defined purpose to that end. He

served throughout the entire war; was with Washington's army in the retreat from Long Island, and through the Highlands of New Jersey; fought at Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth and Stillwater, and at the surrender of Burgoyne, and was with Gen. Sullivan in his expedition against the Indians. He was made a sergeant soon after enlisting, and subsequently received a lieutenant's commission, which he held throughout the war. He was frequently at the head of scouting parties, and engaged in skirmishes with the Indians. On one occasion, with his party of thirty men, he was fired upon from an Indian ambush, and only himself and two others escaped, he saving himself by crawling into a hollow log, where he remained till night. He experienced many other hair-breadth escapes during the service. At the close of the war, having received no pay for his services, and having lost the small patrimony which he inherited, he commenced for himself the battle of life under adverse circumstances. He married Sarah Nutter, of Newington, who died without children, three years later. Soon after, he removed to New Durham, where he married Mary Chamberlain, daughter of Ephraim Chamberlain, of that town. He subsequently removed to Alton, where he resided several years, and was prominent in town affairs. Afterward he lived for a time in Gilford, where he was located during the war of 1812, when he again enlisted in his country's service, and served one year as a captain in Col. Davis's regiment. In 1818 he was made the recipient of a government pension of \$325 per annum, in consideration of his military services, and subsequently removed to Moultonborough, where he died March 30, 1851, aged 92 years, his death following in two months that of his wife, at the age of 85.

The early life of William H. H. Mason was largely spent in manual labor upon the farm. His educational advantages were of the limited order

which the district school afforded, supplemented by such as his own efforts secured, in attendance, at different times, at the academies in Wolfeborough, Gilmanton, and Sandwich. He engaged in teaching school winters, from the age of sixteen to twenty-five, in the meantime entering upon and completing his course of medical study, having as his principal preceptor the celebrated Dr. Andrew McFarland, then located in Sandwich, subsequently in charge of the Asylum for the Insane in Concord, afterward of the asylum at Jacksonville, Ill., and still later of an extensive private asylum. He entered the Dartmouth Medical College, graduating therefrom in the class of 1842, and immediately after graduation commenced the practice of his profession at Moultonborough, where he has ever since remained.

Dr. Mason soon secured an extensive practice, and gained an enviable reputation, both in medicine and surgery. As a surgeon, especially, his services have long been in demand throughout a large section of country, and in addition to his immediate practice, he has been extensively called in consultation with his brother practitioners in the treatment of important and complicated cases. Not only among the people in his immediate community and section of the state, but with his profession at large, he has established a reputation for the intelligent mastery of medical science in principle and practice. He has been an active member of the New Hampshire Medical Society for more than thirty years, and was its presiding officer in 1871. In 1857 he delivered the address to the graduating class at Dartmouth Medical College, and in 1880 lectured on veterinary practice before the students of the Agricultural College.

In public and political affairs Dr. Mason has always manifested a strong interest, and his time and effort have been as freely expended in the public service as the duties of his profession would permit, in all of which

he has gained and held the confidence and regard of his fellow-citizens. He served as moderator at the annual town meetings in Moultonborough, from 1857 to 1880, consecutively; was for several years town-clerk and superintending school committee, and was chosen representative in the legislature in 1859-60-62 and 69. He also ably represented the old sixth district in the New Hampshire Senate in 1864 and 1865, Charles H. Bell, present governor of the state, being president of that body in the former year, and the late ex-Governor Ezekiel A. Straw, of Manchester, in the latter. He took a prominent part in the legislative work during his service in each branch of the state legislature, both in the committee room and in debate, and his speeches upon different topics evinced thought and judgment, and commanded attention. He was elected a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1876 by the unanimous vote of the citizens of Moultonborough, and served efficiently in that body. He was also a member of the state tax commission, appointed under the act of the legislature of 1877, his associate commissioners being Solon A. Carter, Nehemiah G. Ordway, Oren C. Moore, and William H. Cummings.

Dr. Mason has never lost his interest in the cause of agriculture, and has not ceased to honor the occupation in which he spent the early years of his life. He has purchased and improved numerous farms in his vicinity, devoting all the leisure time at his command to personal supervision of the work thereon. There are few men in the state, in fact, who have a more thorough understanding of the importance and the necessities of the farmer's calling in New Hampshire, or who have labored more earnestly and effectually to advance its interests. He has been a member of the state board of agriculture from its organization, in 1871, to the present time, with the exception of a single term, and has taken an active part in its work, having prepared

various addresses and essays, which he has delivered at public meetings under the auspices of the board. Among the subjects discussed have been "Hygiene of the Farm," "Chemistry of Farming," "Farming as a Profession," "Comparative Advantages of Farming in New Hampshire and at the West," "Veterinary Practice," &c. He has also served for several years as a member of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

Aside from his efforts in the various directions named, Dr. Mason has been called upon to contribute to the benefit and instruction of the people, in lectures and orations before lyceums, schools, academies, societies, and on various public occasions. He has seldom failed to respond to such calls, and has spoken always to the edification and pleasure of his hearers. In private and social, as well as in public and professional life, he has been faithful to every duty. In politics he is a Democrat in principle and conviction, though never an intense partisan, and utterly opposed to all measures of mere expediency. He has been prominent in the councils of his party, and, had the party been in the ascendancy in the state, would have undoubtedly been called to higher public positions than he has occupied. In religion he is a Congregationalist, and has been a member of that church since he was twenty-one years of age.

Dr. Mason has been twice married. His first wife, with whom he was united November 14, 1844, was Mehitable A., daughter of Simon Moulton, Esq., of Moultonborough, who died July 25, 1853. A daughter, the fruit of this union, died in early childhood. December 21, 1854, he married Sarah J., daughter of John G. Brown, Esq., also of Moultonborough, by whom he has had three children, a daughter and two sons, the latter now living. The elder son, George L. Mason, born in 1855, studied medicine, graduating at Bellevue Medical College in 1876. He practiced four years in Moultonbo-

rough, and is now established in Laconia, in the enjoyment of an excellent practice. The younger son, Charles H., now twenty-one years of

age, remains at home in Moultonborough, and is devoting his attention to agriculture.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER OF AMERICA.

BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

Much is said and written about the astounding growth of journalism, and while the early settlement and conservatism of New England precludes the startling statistics of the West, even our own state has made wonderful strides in printing and in the dissemination of news.

According to the list given by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., in a pamphlet concerning newspaper advertising, published in 1880, the United States had a total of 9013 newspapers; America, 9684, to say nothing of magazines. Of these 71 were published in New Hampshire, and all are the outgrowth of the *New Hampshire Gazette*, published by Daniel Fowle, of Portsmouth, in the year 1756, and which was the first American newspaper.

I have a *fac simile* copy before me * of the first issue, October 7th, and I find by measurement its size is eight by nine inches, inclusive of the inch wide margin. The old fashioned *f* is in use, and every noun begins with a capital, while at the foot of the first column may be seen the initial word of the next, acting as a sort of scout to the party foraging for news.

Daniel Fowle, who modestly styles himself the printer, promises his patrons the "Freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestick," and in confirmation, perhaps, indulges in a wood-cut, representing a bird on a tree, with a fox looking up very attentively from underneath. The bird may be an owl and

the tree intended to represent the tree of knowledge, but the fox looks so sly and greedy, and withal so much master of the situation, that you feel instinctively the bird will eventually be gobbled up by the fox, just as this Fowle may have been by an unappreciative public.

This paper, he states, "may be had at One Dollar per Annum, or an Equivalent in Bills of Credit, computing a Dollar this Year at *Four Pounds*, old tenor," and in his salutatory he says:

Upon the Encouragement given by a Number of Subscribers, agreeable to printed Proposals, I now publish the first Weekly Gazette for the Province of New Hampshire; depending upon the Favor of all Gentlemen who are Friends to Learning, Religion and Liberty, to encourage my Undertaking, as this is the beginning of Printing in this Province, so that I may go on cheerfully, and continue this Paper in a useful and entertaining manner.

Fondness of News may be carried to an Extreme; but every Lover of Mankind must feel a strong Desire to know what passes in the World, as well as within his own private Sphere; and particularly to be acquainted with the Affairs of his own Nation and Country. Especially at such a Time as this, when the *British* Nation is engaged in a just and necessary War with a powerful Enemy, the *French*, a War in which these *American* Colonies are most nearly interested, the Event of which must be of the utmost Importance both to us and all the *British* Dominions. Every true Englishman

* The property of R. P. Marden, of Stratford, N. H., who also possesses bound copies (original) of *The Boston Post*, *Boston News Letter*, *Salem Gazette*, &c., all of the year 1774.

must be anxious to know, from Time to Time, the State of our Affairs at Home and in the Colonies, I shall therefore take Pains to furnish my Readers with the most material News which can be collected from every Part of the World, particularly from Great Britain and its Dependencies; and great Care will be taken that no Facts of Importance shall be published but such as are well attested, and these shall be as particular as may be necessary.

But besides the Common News, whenever there shall be Room, and as there may be Occasion, this Paper will contain Extracts from the best Authors on Points of the most material Knowledge, moral, religious or political Essays and other such Speculations as may have a Tendency to improve the mind, afford any Help to Trader, Manufacturers, Husbandry, and other useful Arts, and promote the public Welfare in any Respect.

As the Press always claims Liberty in free Countries, it is presumed that none will be offended if this Paper discovers the Spirit of Freedom, which so remarkably prevails in the *English* Nation. But as Liberty ought not to be abused, no Encouragement will be given by the Publisher to any Thing profane, obscene, or tending to encourage Immorality, nor to such Writings as are produced by private Pique, and filled with personal Reflections and insolent scurrilous Language. It is a great Abuse of good Sense as well as good Manners to employ those means which may be serviceable to the best Purposes, in the service of Vice or any thing Indecent, or which may give just Occasion of Offence to any Persons of true Taste and Judgment. And therefore proper Caution will be always used to avoid all reasonable Grounds of Complaint on that Score.

The Publisher will esteem it a great Favour to be well supplied by Correspondents of Genius and generous Sentiments, with such Speculations or Essays as may be pleasing and instructive to the Public, agreeable to the de-

sign of this Paper, and acknowledge himself obliged to any Gentlemen who will take the Pains to communicate to him any good Intelligence, provided they be sent free from Charge.

Then follows the articles which he calls "the most material by yesterday's mail." News from Antigua and Halifax, describing a naval engagement between the French and English, together with considerable privateering, and the capture of a French prize sloop.

News was slow in traveling, especially by hand, for not until Sept. 23, did news arrive from Kittanning, "a town of our Indian Enemies in Ohio, twenty-five miles above Fort Duquesne. Col. Armstrong, with about eight hundred Provincial Troops, gained, on the 3d inst., the advanced party at the Beaver Dam, and when within six miles of Kittanning, surprised the Indians and began the fight at day-break. Capt. Jacobs, the Chief of the Indians, it is said, defended his house bravely, but they were finely overcome, the houses were set on fire, and as they refused all quarter none was given. "Capt. Jacob, in getting out of a window, was shot and scalped, as also his Squaw, and a Lad called the King's son," &c. It gives one a curious feeling to discover that the scalping business was not confined to the Indians.

The news of Capt. Armstrong's party grimly concludes by the remark that "it is allowed to be the greatest Blow the Enemy have received since the War began, and if well followed may soon make them weary of continuing it."

We, their descendants, one hundred and twenty-six years later, can testify that the course of Capt. Armstrong has been, indeed, well followed.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27.

Under this head we learn that on Wednesday evening, Capt. Dwight came up in the prize ship Chavalmarin, Mons. Despararius, late Master, taken the 31st of August by the Privateer Brig Prince George, Capt. King, of this port.

Saturday evening Capt. Ashfield arrived in a sloop from Africa, and we are told that its late master, Capt. Hope, while two leagues from coast, had his brains knocked by the slaves who watched their opportunity to rush on deck. The second mate, Charles Duncan, was also wounded in several places. With difficulty the negroes were shut in their places and secured, but the ringleader of the slaves jumped overboard and was drowned.

The coolness with which negro traffic was discussed and countenanced in those days, convinces us that in this regard not only the soul of John Brown, but the world, has been marching on to better things.

CAMP OF LAKE GEORGE, SEPT. 20, 1756.

"Yesterday one of our Scouts, consisting of 48 men, commanded by Capt. Hodges, were ambushed and fired upon by a larger Party of Indians. Only five of our party are yet returned alive. In the Evening one of the Boats returned, and brought the Bodies of the Captain and 9 others that were found dead on the place of action, scalped and mangled in a very cruel inhuman manner, and 3 of their heads cut off."

In the news from Boston it is stated that a "long confused and uncertain Account of the taking of Oswego Fort,

signed by one John Gael, had been received, but as the Garrison were all made prisoners, it naively concludes by the remark that as every one who had Friends or Relations among them now knows their Fate, think it needless to insert their names here."

Clearly the editor considered that "Fondness for News" was in danger of being carried to an extreme, and so he left to letters these matters which in our day would have been carried to a million homes in a twinkling. 31.8

In the Portsmouth news of Sept. 7, we are informed that the French were making some advances toward our camp at Lake George, and that Gen. Winslow was *apprehensive* they had some thoughts of making him a visit, and that his Lordship, the Earl of Loudon, had demanded of the several Governors of New England a reinforcement.

Marine reports of the port of Piscataway, and an advertisement of sundry books to be had of the printer, concludes this first issue of the *New Hampshire Gazette*, and leaves us straddled on the idea that news was indeed news in those days, well attended and important, and that Daniel Fowle, to use one of the technicalities of the average schoolboy, was no chicken when he instituted the first newspaper on American soil.

FOR WHAT?

FROM THE GERMAN.

For gold?

Gold is but glitter,
Turning to dust;
Eating the soul out
With cankering rust.

For fame?

Fame is a bubble
Of the foam born;
Flashing in sunshine
A moment, then gone.

For pleasure?

Pleasure's a night moth,
Around the flames flying,

Winning its purpose

Only by dying.

For happiness?

Happiness springs not
Where mortals have birth;
'Tis Heaven's own blessing
Shed on the earth.

Not for self, soul!

Look farther than time,
Aim upward, press on!
Hope, labor, love, pray!
Thus heaven is won.

ALMA J. HERBERT.

THE WEBSTER CLUB, OF CONCORD, N. H.

BY A VISITOR.

Associations for a common object are coeval with creation itself. The club, as an institution, is almost prehistoric. Its potency was felt even through the dark ages. For social and recreative purposes it is now deemed indispensable, and it has grown to be a tremendous factor in politics, literature, science, and art. Club-life of modern times has become sumptuous indeed. The club-house of to-day is not unfrequently a splendid edifice, comprising within its elegant apartments the finest facilities for edification and enjoyment. The political club is the leading force and central power in party organization, and in the realms of literature, science, and art, the club is the combination of genius for mutual elevation. Such associations of strength are irresistible. They bring together in happy harmony all elements of progress, and effect a vast deal of good.

The purely social club is no less a power. Its reformatory and salutary influences are diffused throughout the best society, and their moral worth to the community can not be over-estimated. In public benefit and individual reform, such a club, properly established and conducted, is second only to the church. It allays temptation; it gives opportunities for innocent amusement. Natural effervescence finds therein a legitimate channel. It consumes a needed leisure that might otherwise fall to worse than a waste of time. If managed upon the right principles, it is a crucible of refinement. It knocks the rough edges from human nature, opens the way to invaluable friendships, and binds men together in unison of sympathy and understanding. It inspires confidence and a higher appreciation amongst themselves of their several superiorities. It awakens charity for one an-

other's misfortunes, and locks hands in worthy enterprise for the world's advancement.

It is an exploded fallacy, in this busy, bustling career of ours, to imagine that our time is economized in continuous application. There must be rest and relaxation. There must be change and variety. The human machine breaks down under the pressure of monotonous use. The mind needs diversion, and should not wear itself out swinging backward and forward in tiresome sameness, like an old door on its hinges. And there is rest and relaxation, change and variety, and healthful, cheerful diversion at the club. The recreations there are themselves varied to suit the changing tastes and inclinations, thereby securing the best and most satisfactory results of social intercourse. These diversions are directly in the interests of temperance and morality, and they have saved many a noble man from degradation and ruin. These institutions should be recognized as becomes their real importance, and cherished for their good work by all who hold dear the welfare especially of our young men.

The Webster Club, of Concord, N. H., is undoubtedly the foremost association of the kind in the state. Its character is unexceptionable. Its pre-eminent social standing is unquestioned, and its reputable membership includes master minds in various departments of life, many of whom are not unknown to fame.

This club was formally organized on the 26th day of September, 1868, and for the fourteen years last past has maintained an intensity of interest and a purity of tone that promise to hold it in close organization for usefulness through many years to come. It was

very appropriately styled the Webster Club, in honor of that most eminent of New Hampshire's sons.

The constitution of the association strictly prohibits any thing in the line of gambling. Considering the character of the persons forming the Club, such a clause could hardly be deemed necessary, but it has put summary check to the possible insinuation of slanderous tongues.

Another article provides that intoxicating liquors shall not be introduced into the rooms of the Club, upon any pretense whatever, a rule that has been rigidly adhered to on all occasions. This has contributed to prevent those unprofitable and frequently dangerous bickerings and dissensions of which alcoholic stimulants are a fruitful source, and the utmost harmony and good-feeling has prevailed from the very outset of the successful undertaking.

Slang and profanity are restrained upon severe penalty, and every thing bordering on vulgarity is particularly deprecated. The elderly men who frequent the rooms add stability of character to the association, and their dignified presence seems to hold in restraint any undue buoyancy or exuberance on the part of younger members. All in all it is a remarkable good-fellowship, that is seldom equaled and never excelled.

The apartments are commodious and elegant, now occupying the entire third story of Woodward's new building, on Main street. They are heated by steam, supplied with all the popular periodicals and newspapers, and are handsomely furnished, especially the guests' parlor and reception-room, which is hung with choice pictures, and contains a library and magnificent upright piano. The card-room is very cheerful, and is the favorite resort. The billiard hall has been newly fitted with expensive tables of the most improved pattern, and with the complete appurtenances of that fascinating pastime. The other arrangements are far superior to those of the average

private residence, and convenient and inviting indeed. For years the rooms have been the headquarters of many distinguished visitors in the city, and they are remembered and highly appreciated throughout the country, and even in distant climes the hospitality of the Club finds pleasant mention.

The constitution of the organization, which is a model one in all respects, especially forbids political discussion in the rooms, and as politics are in no way concerned in the purposes of the organization, and as the members are representatives of 'different political parties, this is undoubtedly a wise restriction. The right and privilege of individual opinion is not in any way interfered with, and the framers of the constitution experienced sound discretion in foreseeing the evils of heated political discussion, and in providing a refuge, as it might not inappropriately be termed, from the exciting scenes and petty annoyances of political canvass and contest.

From the ranks of the Club have arisen a governor, state senators, representatives to the general court, and various officers of the government, in its judicial, legislative, and executive branches, and compared with its number, no body of men has furnished more leading minds to the political and business centres of the state. Its membership is the representative of almost unlimited capital, and comprises the most influential and respected of citizens in various industries and activities of life.

There is the respected Major Lewis Downing, of the far-famed Abbot-Downing Company, a gentleman of the finest social merit, and of the best business qualification; also, Joseph H. Abbot, a member of the same extensive concern, whose jocund presence, with jovial face and genial manners, has made him a prominent feature of the organization from its very outset. Mention should be made, too, of such gentlemen as Horace E. Chamberlin, superintendent of the Boston, Lowell & Concord Railroads, and George E.

Todd, superintendent of the Northern (N. H.) Railroad, both able managers and very agreeable companions. Then there is Col. John H. George, a prominent lawyer and public-spirited man, well known to this community; and the bar is further represented by Samuel B. Page, a legal advocate of superior qualifications; and by Edgar H. Woodman, the present honored president of the Club; Robert A. Ray, city-solicitor of Concord; Henry Robinson and Frank S. Streeter, young attorneys, with ambition, ability and energy, and favorably known throughout the state. Henry Churchill, the present acting director of the Club, is a man of sterling qualities and the most unbending uprightness. He was one of the original members, and no man stands higher in the esteem and confidence of his associates. He was a brave soldier during the War of the Rebellion, and he has a proud record of valor upon many a bloody field. He now holds the very responsible position of general transfer mail agent at the Concord railway station. Col. Charles H. Roberts, a popular member, is a very remarkable man, as well as pleasant companion. For the twenty-five years last past he has been actively engaged in politics and the management of the Republican party, and although never an office-seeker himself, he has had much to do with the shaping of our state legislation. He is a trusted and experienced adviser in the inner counsels of the party. He has paid especial attention to the management of railroad affairs, and is a clear, cool-headed adviser, possessed of the best practical sense and a shrewd comprehension of human nature. Edward A. Stockbridge is a book-binder by vocation, and for many years was associated with the late firm of Messrs. Morrill & Silsby, book-binders and stationers. He is a bright wit, a generous-hearted, whole-souled man. He has not held public office, which is due to the fact that he has not been a member of the dominant party, rather than to any lack of ample

qualifications, for he has in an eminent degree many of the qualities that would fit him for almost any position of trust and honor to which he might aspire. Prescott F. Stevens and Charles H. Duncklee, of Messrs. Stevens & Duncklee, wholesale and retail dealers in stoves and tin ware, are perhaps as popular as any of their numerous associates, and as influential and much respected in the community. They are not only good fellows, in the popular sense, but first-class mechanics and dealers in their line, doing an immense business in Concord, and elsewhere. From a very humble beginning they have, through industry and perseverance, attained to wealth in real estate and other valuable property, and to considerable influence within the circle of their acquaintance. Frank Marden, the well-known boot-and-shoe manufacturer, is closely attached to the organization, and he fully appreciates its many privileges and advantages. Being an unmarried man, of excellent habits, he spends his leisure hours at the rooms, and as a partner at whist, or in a game of billiards, only few men can excel him. His humorous good nature is very attractive, and he is held in high regard. Capt. Daniel E. Howard is also a great lover of the Club, although very devoted to his family, and he enjoys a friendly contest at cards with a hearty zest. He is no mean opponent at the billiard table, where he has made some brilliant shots. He takes pride in whatever he undertakes, and devotes himself with a will to the matter in hand. This is the secret of his success in the insurance business, wherein he is extensively engaged. It is a fact worthy of especial comment that the rooms are almost invariably deserted during business hours, but when the day's work is done, they are enlivened by the cheerful bearing and merry laugh of such estimable young men as Charles W. Woodward, William H. Davis, and Edward L. Peacock, all merchant-tailors, with excellent taste and judgment; and now and then drop in such

exemplary gentlemen as J. Frank Webster, Frank B. Cochran, Waldo A. Russell, Isaac W. Hill, Sumner L. Thompson, Charles F. Batchelder, James A. Wood, Nahum Robinson, Charles W. Lynam, Henry O. Adams, M. J. Pratt, George L. Stratton, Fred K. Peacock, and others too numerous for extended personal notice. Mr. Webster is the present cashier and paymaster of the Boston, Lowell & Concord Railroad, and Mr. Cochran is efficiently connected with the clerical force of the road, and both occupy high positions in the management of this important line to Boston. Mr. Russell is the traveling agent of the firm of Abram French & Co., of Boston, extensive importers and dealers in crockery and fancy wares. He is a very courteous and popular gentleman. Mr. Hill has for many years been the clerk of the Concord Gas-Light Company, and has charge of the meters and collections. He is a very methodical accountant, and his books are kept with the most scrupulous accuracy and neatness. His services are invaluable to the company. Mr. Thompson is the popular clerk of the Eagle Hotel. It is customary to call every hotel clerk popular, but Mr. Thompson is one of those very intelligent and polite gentlemen that has won high respect from the traveling public, with whom he has a very extensive acquaintance. His quiet, unassuming manners, and his long acquaintance in, and thorough knowledge of, his business, give him a front rank among hotel managers, and such is the prestige of his ability that he can command almost any salary. Charles F. Batchelder greatly enjoys the advantages of the association, and in his regular visits to the rooms he finds a needed rest from his busy duties as news agent, which at times require the utmost exertion. He is an industrious, straight-forward business man, of good standing in the community. Col. James A. Wood, whose home is at Acworth, is the agent of the *New Hampshire Statesman*

and the *Concord Daily Monitor*, and has an extensive acquaintance throughout the state. He is a prominent politician, and takes an active part in politics, and enters a gubernatorial or senatorial canvass with remarkable zeal and devotion to the candidate of his choice. He delights in whist, plays an excellent game, and his even temper and cheerful countenance are ever welcomed. Nahum Robinson is a member of the Club in good and regular standing, but seldom finds time, in his extensive building operations, to call at the rooms. He is a brick-builder of the widest experience, and has superintended the erection of a great many public buildings and private residences in Concord, and elsewhere, which stand as monuments to his industry and executive ability. He is a man of the most exemplary character, and his name upon the Club roll is a guaranty of the purity and good character of the institution. Charles W. Lynam is a concreter by trade, but, strange as it may seem, he is an artist in paint, and has executed some remarkably fine pieces on canvas, one of which adorns the billiard hall of the Club. Mr. Adams is the partner of Loren S. Richardson in the ready-made clothing business, in which they have a large trade. Mr. Pratt is the business manager at Concord of the United States & Canada Express Company. He is a valuable citizen, a kind-hearted neighbor, and a public-spirited man, who is held in great respect. Mr. Stratton is a member of the flour firm of Messrs. Stratton, Merrill & Co., and is a fine gentleman. He is a lover of fun, and the author of many a harmless, practical joke. Mr. Peacock is associated with Batchelder & Co., of Concord, wholesale and retail grocers, and his individual popularity adds more than a little to the extensive sales of this creditable establishment. We should be negligent indeed if we omitted particular mention of Perry Kittredge, of the firm of Messrs. Underhill & Kittredge, druggists. He is a charter member,

and his interest in all that relates to Club affairs continues unabated. His cheery voice is always welcome, and his fund of anecdote and incident is largely drawn upon for the entertainment of the usual evening company. Gen. J. N. Patterson, United States Marshal, and colonel of the present Third Regiment N. H. National Guard, was a gallant officer in the late war, and wears his brevet of general with becoming modesty. Another member, who served with honor in the War of the Rebellion, is John T. Batchelder, of the firm of Batchelder & Co., wholesale and retail grocers, and holds a position as paymaster on Col. Patterson's staff. He is an alderman from his ward, and a highly respected citizen. Capt. William Walker, a director of the First National Bank, and Dr. J. W. Barney, a former member of the state senate, are the eldest in years of the present members, but their minds are still fresh, and they engage in the social entertainments with the freshness of youth. Both have been prevented by sickness from active participation in Club affairs, for a few months, and their hearts would glow with pleasure, could they listen to the many kindly references to their social qualities which are made in their absence. Col. E. L. Whitford, United States pension agent, is a devotee of business, and allows himself only little relaxation therefrom. His standing with the Pension Department at Washington is superior to any other officer of the same line of duty, and the facility and correctness with which he has discharged the duties of his position, have merited and received the encomiums of all. Similar complimentary allusions are due to Col. Solon A. Carter, our able state treasurer, whose uniform affability and cheerful temperament make him a valued companion in club circles. Charles C. Danforth is the present treasurer of the Club, and attends to the monthly collection of the dues, which are very moderate in amount, considering the extent of the privileges and advantages afford-

ed. Mr. Danforth does a large insurance business, representing several of the best companies, and his losses are paid with the most commendable promptness. George O. Dickerman, traveling salesman for a wholesale grocery establishment in Boston, is a hale frequenter of the rooms. Lewis C. Barr is one of the new members. He is chief clerk at A. B. Sanborn's ready-made clothing house, in Concord. He is a very fine young man, else he would not be a member of this Club, inasmuch as the memberships are eagerly sought, but only very deliberately and considerably placed. A. M. Shaw, the railroad contractor and manager, is also a member. Frank B. Scribner, of the hard-ware house of Walker & Co., an estimable gentleman and companion, takes great pride in his connection with the institution; and so does Charles Foster, of the clerical force of the Fitchburg Railroad.

Col. John A. White, Jacob H. Gal-linger, M. D., Chairman of the Republican State Committee, George A. Pillsbury, now of Minneapolis, Minn., George P. Cleaves, John N. McClintock, the editor and publisher of the *Granite Monthly*, ex-Gov. Natt Head, Dr. C. N. Towle, Edson J. Hill, Fred. H. Gould, John E. Robertson, Calvin C. Webster, Frank L. Sanders, James N. Lauder, George F. Underhill, James E. Larkin, E. F. Mann, Charles D. Warde, and many others, whose names are familiar words, have been members of this famous and influential organization.

The following are the deceased members:

Charles C. Lund, Josiah Stevens, jr., Fred. B. Underhill, C. L. Cook, E. L. Knowlton, H. A. Taylor, Frank Newton, and Thomas A. Ambrose, each of whom is entitled to a eulogy beyond the space allotted to this article.

In conclusion, it remains to be said that the Webster Club should go on with its good work, and we trust that it will long continue a power for right.

Such a club, rightly organized and rightly conducted, is a tremendous social force; it can set fashions, institute reforms, wield public sentiment on

men and measures, and reach out with a powerful grasp into an almost unlimited field of usefulness.

COLONEL TOBIAS LEAR.

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

In the October number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* appeared a sketch of Col. Lear, to which we refer; the following was necessarily omitted on account of the length of the main article. The additional letter, here inserted, indicates the high estimation of Washington for his secretary.

Col. Lear visited England in 1793, and Washington, in a letter to Arthur Young, the celebrated agriculturist, dated Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1793, said: "The bearer, Sir, is Mr. Lear, a gentleman who has been a member of my family seven years, and until the present moment my secretary. He is a person of intelligence, and well acquainted with the states, from New Hampshire, inclusive, to Virginia, and one in whom you may, as I do, place entire confidence in all he shall relate of his own knowledge, and believe what is given from information, as it will be handed with caution. Mr. Lear has been making arrangements for forming an extensive commercial establishment at the *Federal City*, on the river Potomac, and now goes to Europe for the purpose of taking measures there to carry his plan into effect. I persuade myself that any information you can give him respecting the manufactures of Great Britain will be gratefully received, and, as I have a particular friendship for him, I shall consider any civilities shown him by you as a mark of your politeness to, Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant

G^o WASHINGTON."

Joseph M. Toner, M. D., of this city, has a letter, written by Washington, addressed on the outside,

"WILLIAM THORNTON, ESQ.,
FEDERAL CITY.

G^o WASHINGTON."

The letter was mailed at "Alex, Va.," bearing that postmark, and is rated "Free." It was written at Mount Vernon, July 2, 1799, and toward its close Washington writes that he would inclose a check on the bank of Alexandria for one thousand dollars, for the purpose of paying Mr. Blagdon the expenses incurred on Washington's building "in the *Federal City*." This house, which was once occupied by Alexander Hamilton, is situated near the Capitol, on North Capitol street, and is now known as the "Hillman House."

Washington, when writing to any one at the seat of government, directed the letter to "*Federal City*," it being the name he selected for the national capital. His modesty prevailed to the last, for the letter directed to Mr. Thornton was written in the year of his death.

Another peculiarity,—he was never known to write his name in full. George was always abbreviated as above indicated on the face of the letter.

In the October number of this magazine, a history of Col. Lear and his family is given, but the notices which appeared in the Portsmouth papers relating to them may be interesting. We copy from the *New Hampshire Ga-*

ette, of October 22, 1816, the following:

"At Washington City, suddenly, Col. Tobias Lear, Accountant of the War Department.

Mr. Lear was a native of this town, and had received a liberal education. His inclination at first led him to a maritime life, but circumstances introduced him to other and important situations, which he sustained with deserved reputation."

The "*Oracle of the Day*," printed in Portsmouth, in announcing the death of Mary (Long) Lear, the first wife of Col. Lear, copied the following from a Philadelphia paper:

"On Sunday, October 4, 1793, in Philadelphia, after a short but severe illness, universally lamented, Mrs. Mary Lear, the amiable and accomplished wife of Tobias Lear, Esquire, Secretary to the President of the United States; and on Monday her funeral was attended by a train of unaffected mourners, to Christ burying-ground (North 5th. corner of Arch), where her remains were interred.

Youth, beauty, virtue, loveliness and grace, in vain would soothe the dull, cold ear of death."

Mrs. Lear died of yellow fever, which at that time was prevailing and very malignant; not less than five thousand persons, including ten valuable physicians, having fallen victims to the disease.

We also find in the *Oracle* a notice of the second marriage of Col. Lear. Miss Frances Bassett, a niece of Martha Washington, married Col. George Augustine Washington, a nephew of the General. He died in 1793, and his widow became the wife of Col. Lear:

"Tobias Lear, Esquire, married to Mrs. Fannie Washington, of Mount Vernon, Aug. 22, 1795."

We also read in the *Portsmouth Journal* of December 2, 1856:

"Mrs. Frances Dandridge Lear, the widow of the late Col. Tobias Lear, and the niece of Mrs. Martha Washington, aged 75."

Col. Lear married two nieces of Mrs. Washington.

In the sketch published in the October number of this magazine, we gave a description of several choice relics and mementos, which were once in the Lear mansion at Portsmouth, and now preserved in the family. We will here notice a few of the many valuable articles which belonged to the Lears, and are also in the possession of the widow of Col. Albert L. Jones, née, Mary Washington Storer, the only daughter of the late Admiral Storer. Her lamented husband was a highly respected and influential citizen of great promise, whose untimely death the city mourns. At Mrs. Jones's beautiful and spacious home, on the corner of Richards avenue and Middle street, the many very precious and interesting relics of the Lear family are carefully preserved. Among these are portraits of Col. Lear, not full size, one taken just after his graduation, the other during his service as Military Secretary of Washington; a portrait of his wife, Frances Dandridge Lear, in pastel, cabinet-size, framed and glazed; a fine painting in oil, on panel, cabinet size, of Benjamin Lincoln Lear, believed to have been painted by Gilbert Stuart; a miniature of Col. Lear, in a gold case, painted while he was a student at Harvard; also photographs of two portraits in oil, full size, one of Col. Lear, the other of his wife, both painted at Malta, on their way to or from Algiers, and once in the possession of the Storer family, but now with Wilson Eyre, Esq., of Newport, R. I.

Capt. Tobias Lear, the father of Col. Lear, brought from Europe, among other valuables, a silver cream-pitcher, two silver salt-cellars, and two silver pepper-boxes, on which is engraved the crest of the Lears. These are now preserved as heir-looms. Mrs. Jones has also a silver cup bearing the family arms of the Custises.

Among a very large and valuable correspondence are to be found letters from many illustrious men, including Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Knox, Timothy Pickering, Rob-

ert Morris, R. B. Livingstone, Oliver Wolcott, Ed. Randolph, Thomas Mifflin, Christopher Gore, Benjamin Lincoln, John Langdon, John Sullivan, Lord Nelson, Sir William Pepperell, and Commodores Preble and Bainbridge; also from George, Martha, Bushrod, George Augustine, and Lawrence Washington, with others. Among these papers is the original draft of Martha Washington's letter of Dec. 31, 1799, addressed to the President of the United States, in response to a resolution of Congress in relation to the death of Washington, and to the removal of "her dear, deceased husband's" remains from Mount Vernon to the Capitol at the city of Washington.

There is also a letter of Dec. 15, 1799, which Col. Lear addressed to President John Adams, communicating the death of Washington, as well as one of Dec. 16, 1799, sent to the Lear and Storer families at Portsmouth, giving a full and minute account of the last illness and death of his illustrious patron.

Among these treasured relics is also a heavy mourning ring, which Admiral Storer wore for many years previous to his death, containing the hair of General and Mrs. Washington, with an inscription on the inside of the ring—"George and Martha Washington."

Another of these mementos is a painting, in water colors, of a stem with leaves and flowers, executed in Philadelphia by Miss Eleanor Custis, grand-daughter to Martha Washington, and sent as a present to Mrs. Lear, the Colonel's mother, in 1792. Another is an engraving, representing Hope pointing upward, while Eleanor

P. and George W. P. Custis, the two grand-children, are weeping at the grave of Washington.

The late Admiral Storer was justly proud of his distinguished uncle, Col. Tobias Lear, and was also devotedly attached to his most excellent cousin, Benjamin Lincoln Lear, and honored him by calling one of his sons by his name.

On the northerly side of the granite shaft erected to the memory of the Admiral, in the "Proprietors' Burying-Ground," at Portsmouth, we read,—
"Lincoln Lear Storer, Born May 21, 1828. Died at sea, April 15, 1849."

From the uniform responses to inquiries concerning B. Lincoln Lear, by those now living who were his contemporaries, I am particularly impressed as to his great ability, his purity of life, his manly virtues and noble character.

These testimonials all accord to him those beautiful traits which contributed so largely to the universal esteem in which he was held wherever known.

CORRECTION.—On page 14 of the October number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, near the close of the article, mention is made of Capt. Tobias Langdon, who died Feb. 20, 1725, aged 64, as the first husband of Elizabeth *Sherburne* Langdon, who married Tobias Lear Oct. 11, 1697. He was her son, born in 1660, married Mary Hubbard of Salisbury, Mass., in 1686, and had seven sons and two daughters. Capt. Langdon possessed the property from his grandfather. He was born on the farm and was buried in the inheritance. His father, Tobias Langdon, married Elizabeth Sherburne, June 10, 1656, and died July 27, 1664. The sentence requiring correction should read his *mother* instead of his *widow*—"became the wife of Tobias Lear as heretofore stated."

GAGE GENEALOGY.

COURAGE SANS PEUR.

The family of Gage, which is of Norman extraction, derived its descent from De Gage, Gauga, or Gage, who accompanied William the Conqueror into England in 1066, and after the conquest was

rewarded with large grants of land in the forest of Dean, and the county of Gloucester, adjacent to which forest he fixed his abode, and erected a seat at *Clerenwell*, otherwise *Clarewell*.

He also built a large mansion house in the town of Chichester, where he died, and was buried in the Abbey there; and his posterity remained in that county for many generations, in credit and esteem, of whom there were Barons in Parliament in the reign of Henry II.

John Gage,¹ 1408, had a son John² who married Joan Sudgrove; their son, Sir John,³ married Eleanor St. Clere. He was knighted 1454, and d. Sept. 30, 1486. His heir, William, Esq.,⁴ b. 1456, m. Agnes Bolney. Their son, Sir John,⁵ b. 1480, married Philippa Guilderford, and was made knight May 22, 1511. He died April 28, 1557, aged 77, leaving four sons and four daughters. Sir Edward,⁶ his eldest son, created knight by Queen Mary, m. Elizabeth Parker, and had nine sons and six daughters. John Gage, Esq.,⁷ the eldest son, was 30 years old at his father's death, and heir to fifteen manors, with many other lands in Sussex, &c., but having survived all his brothers and leaving no issue the estate descended to his nephew, John,⁸ who was advanced to the degree of baronet, Mar. 26, 1622, and m. Penelope, widow of Sir George Trenchard, by whom he had four sons and five daughters. He d. Oct. 3, 1633. John,⁹ his second son, of Stoneham, in Suffolk, came to America with John Winthrop, jr., son of the governor, landing in Salem, June 12, 1630. In 1633 they, with ten others, were the first proprietors of Ipswich. His wife, Anna, d. at Ipswich June, 1658. In Nov. following, he m. Sarah, widow of Robert Keyes, who, by one account, survived him, though by another m. 3d. Mary Keyes, February, 1663, who d. Dec. 20, 1668. He removed to Rowley in 1664, and there died in 1673, having been a "prominent man and held responsible offices of trust and fidelity," both in Ipswich and Rowley. Of his eight children, seven of whom were sons, the second, Daniel,¹⁰ of whom we find the earliest mention among the Gages of that part or "Old Rowley," which is now Bradford, Mass. We there learn from Bradford town records that he m. Sarah Kimball, May 3, 1675, and d. Nov. 8, 1705. He had eight children, three sons of whom Daniel,¹¹ the oldest, b. Mar. 12, 1676, m. Martha Burbank, Mar. 9, 1697, and about that time settled in the extreme northwest corner of Bradford, on the banks of the Merrimack, establishing the well known "Gage's, or Upper Ferry," on the then main road to Methuen, where the grotesque "Gage house," as built and afterwards enlarged, now stands (1879) in dilapidation, the oldest in the town. She there d. Sept. 8, 1741, and he d. Mar. 14, 1747. Their children were—

Mehitabel,¹² b. Dec. 29, 1698.

Josiah, b. 1701, settled in Pelham.

Martha, b. April 17, 1703.

Lydia, b. May 24, 1705.

Moses,¹³ b. May 1, 1706.

Daniel, b. April 22, 1708; rem. to Pelham.

Sarah, b. Feb. 19, 1709 or 1710.

Jemima, b. Dec. 2, 1711; m. Richard Kimball, Nov. 8, 1733.

Naomi, b. Feb. 25, 1714 or 15; m. David Hall, Sept. 22, 1737.

Esther, b. May 15, 1716; m. Jona. Currier, of Methuen, Aug. 1, 1739.

Amos, b. July 28, 1718; m. Mehitabel Kimball, of Bradford, Dec. 18, 1740, in Pelham.

Abigail, b. Dec. 22, 1720, d. young.

Mary, b. Aug. 31, 1722; m. Gideon Hardy, May 24, 1744.

Abigail, 2d, b. Mar. 13, 1724 or 25.

Moses,¹² m. Mary Heaseltine, April 12, 1733; retained the farm at the Ferry, and there lived and died. Their children were—

Moses,¹³ b. Mar. 7, 1735 or 36; m. 1st, ——— Thurston, of Bradford (says tradition); m. 2d, Abigail Kimball, of Methuen, Nov. 1, 1770; lived at the Ferry.

Sarah, b. Nov. 9, 1737.

James, b. June 10, 1739; m. Rebecca Kimball, Aug. 18, 1757; rem. to Pelham; there d., April 17, 1794, aged 55; his grandson, James, now in Woodsville, N. H. (1879).

William, b. Aug. 16, 1741; d. Dec. 14, 1747, aged 6 years, 4 months.

Richard, b. July 16, 1743; d. Dec. 25, 1747, aged 4 years, 5 months.

Abigail, b. June 25, 1744; d. Jan. 4, 1747 or 8, aged 3 years, 6 months.

Mary, b. Feb. 15, 1746; d. Jan. 23, 1747 or 8, in her 2d year.

[All four of these children being now reported traditionally in Bradford to have died of malignant throat distemper, at nearly the same time].

William, 2d, b. Nov. 24, 1748; m. Rhoda Norton, a native of Newburyport, though at that time, of Bradford, Nov. 25, 1769. He built an addition to the original house, and the farm is still owned, but not occupied, by his great-grandson, Charles Hazelton. Mrs. Anna Mitchil, the daughter of his son, Daniel, b. 1800, is still living (1879) in Bradford village.

Richard, 2d, b. May 20, 1751; d. Feb. 21, 1756.

Thaddeus,¹³ b. April 17, 1754; d. May 11, 1845.

Thus was a family in old Bradford essentially "sifted," in the Providence of God, to furnish one settler for the wilds of Sanbornton, N. H.

Thaddeus,¹³ m. Abigail Merrill, of Bradford, Nov. 30, 1775, who was b.—

1756, and probably soon after marriage moved to Sanbornton, N. H., settling in what is now Franklin, on west slope of hill between New Boston and the present river road. She there d. Dec., 1789, aged 33, and he m., 2d, Molly Bean, July 29, 1790, (Woodman), who was b. April 17, 1761, and d. May 13, 1831, aged 70. He died at his homestead May 11, 1845, aged 91.

Children by his first wife:

Richard,¹⁴ b. Dec. 11, 1776; was a farmer in Boscawen, and d. May 18, 1856, aged 79 years, 5 months.

Mary, b. June 12, 1779; d. young.

Daniel, b. Sept. 9, 1781; moved back to Bradford.

Moses, b. Aug. 16, 1783; m. Nancy Bean Feb. 26, 1806, (Crockett); m. 2d, Sarah (Rollins) Tenney, daughter of Jotham Rollins (see), who died Nov. 30, 1852, aged 68 years, 5 months, 22 days. He d. Oct. 1, 1851, aged 68. Had among other children: 1. John, who lies buried at his side (without grave-stones, New Boston cemetery), and 2. Julia A. (2d wife) m. Elkins Chapman (see). Abigail, b. Sept. 8, 1785; m. Jeremiah Ellsworth (see).

Lydia,) b. May 12, 1788; both died
John,) young.

Mehitabel, b. Nov. 21, 1789.

Children by his second wife:

William Haseltine,¹⁴ b. Mar. 21, 1791; d. Sept. 26, 1872.

Rhoda, b. July 8, 1793; m. John D. Clark (see).

David B., b. April 3, 1795.

Betsey B., b. June 22, 1797; d. Oct. 5, 1802, aged 5 years, 3 months.

James, b. Sept. 27, 1799; d. Oct. 7, 1802, aged 3 years.

John, b. Feb. 2, 1802; died Oct. 11, 1802, aged 8 months.

[All three of these children died with dysentery within a single week, as above].

Polly, b. Dec. 30, 1804; m. David D. Thompson (see).

William Hazeltine,¹⁴ (Thaddeus¹³) born in Sanbornton; moved to Boscawen 1804; m. Molly B., daughter of Bradbury Morrison, of Sanbornton, Jan. 25, 1814. She died Feb. 15, 1833; m. 2d, Sarah Sargent.

Children of Molly B.:

Sophronia S.,¹⁵ b. Jan. 21, 1815; m. John O. Russ Nov., 1835; d. May 23, 1844.

Eloander Wood, b. July 11, 1816; drowned in canal near Contoocook river, in Boscawen, May 25, 1819. The body was recovered nine days later in the Merrimack, at Concord, seven miles distance.

Isaac Kimball, born Oct. 27, 1818; m.

Susan G., daughter of Reuben Johnson, Oct. 27, 1842.

Asa Morrison, b. Nov. 17, 1820; m. Sophia W., daughter of John Caldwell, of Boscawen.

Phebe Prescott, b. Sept. 23, 1822; m. Andrew J. Russ; d. Aug. 9, 1853; 3 children.

Rosilla Morrison, b. Aug. 8, 1824; d. Oct. 28, 1827. Child of Sarah.

Polly Rosilla, b. Aug. 1, 1838; m. Samuel R. Mann.

Isaac Kimball,¹⁵ (William H.¹⁴) m. Susan G., (see above).

Children of Susan:

Frederick Johnson,¹⁶ b. Sept. 12, 1843.

Georgiana Judith, b. Jan. 16, 1848; m. Abiel W. Rolfe. (2 children—Harry Gage, b. July 5, 1872; Herbert Wilson, b. May 14, 1875).

Mary Morrison, b. Dec. 28, 1849; m. Milton W. Wilson. (2 children—Florence Lee, b. Jan. 9, 1877; Susie Gage, b. Jan. 26, 1879).

Charlotte Hubbard, b. Mar. 13, 1852; d. June 26, 1868.

Lucy Kimball, b. June 11, 1859.

Isaac William,¹⁶ b. Sept. 1, 1861.

Frederick Johnson,¹⁶ (Isaac K.,¹⁵) m. Harriet A. Morse, Mar. 11, 1868.

Children of Harriet:

Blanche,¹⁷ b. Nov. 24, 1869.

Lottie H., b. Feb. 22, 1873.

Fred. Healey,¹⁷ b. Oct. 20, 1874.

GENERATIONS OF GAGES.

1. John. 1408.

2. John, m. Joan Sudgrove.

3. Sir John, m. Eleanor St. Clere; d. Sept. 30, 1486.

4. Esquire William, b. 1456; m. Agnes Bolney.

5. Sir John, b. 1480; m. Philippa Guilderford; d. April 28, 1557.

6. Sir Edward, m. Elizabeth Parker.

7. Esquire John, d., aged 30.

8. John, m. Penelope, widow of Sir George Trenchard; died Oct. 3, 1633.

9. John, m., 1st, Anna ———; 2d, Sarah Keyes; 3d, Mary Keyes. He came to America, landing in Salem, June 12, 1630; died in Rowley, 1673.

10. Daniel, m. Sarah Kimball, May 3, 1675; d. Nov. 8, 1705.

11. Daniel, b. Mar. 2, 1676; m. Martha Burbank; d. Mar. 14, 1747.

12. Moses, b. May 1, 1706; m. Mary Haseltine.

13. Thaddeus, b. April 17, 1754; d. May 11, 1845.

14. William Haseltine, b. Mar. 21, 1791; d. Sept. 26, 1872.

15. Isaac Kimball, b. Oct. 27, 1818.

16. Frederick Johnson, b. Sept. 12, 1843.

17. Fred Healey, b. Oct. 20, 1874.

GRANITE MONTHLY.

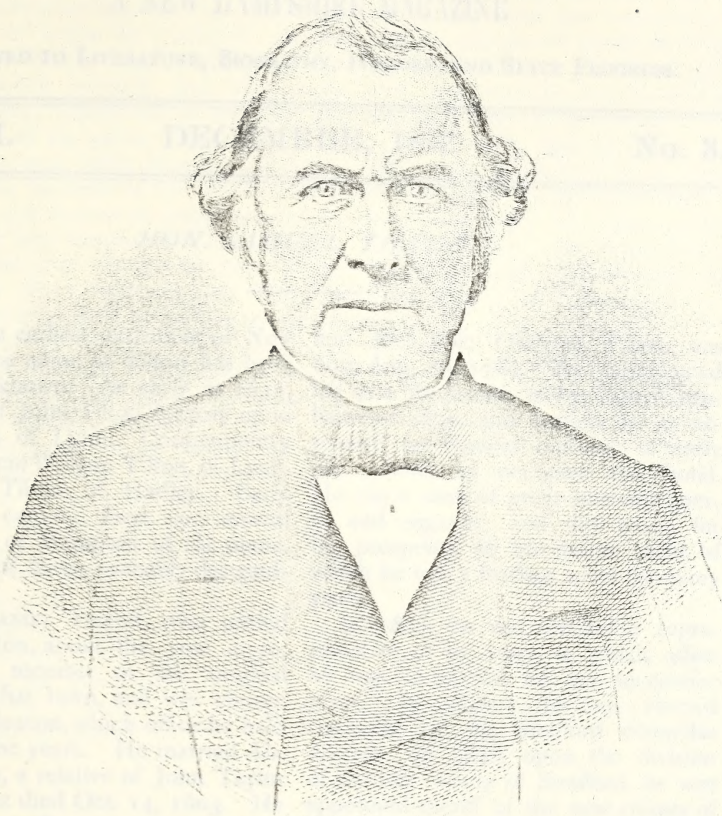
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DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE FINE ARTS.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER

NO. 12.



Samuel Tilton

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No. 3.

HON. SAMUEL TILTON.

From the earliest settlement of New England, the name of Tilton has been honorably known. As early as 1642, the name of John Tilton appears upon the records of Lynn. Contemporary with him were William Tilton, of Lynn, and Peter Tilton, of Hadley. Early in the last century, there were several in the town of Hampton of the name. From one of these probably descended,

1. NATHANIEL TILTON, who settled in Sanbornton, about the year 1770. He was a member of the original church in that town, and was chosen its second deacon, which office he held for thirty-nine years. He married Abigail Gilman, a relative of John Taylor Gilman; she died Oct. 14, 1803. He died Feb. 11, 1814.

2. COL. JEREMIAH TILTON, son of Nathaniel and Abigail (Gilman) Tilton, was born in 1762. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary army. He built the original hotel on the site of the Dexter House in Tilton, and was one of the founders of that flourishing village. He was actively engaged in manufacturing, carrying on a trip-hammer shop and a grist-mill, and was a colonel in the state militia and was a justice of the peace. He married Mehitable Hayes, Feb. 21, 1786, who died Jan. 19, 1840, aged 72. He died April 10, 1822.

3. HON. SAMUEL TILTON, the subject of this sketch, son of Jeremiah

and Mehitable (Hayes) Tilton, was born Aug. 20, 1789. He commenced life as a blacksmith in his father's trip-hammer shop, and carried on an extensive mechanical business in early life. Later he occupied the hotel. He was a man of great business energy and sagacity, and did much for the prosperity of his native town, of which he was a leading spirit for many years.

In 1826, he was elected a representative of his town, to which office he was re-elected for six successive years. In 1836-7, he was elected councilor of the Strafford councilor district. In 1840, upon the division of the old county of Strafford, he was appointed sheriff of the new county of Belknap, in which office he was continued until 1846. In 1848, he was chosen one of the electors of the state for president and vice-president of the United States. In 1852, he was elected a delegate to the Baltimore convention. In 1853, he was appointed by President Pierce, United States marshal for the district of New Hampshire, which office he ably filled for six years. In 1853, upon the establishment of the Citizens' Bank in Sanbornton, he was elected one of its directors, and was so continued until his death.

He was always prudent and cautious in his business matters, and his

general success through life evinced most clearly great soundness of judgment. As a friend, he was honest, firm, and unwavering, and no falsehood or pretence whatever had the least influence in detaching him from those in whom he confided. In his dislikes he was equally decided. He was public spirited, and with every movement calculated to enhance the growth of his native village and town, he fully and freely identified himself; and the records of the schools, seminary, and houses of religious worship, will all bear witness that no man gave more freely or abundantly than he did toward their establishment. In his politics, he was a democrat, a strong friend of the Union, always conservative and patriotic in his feelings, and a most decided and outspoken opponent of all kinds of radicalism.

In his judgment his friends reposed great confidence. This was manifest not only in the influence he always exerted over them, but also in the fact that he was almost continually, during a long life, called upon by his fellow-citizens to fill offices of trust and responsibility. But few men, in this respect, have been more fortunate in securing the good will of those in interest—the reward of a faithful performance of duty.

He died Nov. 12, 1861. His funeral was attended by a large number of his relatives, neighbors, and townsmen, among whom was an unusual number of venerable looking men, who came out to pay their last respects to one who in the fire of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the gravity of age, had with them walked step by step to the end of a long and active life.

Early in life, Jan. 31, 1815, Samuel Tilton was married to Myra, daughter of Samuel Amès, of Canterbury. She was born Sept. 28, 1792, and died March 7, 1857. He married, second, March 16, 1858, Mrs. Elizabeth (Cushman) Haven, of Portsmouth.

CHILDREN :

1. ALFRED EDWIN TILTON, born Nov. 11, 1815; died March 30, 1877.
2. SARAH TILTON, born Oct. 23, 1819; married Charles Minot, May 11, 1841; died Feb. 25, 1882.
3. DEWITT CLINTON TILTON, died young.
4. CAROLINE AUGUSTA TILTON, died young.
5. CHARLES ELLIOTT TILTON, born Sept. 14, 1827, resides in Tilton.

The facts in this article are taken from the very able history of Sanborn-ton, lately published, written by Rev. M. T. Runnels.

BENJAMIN LEAR, THE HERMIT OF SAGAMORE.

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

In a sketch of the families of Neal and Lear, which appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY of April, 1881, it was intimated that we might prepare an article for publication on Benjamin Lear, the Hermit of Sagamore.

With the view of making the sketch more complete, and regarding the information as reliable, we shall have recourse to the "Rambles about Portsmouth" for such facts as we may discover relating to one of the singular

men whose names were familiarly known to the south-end boys in the days of yore. Mr. Brewster, the author of the "Rambles," is remembered with gratitude by the sons of Portsmouth. Notwithstanding a very busy life, and the constant pressure of his editorial profession, together with the severe labors incident to a printing office of his time, he placed on permanent record, as the result of most patient investigation and exhaustive

research, many incidents connected with the history of his native town, which would otherwise have been unrecorded and lost. "Ramble" numbered 42, relates to Sagamore creek,—the origin of its name, the residences which skirt its romantic shore, the bridge which spans its bewitching waters, and some of the peculiarities of the odd and eccentric character who forms the subject of this sketch.

The references to Benjamin Lear are substantially in accord with the information we obtained when a youth from the "oldest inhabitant," and also from our grandmother, Margaret (Lear) Neal, who was a relative of the "Hermit"—a cousin of some degree. She occasionally visited the "Hermitage," and received calls from its occupant when he came to the "Bank," as he invariably called the compact part of Portsmouth, where she resided. This was the ancient name of our goodly city, which he, at times, visited, perhaps once or twice annually. We have also in mind many events of his life which have not heretofore been printed, and which will be embodied in this sketch.

Benjamin Lear died at his home, near the beautiful Sagamore, in Portsmouth, N. H., December 17, 1802, aged 82 years.

His mother died in 1775, at the advanced age of 103, in the cottage built on the land her son Benjamin had inherited from his father. Savage, in his "Genealogical Dictionary," mentions a Mrs. Lear who died at Portsmouth, N. H., in the year 1775, aged 105. It is related of her, that when she reached the age of 102 years, she heard a bell tolling for a funeral, an immemorial custom of Portsmouth still observed. She remarked to visiting friends, "Oh, when will the bell toll for me? It seems to me that the bell will never toll for me. I am afraid I shall never die."

The farm on which Benjamin Lear lived, and which he inherited, was situated on the south side of Sagamore creek, just west of the road leading from Sagamore bridge to Rye, about midway up the creek from Little Har-

bor. The bridge was built in 1850, previous to which time no traveled road existed there.

The foundation of the Hermit's cabin is a few rods west of the only house now on the premises. The cellar was not large, as the excavation for it was under but a portion of the building. Some of the stone underpinning and bricks belonging to the chimney remain, and the spot where both the house and barn were located can be easily designated.

The stone wall, which is covered by the house recently removed from Greenland by Josiah F. Adams, the present owner of the farm, was in good condition when the cellar was cleared of the debris which partially filled it. This site has often been represented as the spot which had been occupied by the Hermit's cot. But it belonged to the house built by Miss Hannah Randall, who frequently ferried to the opposite shore any one desirous of crossing the creek, and needing assistance. Many have supposed that she was a sister of Benjamin Lear, but she was only a neighbor, whose parents lived at one time on the banks of the creek below where Hannah "run the ferry." After her father and mother became aged, she built a small house on the spot where that of Mr. Adams now stands, and with them occupied it. James Randall survived his wife, and Hannah kindly "took care of him."

There was a sister, Mrs. Gowdy, the cellar of whose house is in the immediate vicinity, but nearer the old Peverley Hill road leading from Portsmouth Plains to Odiorne's Point. Lafayette, one of the roads now used to reach Sagamore, was not built until 1825. One of his two sisters, Benjamin Lear buried in the valley where his own body was subsequently interred. The family burial-ground was on the point of land just beyond Bull Rock, where the graves of the other members of the family are to be found. The Hermit remarked, when one of the sisters died, that they did not fully

agree in life, and he thought it would be well to separate them in death; and consequently he gave sepulture to one of them in the valley where his own body now reposes.

"For more than twenty years he dwelt entirely alone. He made his own garments, which were in fashion peculiar to himself. He tilled his land, milked his cows, made butter and cheese; but subsisted principally on potatoes and milk. Owing, no doubt, to his simple and temperate mode of living, he exhibited, at the age of 82, a face freer from wrinkles than is generally seen in those of fifty."

The farm which he owned and occupied "was of sufficient extent and fertility to have supported a large family," but he had the idea that he might live to spend the whole property. I have heard it related that his domicile was once invaded by "roughs" from the "Bank," who, supposing he had money, and intent on plunder, entered his dwelling at night; but Mr. Lear retreated to the loft, or upper story, where, handling a place spear with dexterity, he succeeded in spearing one of the number, when all retired, the way of their retreat being easily traced, the following morning, by blood, to the shore where their boat had probably landed. Mr. Lear was quiet, peaceable, and inoffensive, but capable of protecting himself when occasion required.

A venerable lady, a good friend and for years a near neighbor to our family, on Franklin street, and who died Nov. 16, 1880, at the ripe age of 95, mentioned to us, the year before her death, the following incident, as her recollection of what was said concerning the Hermit: "He cut his garments, some said, with tongs, and made his own clothes. It was a common remark, spoken in jest, when clothing was rudely made, or uncouthly cut, 'Oh, cut in Ben. Lear's style, by tongs.'" He had favorite dogs as his companions, and it was said he allowed them to lap the milk pans, and thus saved labor in washing.

Bull Rock, a bold and massive rock which rises almost sixty feet perpendicularly from the shore, though but slightly elevated above the land back of it, is one of the features of the place. It derived its name from this circumstance: A bull, belonging to Mr. Lear, becoming frightened, or, from some other cause, rushed upon this rock with such momentum that he was precipitated over the cliff and broke his neck. The name, Bull Rock, has since adhered to it, and is likely to be perpetuated. It is west from the bridge, just above the bend, on the southerly side of the creek. We have heard it called "Lover's Leap," but that designation applies to a prominent elevation farther up the creek, on the Beck place, where one of the sons had a temporary fort. The farm is now owned by John W. Johnson, having been recently purchased of the Beck heirs, after having been in possession of the family many generations.

As Mr. Lear became advanced in years, he was repeatedly and urgently invited, particularly by the parents of the late James Moses, to spend the winter months with them, or accept the proffered hospitalities of other kind neighbors; but he always declined, "alleging that he had every thing he wanted. He would not suffer any one to spend a night in his house to take care of him, even in his last illness." For several weeks prior to his death he had been in feeble health. December 17, 1802, was excessively cold, the thermometer having ranged during the previous night at 4° below zero. The severe weather caused thoughtful solicitude on the part of a good Samaritan lady, Abigail, wife of Nadab Moses, whose ancestral farm, now in possession of the family, adjoined the Hermit's land on the west, and the Beck's on the east. At an early morning hour Mrs. Moses sent her son James (who died Dec. 11, 1863, aged 82, and who frequently related the story), to the dwelling of Mr. Lear, remarking,—"If our neighbor Lear has lived through so cold a night as last night,

he can stand almost any thing." Mr. Moses promptly went to the house, saving distance by crossing on the ice, the bend in the creek, and found Mr. Lear alone and in bed, alive and sensible, but he died soon after Mr. Moses entered the dwelling. The evening previous he had appeared to his neighbors, who visited him, quite comfortable, and talked freely, planning work for the ensuing spring. Though eccentric, he was industrious, possessed a good disposition and kindly nature, but preferred solitude and loneliness.

Although with ample means at his command, he voluntarily denied himself many of the comforts, as well as the luxuries of life. He died Friday morning, Dec. 17, 1802, and was interred the following day on his own inheritance, in the valley, south from Bull Rock, by the side of his sister.

According to the "Provincial Records," he signed the Association Test of 1776, ordered by the General Continental Congress and by the Committee of Safety of the Colony of New Hampshire,—an obligation to oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies.

The place of his abode was visited, during his life time, by many persons, through motives of curiosity. The *Portsmouth Oracle*, of Dec. 25, 1802, noticed Mr. Lear's demise, and described his home as situated by the waters of Sagamore, or Witch creek, as the stream was often called. It was diversified by irregular hills and valleys, a decent orchard, an interval for tillage, towering pines and craggy rocks, which, appearing in various directions from the ancient lowly cot that formed the hermitage, exhibited a scene truly romantic. Many have visited the spot since his decease, and have admired it "as beautiful for situation."

An enjoyable ramble was in the vicinity of Sagamore creek, either boating on its waters, or perambulating its shores, watching the deepening shad-

ows of the grand old trees mirrored in the moving tide; or, penetrating its forest retreats and shady glens, listening to the music of the pines, and inhaling their fragrant and healthful exhalations. Writing this in the *FEDERAL CITY*, in the heat of summer, may give intensity to our description of Sagamore; for we vividly imagine, while not realizing, the invigorating tendencies of its bracing air, attractive scenery and health-giving aroma.

The Sagamore was a favorite resort. It had its charms, traditions, and historic associations. Changes have occurred, but we trust its banks will not be further denuded of majestic trees, or its picturesqueness marred by needless innovations.

The entire locality is of great interest, and should remain, so far as possible, undisturbed. Its natural attractions induced the early settlers on our shores to select it for their habitation.

In its immediate vicinity is Odiorne's Point, where the first colony landed, and built the Manor House, or Mason's Hall, as sometimes called, and occupied and improved the contiguous territory. Here they established permanent homes; and their ancestral acres have continued in a marked degree, for many generations, down to a period within our own memory, in possession of their descendants.

The Governor Wentworth mansion, with its council chamber and other colonial attractions, is also near by. Sagamore Creek and its surroundings constitute a region of great historic interest, which must always attract attention.

We have blended in the foregoing sketch all the incidents, recorded, or otherwise, which have come to our knowledge, concerning Benjamin Lear, the Hermit of Sagamore. It has been submitted to Alfred Davis Moses, of Portsmouth, who is well informed in all that relates to Sagamore. He corroborates the narration, and can not furnish any additional items.

THE TEMPEST-TOST ÆNEADE.

A TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL. BY BELA CHAPIN.

Arms and the chief I sing, who, with a band
 Of wandering heroes, fled far o'er the sea;
 Thrust out and exiled from the Trojan land,
 He came from thence, the first, by Fate's decree,
 To Latian coasts, to strands of Italy.
 Tost to and fro was he 'mid dangers great,
 On land and wave, in deep adversity;
 By power supernal, whose dread aid might save
 The ruthless Juno's rage and unrelenting hate.

And when he reached the far Lavinian shore,
 The clime predestined for his future race,
 Unnumbered toils in war he suffered more,
 While he would build a town—a dwelling-place—
 And give his gods in Latian land a space—
 Those sacred guardians of his Trojan home.
 Thence their famed title do the Latins trace;
 From thence the lines of Alban fathers come.
 And the high walls and battlements of mighty Rome.

Say, Muse, thou prompter of heroic verse,
 What god-head was constrained in anger so,
 To cause such toils? Do thou in song rehearse
 Why the fair queen of heaven such ire should show,
 To plunge Æneas into deepest woe,
 And cloud his way with dangers thickly strown,
 Causing his limbs to quake, his tears to flow.
 Can heavenly souls such high resentment own,
 And exercise their rage on frail mankind alone?

South of Italia, upon Afric's shore,
 A thriving city stood, of ancient date,
 And Carthage was the name the city bore;
 A tribe from Tyre did erst its rise create.
 'Twas full of wealth and strong in armies great.
 That place did Juno love with dear delight,
 More than her Samian isle or Argive state;
 There were her weapons stored, of brazen might,
 And there her chariot stood, for ever gleaming bright.

And Juno sought—it was her firm intent—
 To make that realm of wide-extended sway,
 Both far and near, if Fate might thus be bent;
 Yet she had heard a hateful rumor say
 That hosts from Troy would come in future day,
 And all her Tyrian towers o'erthrow—
 Whose empire then would spread and force its way
 O'er every land, and never limit know;
 That things of future years were predetermined so.

Then dark forebodings filled Saturnia's mind,
 In the remembrance of the part she bore,
 When deities of heaven with men combined,
 In long-continued war on Ilium's shore;
 Nor yet have faded from her heart the sore
 For beauty's prize, to Venus' self decreed
 By Paris' judgment, given in days of yore;
 Her scorn and hatred of Electra's seed,
 And honors placed above on heaven-rapt Ganymede.

Thus fired at heart she sent the Trojan band
 Hither and thither o'er the watery way;
 A herd of exiles driven from land to land,
 The doleful remnant of the Grecian fray.
 That swift Achilles' spear had failed to slay.
 On them the vengeance of the goddess came;—
 Far from Italia were they doomed to stray.
 So much it cost to found the Roman name.
 Such heavy toil and strife to raise so vast a frame.

Scarcely lost in distance were Sicilian lands,
 As full of hope the Trojans onward bore,
 With full-spread sails and many laboring hands.
 Were plowing through the brine with brazen prore,
 When Juno, harboring in her heart the sore,
 The lasting wound, thus to herself said she:—
 "Ah! am I vanquished? And must I give o'er?
 Have I not power to keep from Italy
 That Trojan king, and am I barred by Fate's decree?

Might not Minerva wrap a fleet in fire,
 And plunge the Grecians in the deep below,
 For Ajax's only crime and fury dire?
 Jove's leven-bolt herself presumed to throw,
 That rent the ships atwain in vengeance so,
 And all the sea turmoiled. Himself she caught
 Up in a whirlwind blast, while forth did flow
 Flames from his bosom pierced by wild-fire shock,
 And hurled him headlong down upon a pointed rock.

But I who walk in majesty above,
 A queen of gods who dwell in mansions bright—
 Ay, consort-sister e'en of supreme Jove—
 Must I wage war so long in cruel night
 With one lone race? Thenceforth will any wight
 With suppliant hands gifts on my altar lay?"
 And saying thus, unto Æolia's height,—
 The realm of storms,—the goddess went her way,
 Where winds imprisoned lie, hid from the light of day.

There, in a prison cave, king Æolus
 Confines each struggling wind and howling blast;
 They rage and bluster, and seek ever thus
 Through the strong bars to break from fetters fast,
 And make the mount resound through caverns vast;
 Their sceptered king sits on a rocky steep,
 Controls their wrath, or else, swift would they cast
 Earth, sea and sky into confusion deep,
 And carry all before them with impetuous sweep.

But knowing this the sire omnipotent
 Did hide them deep in a dark place alone,
 Within a mountain in a cavern pent,
 And o'er them set a weighty mass of stone,
 And gave a keeper, who by laws well known,
 The rule of blustering subjects well conceives,
 When to confine them in the cave their own,
 Or give them rein to scour the land and seas.
 To whom did Juno supplicate in words like these:—

"O, Æolus! since he, the sire of all,
 Has given dominion of the winds to thee,
 To calm the billows, or let tempests fall;—
 A race I hate now sails the Tyrrhene sea—
 Troy and her conquered gods—to Italy
 They bear along. O, from thy prison-keep

Send forth in fury all thy subjects free;
 O'erwhelm their vessels all with direful sweep.
 And strew them diverse ways amid the watery deep.

Of twice seven nymphs, who near my person wait,
 Fairest of all is one Deïope;
 Her will I give thee for thy loving mate,
 In wedlock firm to live in harmony.
 To pass in gladness all her years with thee,
 And make thee father of a beauteous line."
 Then answered Æolus: "Thine let it be.
 O queen, to speak whate'er thou would'st design,
 To execute thy will shall evermore be mine.

Thou givest me to enjoy the smiles of Jove,
 My kingdom and my sceptre of command,
 To rule the winds and feast with gods above."
 He said; then with uplifted spear in hand,
 He smote the mount. Quick, as in ordered band,
 Rush forth the winds o'er earth with whirling blast;
 They swoop the sea and pour along the land,
 And all the deep from lowest depths upcast;
 East, West, and stormy South, pile up the surges vast.

The creak of ropes succeeds, and doleful cries
 Of men; and heavy clouds the heavens control,
 Shutting out daylight from the Trojans' eyes;
 And night broods o'er the deep. From pole to pole
 The lightnings flash and awful thunders roll,
 And all things threaten death to every man.
 Forthwith Æneas, all unmanned in soul,
 While through his limbs a freezing tremor ran,
 Stretched forth his hands to heaven, and, groaning, thus began:—

"O blest were ye! thrice favored of us all,
 Whose lot it was, before your fathers' eyes,
 By Troy's dear sacred walls in death to fall!
 Thou son of Tydeus! of all Greek allies
 Most brave, O had I been thy prize,
 Slain by thy hand to join the spirit throng,
 Where 'neath Achilles' lance great Hector lies,—
 Where fell Sarpedon, where Simois rolls along
 The shields and helms of men and bodies of the strong."

While thus he cried the rushing northern gales
 Burst in dire tempest on the foaming tide;
 Lift to the clouds the sea, and smite his sails;
 With shattered oars his vessel yields her side;
 Some ships upon the mountain billows ride,
 And some the bottom of the deep descry.
 And three the south wind, in his angry pride,
 In whirlpools dashed on hidden rocks that lie
 In midmost sea, called Altars still in Italy.

Three more, the victims of the eastern blast,
 Were dashed on shallows of the moving sand;
 There, woeful sight, were they entangled fast,
 And in mid-sea were left and moored a-land.
 One with Orontes and his Lycian band,
 To certain wreck the whirling waters threw;
 The men were struggling seen, and near at hand,
 Were lost for ever in their chieftain's view.
 And Trojan goods and arms the foaming flood bestrew.

And now Ilioneus' ship doth reel,
 And Abas' vessel in dread terror rides,

And that of brave Acates, and of leal
 Aletes, open wide their leaky sides,
 And, half o'ercome, drink in the hostile tides.
 Meanwhile, when all the ocean was upheaved,
 Neptune, who o'er the rolling deep presides,
 The dismal turmoil of his realm perceived,
 Uprose, with placid face, though inwardly he grieved.

And when the scattered vessels met his eye,
 That bore the remnant of the Trojan state,
 Half crushed by all the tempests of the sky,
 He saw, and, conscious of his sister's hate,
 Her guile, and warfare with unyielding Fate,
 He sternly called the winds of East and West,
 And South, fraught with convolving storm, and straight
 With injured majesty these words addressed:—
 "What pride of birth or race hath all yourselves possessed?

To rend the ocean into such turmoil,
 To raise such watery masses to the sky,
 And heaven and earth in trouble all embroil,
 Without my sovereign leave, ye Winds, whom I—
 But first it meeter seems to pacify
 The raging tumult of the foaming seas.
 A penance more severe henceforth will lie
 On you who dare such sad malpractices.
 Go to your king and bear to him such words as these:—

That not to him the empire of the sea
 Was given, and sceptre of the nereid train,
 But these by lot were granted unto me,
 His is the realm of rocks, your bleak domain;
 There let him vaunt himself and ever reign,
 And guard his winds in caverns of the night."
 He said, and speedily he brought again
 Peace to the troubled sea, and put to flight
 The mustering clouds, and brought the sunshine clear and bright.

The sea-green Triton and Cymothoë,
 They who in grottos of the deep abide,
 Together strove to get the vessels free
 From pointed rocks in midmost sea to ride.
 Neptune himself his three-tined spear applied,
 And from the quicksands safe the navy speeds
 Back to deep water and a peaceful tide.
 Then in his chariot, drawn by finny steeds,
 Swift o'er the tranquil surface of the sea proceeds.

As when—within a base, ignoble crowd,
 Huge riot reigns and vile seditious cries,
 When sticks and stones are thrown with clamor loud,
 And through the low-born herd fierce tumult flies,—
 If but a man of noble mien arise,
 A man renowned in wisdom and in years,
 He with calm words their terror pacifies;
 Then hush they all and stand with listening ears,
 They lay aside their rage and all their angry fears:

So was it when the monarch of the sea
 Uprose and saw the turmoil of the main,
 And straight again was there tranquillity;—
 To his fleet steeds he gave a loosened rein,
 And in his chariot skimmed the liquid plain,
 Beneath the azure of heaven's open day.
 Then did the Æneade their vessels gain,
 And sought the land across the ocean way;
 And reached the Afric shores,—the shores that nearest lay.

MR. WEBSTER AT THE CATTLE SHOW AT MANCHESTER,

ON THE 9TH OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1851.

BY HON. G. W. NESMITH, LL. D.

The officers of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society, in concert with the city authorities of Manchester, invited Mr. Webster to attend their fair at Manchester in 1851. He accepted their invitation. This was their first exhibition at Manchester, and the second year of the existence of the State Agricultural Society. An immense throng of people, from all parts of the state and Massachusetts, were assembled on this occasion. The fair, or exhibition, was then interesting from its novelty, creditable to our state, and especially to the city whose enterprising citizens contributed so much to give it life and successful progress. The month of October seldom furnished so bright and so beautiful sunshine, as was exhibited on this 9th* of October. Mr. Webster was received at the station of the Concord railway, upon the arrival of the cars, by an enthusiastic assemblage of people, and, in behalf of the committee of arrangements, was addressed by Hon. S. H. Ayer, a young and talented orator, whose premature death was, and still is, lamented by a multitude of friends. Our limits will not admit the whole of his speech on this occasion. We give an extract :

"Mr. Webster ! I am selected by this immense gathering of men of New Hampshire, to bid you, in their names, a cordial welcome to our state. No party is here to claim you as its own, unless it be that great party in our state, which admires the *genius*, and acknowledges the signal services of *Daniel Webster*. The men you see here come as citizens of New Hampshire—come with *open arms to receive the first* and foremost of her sons.

They have come as citizens of the Union to do homage to its great statesman whose name is familiar as house-

hold words, wherever a civilized language is spoken. While they are not insensible to the high official position you adorn, it is the *man* they are here to honor.

The *place* where we have met for the reception of New Hampshire's most distinguished son we can not deem inappropriate to the occasion ;—in this youthful city, washed by the stream that flows by your early home, called into existence by the enterprise and industry of your native state, and the wealth and liberality of your adopted city, the *home* and final resting-place of Stark, who so nobly fought for the country you have loved and served so well.

Now, Sir, in the name of the masses around you ; in the name of our State Agricultural Society here assembled ; in the name of our city and its people ; in the name of the state and its citizens of both sexes and of all ages, from the White Mountains to Strawberry Bank, I bid you *welcome*."

In response to Mr. Ayer, Mr. Webster said :

"If I say to you on this occasion, that I thank you for this kind welcome, I should but use old and common language, unsuited to the warmth of my heart, and the deep gratitude which this occasion inspires.

Allow me to say that there is not on the face of the earth a spot in which such a welcome as this, by such an assembly as this, would carry so much cheering gratification to my heart.

I am here in the state which gave me birth ; I am here in the state of my early education and associations, and where the bones of my ancestors repose, and I can say with the greatest truth, although my visits to New Hampshire have not been unfrequent,

that never in my life have I crossed any rod of it, without feeling with a glow of delight that this is my *own* my native state."

Later in the day Mr. Webster said, "I delight to dwell upon the consideration that I am now among New Hampshire men.

I delight to feel that I stand on my native soil, and among those whom we have always regarded with favor from my infancy. We recollect that the tomb of the great hero of Bennington is near us. I am proud to remember that many of my own friends, especially my own *father* were with him on that occasion. And I know that on these hills, in early life, I have seen his comrades. I have often seen *him*. Now, if we turn back to our own New Hampshire people, if we remember the men who shed their blood, and employed their counsels for the liberty of this country; if we think of Bartlett, and Whipple, and Thornton; of the Gilmans, the Langdons, and all those patriots of two or three generations ago, who founded our New Hampshire government, who connected us with the great government of the Union, who sought with all their hearts, and recommended with all their powers, always as far as

proper, to lead the people into its adoption. And if we could see them all here to-day, Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, John Taylor Gilman, and the rest of them, and ask them how we should deport ourselves in the present crisis of the country, what would they say? If any should say, 'we were for breaking off from this union, were for cutting loose the ties that are binding us together,' would *they* not say we were stark mad, departing from every thing they had taught us?

Gentlemen, let me assure you that in my conviction, the thunder-bolt that rives the hardy oak, and splits it from its top to the ground into ten thousand pieces, and scatters those pieces over the earth, may be a more sudden mode of destruction, but it is not a surer mode than a spirit of disunion will show if it is let forth in its angry zeal upon the united government under which we live. Its fragments will cover the earth, and we shall feel the smoke of the sulphur so long as we live. Now, gentlemen, let us stand where our fathers stood. Let us say that we are Americans, one and all; that we go for the general liberty, the general freedom, the general security of the whole American Republic!"

PARABLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Lo, countless thousand snow-white sheep
March on to pastures fair and vast.
The self-same flock we see to-day,
That mov'd there in the voiceless past.

From living springs, exhaustless yet,
They drink of life, and ne'er grow old;
With silver bow, in beauty bent,
A chosen shepherd guides the fold.

He drives them through the golden gate;
Each name he knows; counts all at night;
Though oft he makes the journey long,
No lamb is ever lost from sight.

A ram bounds forth to lead the way,
A trusty watch-dog helps to guide;
Know'st thou the flock? Canst tell me, pray,
Who is the shepherd by their side?

ALMA J. HERBERT.

THE BADGER HOMESTEAD.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Old Gilmanton was formerly one of the largest and most important towns of New Hampshire. It comprised an area of sixty-three thousand acres, and before Belmont was severed from it the value of agricultural products exceeded that of any other town in the state. Among its citizens were numbered many men of large wealth and usefulness, not a few of whom acquired a name that was known and revered beyond the limits of their own neighborhood. Gilmanton citizens, bearing the proud name of Gilman, Cogswell, and Badger, during more than one generation, exercised active influence in the councils of the state. They were militia officers, sheriffs, judges, senators, and governors. They were the owners of broad acres among her hills and romantic valleys, the movers of prominent industries, and the dispensers of prodigal hospitality. Gilmanton was then a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of New Hampshire towns. It divided with Dover the honor of eminence in old Strafford county. The county courts were held alternately at these two boroughs. Business was flourishing, and a population of over three thousand gave the town an outlook toward the future, so to speak, that was not surpassed by any other in the Granite State.

That was in the good old days when the lumbering stage-coach rattled over the highways, and old-fashioned hostleries at "Smith's Corner," at "Gilmanton Corner," and at the "Center" welcomed the traveler with that courtesy and good cheer which Longfellow has so admirably characterized in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." A new era was ushered in with the laying of railroads. The "center" of business moved to other localities, and Gilmanton, like many another ancient seat, was left out in the cold. That was the first

adverse stroke of a sternly jealous fate. In 1859 followed the severing of Belmont. The new township was first incorporated as "Upper Gilmanton." Mutation is the law of nature, and Gilmanton has little now to attract the visitor, save her ancient ancestral homes, her hills and healthful air, which are beginning to be valued by an increasing number of annual sojourners. The hills—the eternal hills—remain; the farms are there, and the sturdy, hospitable yeomanry, bearing the old historic names, but the greatness has departed.

A ride over the Gilmanton hills can not but be enjoyed by any one. You enter the hilly region as soon as you start from Tilton. Such stage-riding! Well, it is delightful. The country is beautiful, superbly diversified by wood, streamlet, and cultivated fields. The sunshine is radiant, and the air is laden with vitality. The stage travels slowly, or else the miles are of greater length than any others we know of. They are country miles; they have indeed three hundred and twenty rods to the mile, but then the rods are longer too. We do not murmur; we are really enjoying the ride, and we are going to get off at Belmont. Mountains are in the distance, and hills are all around us. Off at our left toward the north rises an eminence that attracts our eyes. It is a long, high ridge, smooth and fertile. At the highest point stands a huge, long barn, and in close adjacency a mansion painted white. Above all toss the wide-branching arms of giant elms. "That is the place," says the stage-driver. We remain silent and admire.

Anon we arrive at a little hamlet, situated in a smiling green valley, bisected by a rapid, rushing stream. Thirty or forty houses, several factories and mills, two churches, and three or four stores, constitute the village. It

is Belmont; Gilmanton Center is four miles beyond, but we shall go no further. Our destination is the large, white farm-house on the hill, under the drooping elms. We walk slowly up from the valley northward. A distance of a mile and a half is traversed. We have reached the highest point of the ridge of land that stretches out broad and nearly level—a charming plateau. Before us, set in from the highway, and surrounded by lofty ancestral trees, rises a stately mansion; around us stretch the broad acres of the Badger homestead.

What a glorious site for a dwelling-place! I do not know as there is a nobler one in New Hampshire. The prospect is extended and beautiful. Standing here under the trees we can see into two states—Maine on the east and Vermont on the west. A succession of hills and valleys stretches away on every side. Rising beautifully green and blue, and impressive, tower the gentle undulating eminences. And the general hilliness is intensified by the mountains which may be seen by the dozen. Kearsarge lifts its gray summit forty miles to the west; and northward are the Gilford mountains, Chocorua, Belknap, and Whiteface, while beyond even these, its peak misty and white against the horizon, Mount Washington may be seen on a clear day, completing the circle. With such an outlook as this no wonder the occupants of the mansion towered into greatness.

To this site, in 1784, came Gen. Joseph Badger, jr., one of the brave soldiers of the Revolution. But he was not the first Badger who was eminent in the history of Gilmanton. His father, Gen. Joseph Badger, sr., was one of the early settlers and a prominent man in the town and in the state. In 1773, when Gov. Wentworth organized three additional regiments in the militia of the state, he placed as colonel, at the head of the tenth—the first one organized—his friend, Joseph Badger, then a man a little past fifty. His regiment comprised the towns of Gilman-

ton, Barnstead, Sanbornton, Meredith, and New Hampton. Colonel Badger was in command of his regiment when the war opened, and took an active part in favor of the patriot cause. For many years he represented the town at the General Assembly, and in 1784 he was councillor for Strafford County. Before the war closed he was appointed brigadier-general of militia, and had a commission signed by Meshech Weare. He was moderator 20 times in 25 years, a selectman 11 years, and town treasurer 6 years. He died in 1803, at the age of eighty-two years, after living one of the most active and useful lives of his generation.

His oldest son, Joseph, jr., followed in the veteran's footsteps. He was a soldier in the Revolution, and fought in several of the battles of that contest. He was a lieutenant of his regiment during the campaign against Burgoyne, and did eminent service under Gates. After the close of the war he returned to Gilmanton and turned his attention to farming. He owned three hundred acres of land, the nucleus of what became ultimately a magnificent country estate. His residence was a simple, one-story, frame house, but it was the home of contentment, prosperity, and happiness. The people knew his worth and honored him from time to time with a testimony of their trust. They sent him several successive years to the legislature as the representative of the town. In 1790 he was chosen councillor for the Strafford district and was reelected eight times to that important office. He was prominent in the state militia, passing through various grades of office in the tenth regiment to its command in 1795. In 1796 he was appointed by Gov. Gilman brigadier-general of the second brigade. He died at the age of sixty-one, Jan. 14, 1809. Says Judge Chandler E. Potter, in his "Military History of New Hampshire," "As a brave soldier, earnest patriot, and upright citizen, few men have better deserved the favor of the public than Gen. Badger."

The inheritor of his wealth, his ability, and his popular favor, was his son, William Badger, who was the third generation of a family to whom honors came by a sort of natural descent. Born in 1779, William was but a boy of five years when his father settled upon the hill. Thus his youth was passed among the charming influences of this unsurpassed location. Much of what he achieved in life must be ascribed to the environs of his boyhood, and thus is exemplified the helpfulness of lofty surroundings. He did not owe all to his ancestry, nor to his training; the fact that he rose higher than his fathers he owed undoubtedly to the exquisite beauty of the landscape he gazed upon, and to the strengthening breezes that blew around his boyhood home. His early school advantages were good. He attended the district schools, and when he was fifteen went several terms to Gilmanton Academy, which had been incorporated the previous year. He was proficient in the English branches, and there his education stopped. Choosing to be neither lawyer, divine, or physician, he wisely let the classics alone, although, perhaps, if he had been able to read Virgil's *Georgics* in the original, it might have added a renewed charm to his chosen vocation—agriculture.

On May-day, 1803, William Badger married and took his wife home to the paternal roof. She was Martha Smith, daughter of Rev. Isaac Smith, the first settled minister of the town. She was one year his junior and an excellent and beautiful lady. She was the mother of two children,—John Badger, born in 1804, and died while a student at Bowdoin College, in 1824, and Martha Smith Badger, born in 1806, and died in 1826. Mrs. Badger died in 1810,—the next year after his father,—and he was left a widower at the age of thirty, with two small children to care for, a large estate to look after, with the added responsibilities of public office to weigh him down. For William Badger, following in his father's

path, had just set out in that career that was to lead him to the executive chair of the state, and was that year the representative of the town to the legislature. He had previously served upon Gov. Langdon's staff, with the title of colonel.

Dividing his attention between the cares of his farm and the welfare of his constituents,—for he was annually elected to the legislature,—four years passed with Badger. At the end of that time he married again. His second wife was Hannah Pearson Cogswell, who came of a distinguished family. She was born in Atkinson, N. H., July 6, 1791. Spirited, energetic, and capable, Miss Cogswell made an excellent help-meet. She was fitted to be the mistress of a large house, and had the faculty for conducting business. She had the thrift of a "Widow Scudder." Some of the neighbors who remember her say she had the faculty of getting more work done in a day than any other woman in Gilmanton.

The very year that he married his second wife, William Badger was elected a state senator from district No. 6. He was twice reelected, and the last year, 1816, he was President of the Senate. This latter year he was appointed an associate Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, an office that he held until 1820. In May of that year Gov. Bell appointed him Sheriff of the county of Strafford, and he served in that capacity ten years, retiring in 1830.

Col. Badger was a democrat of the Jefferson and Jackson school, and about this time began to be regarded as a sort of prospective candidate for gubernatorial honors. His large wealth, his noble ancestry, his long and meritorious services brought him before all men's eyes. He had moreover those popular democratic manners that endeared him to the people. In 1831 the elder Samuel Dinsmoor, of Keene, was the nominee of the party, and was three times successfully elected. In 1834 Col. Badger became the candidate, and received a triumphant election. The

next year he was reelected. Gov. Badger was a very efficient chief magistrate. He possessed strict integrity, his judgment was sound, and when determined upon a course of action, he was not to be swerved from it. During the "Indian Stream Territory Troubles" his duties were of great responsibility, but he performed them with promptness, and at the same time judiciously. A man with less care and prudence might have greatly increased our border troubles. His course received the hearty commendation of all parties and doubtless saved us from a war with Great Britain. At the close of his second term he refused a re-nomination and retired to his farm, glad, like Cincinnatus, to be relieved of the cares of state.

He was now fifty-seven years old, and for twenty-five years had been constantly in the harness. He felt that other and younger men should now take the reins. He filled no other important office after his retirement from the chief magistracy. In 1836, and again in 1844, he was chosen to the board of electors of President and Vice President of the United States. Gov. Badger was also one of the trustees of Gilmanton Academy, and for several years was president of the board.

Beside the large farm which he increased until he had a goodly estate of between five and six hundred acres, Gov. Badger was largely interested in manufacturing. He owned a saw and grist mill on the "Great Brook," and in the latter part of his life established a cotton factory where Belmont village now stands. He seems to have been the first to foresee the possibilities of the future in the manufacture of cotton goods, and the present village of Belmont owes much of its thrift and prosperity to his energy and enterprise. He died Sept. 21, 1852, at the age of seventy-three. Mrs. Badger survived him seventeen years, dying Feb. 22, 1869. The governor and his two wives are buried in the family lot at the old Smith meeting house, five miles from the mansion.

Gov. Badger was a tall, stately man, strong six feet in height, and at some periods of his life weighed nearly three hundred pounds. He was active and stirring his whole life. Though a man of few words he was remarkably genial. He had a strong will, but his large good sense prevented him from being obstinate. He was generous and hospitable, a friend to the poor, a kind neighbor, and a high souled, honorable Christian gentleman.

The grand old mansion that he built and lived in has been a goodly residence in its day. Despite its somewhat faded majesty, there is an air of dignity about the ancestral abode that is not without its influence upon the visitor. It is a house that accords well with the style of its former lords; you see that it is worthy of the Badgers. The grounds about its solitary stateness are like those of the "old English gentlemen." The mansion stands well in from the road, an avenue fourteen rods long, and excellently shaded, leads to the entrance gate. There is an extensive lawn in front of the house, and a row of ancient elms rise to guard, as it were, the tall building with its hospitable portal in the middle, its large windows, and the old, moss-covered roof. The house faces the south-west, is two stories and a half high, and forty-four by thirty-six feet on the ground.

As the door swings open we enter the hall, which is ten by sixteen feet. On the left is the governor's sitting-room, which occupies the south-east corner of the house, showing that Gov. Badger did not, like Hamlet, dread to be too much "i' the sun." It is not a large room, only twenty by sixteen feet, yet it looks stately. In this room the governor passed many hours reading and entertaining his guests. In it is the antique rocking-chair that was used by the governor on all occasions. A large fire-place, with brass andirons and fender, is on one side, big enough to take in half a cord of wood at a time. Near by it stood a frame on which was heaped sticks of wood, awaiting, I suppose, the first chilly evening. It must

be a splendid sight to see those logs blazing, and the firelight dancing on the old pictures, and the mirror and the weapons on the walls.

The most noticeable thing in the room is the paper on the walls. It was bought by the governor purposely for this room, and cost one hundred dollars in gold. It is very thick, almost like strawboard, and is fancifully illustrated with all sorts of pictures—landscapes, marine views, court scenes, and other pageants. It will afford one infinite amusement to study the various figures. On one side is a nautical scene. An old-fashioned galleon, such an one as Kidd the pirate would have liked to run afoul of, is being unladed by a group of negroes. Swarthy mariners, clad in the Spanish costume of the seventeenth century—long sausage shaped hose, breeches pinned up like pudding bags, and fringed at the bottom, boots with wide voluminous tops, buff coats with sleeves slashed in front, and a broad-brimmed, Flemish beaver hat, with a rich hat-band and a plume of feathers—are watching the unlading, and an old Turk stands near by complacent and serene, smoking his pipe. On the opposite wall there is a grand old castle, with towers and spires and battlements. In the foreground is a fountain, and a group of gallants and ladies are promenading the lawn. One lady, lovely and coquettish, leans on the arm of a cavalier, and is seemingly engrossed with his conversation, while yet she slyly holds forth behind her a folded letter in her fair white hand which is being eagerly grasped by another gallant—like a scene from the *Decameron*. In the corner a comely maiden, in a trim bodice, succinct petticoat and plaided hose, stands below a tall tree, and a young lad among the branches is letting fall a nest of young birds into her extended apron. The expression on the boy's face in the tree, and the spirited protest of the mother bird, are very graphically portrayed.

The loveliest scene of all is that of a bay sweeping far into the land; boats

and ships are upon the tide; on the shore, rising from the very water's edge is a fairy-like, palatial structure, with machicolated battlements, that reminds one of the enchanted castle of Armida. Under the castle walls is assembled a gay company. A cavalier, after the Vandyke style, is playing with might and main upon a guitar, and a graceful, full bosomed, lithe limbed *Dulcinea* is dancing to the music in company with a gayly dressed gallant. It is the Spanish fandango. Another scene is a charming land and water view with no prominent figures in it.

Upon the mantel are several curiosities, notably a fragment of the rock on which Rev. Samuel Hidden was ordained at Tamworth, Sept. 12, 1792, several silhouettes of various members of the Badger family, and the silver candlesticks, tray and snuffers used by Mrs. Gov. Badger. Suspended above upon the wall are a pair of horse pistols, a dress sword, and a pair of spurs. These were the governor's, which were used by him in the war of 1812, and also when he was sheriff of the county. The sword has quite a romantic history. It was formerly Gen. Joseph Badger's, who obtained it in the following manner: when a lieutenant in the army near Crown Point and Lake Champlain, just after the retreat from Canada, in 1777, Badger undertook, at the desire of Gen. Gates, to obtain a British prisoner. With three picked men he started for the British camp at St. Johns. Arriving in the neighborhood, he found a large number of the officers enjoying themselves at a ball given by the villagers. One of the Britons, in full ball dress, they were fortunate enough to secure, and took him to their boat. Badger then exchanged clothes with the officer, returned to the ball, danced with the ladies, hobnobbed with the officers, and gained much valuable information as to the movements of the British army. Before morning light he returned in safety with his prisoner to Crown Point, when he received the commendations of the command-

ing general for his bravery. The officer's sword he always kept, and is the same weapon that now hangs on the wall.

The parlor is the grandest of all the rooms, and the outlook through its deep casemated windows on the lawn dotted here and there with trees, is thoroughly charming. The carpet, paper and furniture, are of the ancient time. The sofa is a huge but comfortable and luxurious seat. The large, gilded framed mirror came from Philadelphia. The moldings on the walls and the ornamented fire frame and mantel are excellent specimens of carving. A magnificently carved card table in the center of the room has on it several relics of the Badger family. Here is the family coffee-pot of silver, ancient decanters, wine-glasses, in which have been drunk many a bumper, and a sampler that was worked by Mrs. Governor Badger when she was nine years old.

Just where the light strikes in a broad band there hang two portraits done in oil. They are likenesses of the Governor and his wife, painted by Pierce. The portrait of Governor Badger represents him at the age of forty-two, dressed in the civil costume of 1820—a black, double-breasted coat, with bright buttons, a high collar, a white necktie, and a queue. The governor's face is that of a well-fed, frank, bluff, generous English squire. That is a good forehead and a handsome nose, with a dash of the Roman in it. The eyes are blue, keen, and discriminating. The lips show firmness. The hair is of a brown, glossy texture. The portrait at the State House represents him at a later period, when he was governor, and when he also weighed more avoirdupois.

The portrait of Mrs. Badger is of the same date. It represents her a blooming beauty of thirty years. She wears the short-waisted dress of the time, with a wide lace collar standing around her neck which is encircled by a necklace of gold beads. The neck is fair and round, and beautifully molded as that of a Venus. Her hair

is blonde, done up in rolls and curls, a very becoming coiffure for the young, fair, witching face. From the pearly ears hang golden pendants. She was a very handsome woman. The full blue eye is full of a winsome vivaciousness. The lips are pretty; there is a peachy bloom on the fair cheeks, and there is a vivacity, a womanly grace, and a certain lively expression about the whole face that was strongly indicative of character.

The ancient dining-room is twelve feet wide and twenty-five feet long. It looks dim and antique and stately. At one end is the gaping fire-place. An ancient eight-day clock ticks as cheerfully in its corner as when, in the former time, the "great fires up the chimney roared, and strangers feasted at the board." The time-piece was purchased by Gen. Joseph Badger, and has been in the family a hundred years. The table is a huge affair and fit to grace a baronial hall. It is fifteen feet long and four in width. It is of solid mahogany, and cost—we do not dare to say how much. In the governor's day that table was always crowded. I thought of the old Thanksgiving days, the training days and the court days, when the uncles and aunts and cousins came home, and when the country gentry, and the judges, pompous, grave, but loving good cheer as well as any Helio-gabalus or Vitellius Cæsar, feasted at the hospitable board. The aroma of those old banquets can almost be distinguished yet.

At that table have sat not a few of the prominent men of New Hampshire, beside the governor himself. Florid, stout, Jacksonian in will and temper and generosity, full of jests and stories and overflowing with merriment, Gov. Benjamin Pierce has been one of a circle around the board. The young man by his side, bright and eager faced, brown haired, slight, gentlemanly, urbane, is his son, Franklin Pierce, ex-member of Congress, and sometime to be President of the Republic. The fine intellectual head of Judge N. G. Upham has been conspicuous in the

through, and a near kinsman, a man in whom all the beatitudes seemed to find expression, a tender poet, a learned college professor, a theologian, an author, one so exceptionally pure, large-hearted, so genial and courteous that he could be faithful to truth and duty without making an enemy, Thomas Cogswell Upham, has here broken bread with his friends and relatives.* That tall, gaunt, swarthy man, with the pale ascetic face of the scholar, yet whose keen eyes and eagle nose bespake the man of action and execution, is Hon. Henry Hubbard, of Charlestown, and governor of his native state. Levi Woodbury, with the head of a statesman on his broad shoulders, Ira A. Eastman, tall, slim, and intensely alive in every feature and gesture, and Long John Wentworth, whose mother was also a cousin of Mrs. Badger, have been among those to sit down in this old hall.

The silver tea-service and the China plate that graced the governor's table is still preserved at the mansion. Opening from the dining-room and the sitting-room is a small closet. It is the silver room. There was a double set of China, and it was all brought from Portsmouth in a pair of saddle-bags. Many and many a grandame have poured the "beverage that cheers but does not inebriate" from the precious ware. Although in general use by the family, only two or three pieces have been broken.

In the north-west corner of the square part, and leading out from the dining-room, is the Governor's sleeping room. It is a pleasant, cosy retreat. There is a fire-place in it so that it can be warmed during the cold season. Three windows give plenty of light to the apartment, and there is a closet connected with it. The bedstead is a huge cumbrous affair that was made for the governor's own use. It seems capable of supporting an Og of Bashan. The governor and his wife were no light weight,—hence a strong

bedstead was necessary. The windows on the ground floor are all protected by shutters.

In the ell part, which is also two stories in height, is the great kitchen, "the old, clean, roomy New England Kitchen," of whose thrift, warmth and coolness, Mrs. Stowe writes so lovingly. This one fills one's ideal completely. There is plenty of space, there is cleanliness, there is comfort, and there is alike warmth and coolness. The ancient fire-place has been walled up, and a modern range now does service in cooking. There is bustle here but there is no confusion. It is half past eleven, and the noonday meal is in preparation. Ah! the fragrance of that dinner haunts me yet.

While the viands are cooking, and graceful hands are spreading the snowy linen over the mahogany table (I am rather of the opinion that the ancient Roman custom of eating without table cloths was the happiest after all), we will ascend the wide stairway to the second story. The guest chamber is over the parlor. In it is a mahogany bedstead with a canopy. It is almost a perfect *fac simile* of Lord Byron's bed at Newstead Abbey, only the testers are not surmounted by baronial coronets. The furniture is of the old fashioned type. Paper of a handsome light pattern is on the walls. Above the mantel are four pictures in water colors, done by Mrs. Badger in her girlhood days; also a picture done in silk, which is very exact and tasteful. The window frames are heavy, and were made by hand. The size of the lights is nine by thirteen inches. The other chambers, and there are five of them, are of modern furnishing.

Before we descend we will go up still higher, to the garret, and take a look from the windows. The view is extensive and picturesque. You can see a dozen villages from your eyrie. Belmont lies just below in dreamlike repose, save for the smoke that rises from the factories into the blue ether, and even that is curling lazily as if dreaming. Fertile fields, white farm

*The mother of the Uphams was a cousin to Mrs. Gov. Badger.

houses, and green woodlands, stretch away on every side, and bounding the horizon of this glorious panorama are the mountains, misty, dim and distant in the shimmering noonday light.

The garret is full of treasures, if one could linger long enough to find them all. Here are the relics of three generations, wardrobes, old weapons, and chests packed with ancient articles whose history, in many cases, borders upon the romantic. Here are dresses that were worn when Jefferson was in the White House, and Burr and Hamilton filled the nation's eyes; calashes that fluttered to the breeze when Webster was in his cradle and Marie Antoinette was queen of France, and rusty old fire-locks that gleamed bright and new at Bennington and Stillwater. The bric-a-brac hunter would here find his paradise.

We descend to the hall and pass out of the antique portico into the yard once more. It is still, and cool, and shady under the towering elms whose branches toss their arms around the two tall chimneys. These elms are almost a hundred years old, having been transplanted by Gen. Joseph Badger, jr., in 1784. Several horse chestnut trees and spruces adorn the front yard. At the south end of the house is an English honeysuckle, a magnificent vine, that ascends to the attic window, covering nearly the whole side with greenness.

The mansion and the adjacent buildings were all built by Gov. Badger in 1825. No expense was spared in their erection. The governor was a solid man in more respects than one, and he builded solidly. He was the squire of the neighborhood, a man of authority, and moreover rich in lands, in cattle, in silver and gold, like the ancient patriarch. Twenty-two cows were milked every summer on his farm, and one hundred and fifty sheep, six horses, eight yokes of working oxen, beside young stock fed in his pastures. A dozen swine were slaughtered annually. Six field hands were regularly employed, and three domestics

assisted Mrs. Badger in the house. His income from his lands, his stock, his mills, was large. Probably there were not ten other men in New Hampshire that were as rich as was William Badger when he served as chief magistrate of the State.

The barn is over one hundred feet long, and can hold tons and tons of hay. It has a solid foundation of split stone, and an excellent cellar. The hennery and hog-house are separate buildings. A walk laid with broad stone flags leads to each one. The hog-house has a floor of solid stone, and the feeding trough itself is a hollowed stone. In the latter building is a huge potash kettle, that has done good service in its day. Each year that Mr. Badger was governor, his neighbors and townsmen collected and escorted him to Concord. The crowd was breakfasted by his excellency, and this kettle each time was boiled full of potatoes. This picture of the huge kettle full of steaming tubers, the tables set on the lawn, the feasting crowd in home-spun or store clothes, the picketed horses, the running and going, reminds one of a scene at a Highland castle as depicted by Scott, when a clan is assembled to march against a neighboring clan, or to attend their lord to Edinburgh.

The estate at present is somewhat reduced, and consists of about three hundred acres. One field contains sixty acres, and is nearly as smooth as a floor,—only two rocks upon it. The governor had two children by his last wife who lived to grow up.

The eldest of these, Col. Joseph Badger, is the present owner of the mansion and estate. Col. Badger was born in 1817, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1839. In 1842 and 1843, he served upon the staff of Gov. Hubbard, with the title of colonel. He has represented the town at the General Court on two occasions, but though much respected by the community, he has led for the most part a quiet, retired life, upon the old home.

stead. He married, October 11, 1865, Hannah Elizabeth Ayers, and they are the parents of four children.

The younger brother, Major William Badger, is an officer in the regular army. He is the owner of some valuable lands on Long Lake Creek, south-

east of Bismarck, Dakota. We understand that he is improving his leisure in the accumulation of data preparatory to writing a history of his native town. Major Badger will, we have no doubt, be an able and faithful historian.

BARNSTEAD.

[Written for and read at the reunion held at Barnstead, August 30, 1882.]

BY DR. H. C. CANNEY.

Old Barnstead! grand and noble town.
The fairest gem in a nation's crown,
With thy broad fields, thy hills and waters,
Thy noble sons and peerless daughters.

Thy daughters fair, wherever found,
With memories sweet thy name surround:
Thy absent sons, where'er they roam,
Still think of thee, old town, as home.

No skies so fair have they e'er seen,
No birds so gay, no fields so green,
No other waters e'er so bright,
As sparkled to their youthful sight.

Then life seemed bright as morning's dew,
And earth seemed good and pure and true.
O, that those dreams were dreams of truth,—
Those of our free and buoyant youth.

But 'mid this day of festal gladness
We will remember, not in sadness,
How far from childhood's faith we turned,
As we life's bitter lessons learned.

Again we view each treasured nook,
By rocky height or babbling brook,
And they bring back, with magic power,
Remembrance of youth's fleeting hour.

It only seems the other day,
We frolicked there in childhood's play,
And we forget the flight of years,
Life's struggles, triumphs, joys, and tears.

As here we meet 'mid scenes of yore,
And friend greets friend with joy once more;
We join the sport, and not in vain,
We dream that we are young again.

Though passing time has left its traces
Upon the old, familiar faces;
And many to-day we miss, among
Those dear to us when life was young.

Old Barnstead, 'round our natal shrine,
The strongest tendrils always twine,
'Round early friends and playmates dear,
Now in reunion gathered here.

Then let joy's merry tones ring out,
 Ring far and wide in gladsome shout,
 Till vale and hill shall give reply
 In echoes sounding to the sky!

Long may the old town guard with care
 That honored station now its share;
 And may its truant children all
 Return at each reunion's call.

To pass at least one happy day
 With those at home, who wisely stay.
 To ever keep thy growing fame,—
 With them 'tis safe—thy honored name.

From heaven to earth no bliss descends
 More pure than greeting childhood's friends;
 And may we hope reunions here
 Will mark with joy each passing year.

For they will ever truly be,
 Like islands green in life's drear sea,
 And grow more dear as years shall glide
 Adown time's ever ebbing tide.

Yet 'mid our joy comes thought of pain.
 We may not all meet here again;
 For one by one we journey 'lone
 Unto the land of the unknown.

But through the years of coming time,
 As pilgrims in an eastern clime
 Gather at Mecca, their shrine so dear—
 So may our children gather here.

When earth and time no more shall be,
 I hope and trust, old friends, that we
 Shall yet a grand reunion hold
 'Yond gates of pearl, in streets of gold.

Manchester, August 24, 1882.

THE SURPLUS REVENUE IN CANAAN.

HOW THE PEOPLE RECEIVED IT AND KEPT IT.

BY W. A. WALLACE.

In the year 1836 Congress voted to distribute about thirty-six millions of dollars of surplus revenue, then lying in the treasury, among the several states. These millions had accumulated from the sales of public lands, and were still increasing. The national debt had been all paid. Gen. Jackson told his party that this money was a source of danger to the liberties of the country. The Democratic party in those days was hostile to internal improvements, and opposed them every where. Railroads were built by individual energy; rivers were obstructed by snags, sawyers, rafts, and sand-bars, and even the harbors of the lakes, and the St. Clair flats were found pretty much in the condition nature left them. This money was to be distributed in four installments,—three of which were paid when an angry cloud hovered over our northern borders, threatening war with England,

and the fourth installment of nine millions was retained to pay the expenses of transporting troops to Maine, to Niagara, and to the Indian Stream country in northern New Hampshire. The amount paid over to our state, exceeded \$800,000. The legislature voted to divide the money among the towns in proportion to population.

At the annual meeting, March 14, 1837, the town of Canaan voted to receive the money, and Mr. William P. Weeks was appointed financial agent in relation to it. The money (\$3003.75), three thousand three dollars seventy-five cents, was ordered to be loaned at 6 per cent. interest, paid in advance, in sums of not over three hundred nor less than one hundred dollars to any one individual, the interest to be appropriated to the schools by the scholar; and a census of the scholars was ordered to be taken on April 1, for that purpose.

The agent received the money and loaned it to such persons as complied with the terms agreed upon; no discrimination being made in regard to the politics of the person applying for it.

Through this year all things moved on smoothly, and at the annual meeting in 1838, a similar vote was passed and the scholars got the benefit of the interest money again, amounting to \$180.22. At this date there was a heap of malignant cussedness slumbering in the hearts of our people. It came in with the mob that destroyed the academy, and it cropped out upon all occasions of excitement.

One morning in December of this year, the windows of the academy building were missing; some person during the night had removed them. Search was made for them with great zeal, and in a few hours a heap of broken glass and window sash was found upon the shore of the pond. A cry was instantly raised and echoed from corner to corner that it was the work of the abolitionists. This was sufficient reason for calling a "legal town-meeting," so that coming genera-

tions might read the recorded opinions of the people concerning that diabolical act.

On the 17th December, Rev. J. L. Richardson, James Arven and Phineas Eastman, posted a warrant for a meeting, in the second article of which they happily expressed their opinions of the supposed felons, in the following elegant language. As the Rev. Richardson was a teacher also, it is fair to infer that he is responsible for the grammar in this sentiment:

"To see what the town will do about repairing the damage to the academy on Wednesday night last, by a midnight mob, got up by a party who profess all the Religion, Morality, and Humility, and who preach so much against Mobs, the Mobites and the Mob committees."

These words were received with yells of delight by the assembled voters, and threats of personal violence were uttered against the men of the other party. Earnestly serious and solemn were those voters on that day, deeming it of vital importance to the preservation of national unity that they should give utterance to their opinions. And they voted finally and decisively "that all the surplus revenue in the hands of the abolitionists be collected forthwith by the town treasurer," and "that Jonathan Kittredge be consigned over and included with the abolitionists."

Thomas Flanders and James Pattee were appointed an "Investigating Committee," and it was made their duty to learn all the facts that would tend to fix the conflagration upon Jonathan Kittredge, Nath'l Sumner, W. W. George, and their abolition associates. They "investigated" suspicions, and rumors, and innuendoes, and then reported to the town that they had not been able to "fix" any charge upon any body except the town, and the town paid their charge for expenses, amounting to \$59.68, and discharged the committee.

At the same meeting it was voted to repair the academy, the expense

of which was paid from the surplus revenue fund, and amounted to \$28.37.

While they were passing these votes in tones that were to echo through all the capitals of the south, making glad the heart of every man who was loyal to slavery, it was discovered that the outrage to the academy, which they had met to avenge, was committed by a man named George Drake, a blacksmith, who had a bill for labor upon the academy which the trustees were too slow in paying, and he took that unusual method to receipt it. But this discovery produced no change in the sentiments of the "legal voters" of Canaan. They were not going back on their own mouths. If the abolitionists did not commit that outrage, it was because Drake got in ahead and took away their opportunity.

At the annual meeting in March, 1839, it was "voted to apply the school fund and the literary fund the same as in the preceding year." Interest on the surplus revenue was also included, amounting this year as before to \$180.42. It was also "voted to collect a sum of the surplus revenue sufficient to buy a farm for the poor, and to stock it, and to furnish the house on said farm."

The farm they proposed to buy was the old Dea. Welch farm, then owned by Moses Pattee, now owned by Harrison Fogg. The farm had cost the impecunious Moses about eleven hundred dollars; but his brothers Daniel and James held a mortgage against it. They were willing and anxious to receive their money back, and as Daniel was chairman of the board of selectmen, it was not difficult for him to persuade the "Board" that the farm was worth much more than the sum it cost Moses, and that it would be greatly to the interest of (the Pattee family) the town and the poor thereof, to purchase it at the price asked. He was successfully persuasive, and thus the town became the happy possessor of that valuable real estate; the poor had a home, the Pattees got

their money back, and a large hole was made in the sum total of the surplus revenue.

But there were many voters who were not satisfied with this disposition of the money. They thought there was too much family interest at work in getting rid of that farm for so much money,—\$1450 for the land, and \$550 to carry out the second part of the "vote." The town worked this farm with the usual results to such speculations—that means losses every year—for eight years, and then was glad to find a purchaser in 1847, at \$1200, in Moses French of Enfield. The furniture and stock were sold for what they would bring at auction. The loss to the town in this operation, amounted to 10 per cent. per annum on its investment, without reckoning the diminished amounts paid to the schools.

For two years, namely in 1837 and 1838, the interest in advance on the surplus revenue distributed to the schools was \$180.22 for each year. In 1839 the amount fell off to \$60; in 1840 it was \$60; in 1841 it was \$60. And the sum total of this revenue which accrued to the benefit of the schools during the five years it attracted the greed of the people, was \$440.44. After 1843 it ceases to appear in the records, because it had then been absorbed into the pockets of the tax-payers.

The dissatisfied people got up a town meeting on the 15th of April. It will be noticed that town-meetings were very common among that people. The men who ruled here in those years believed that a "vote" or "resolve" at a "legal town-meeting" gave them great credit in South Carolina, particularly after they drove the "niggers" out of town. This meeting of April 15th did not amount to much. The wrong men got it up, and when they came together and moved a vote "to appropriate a portion of the surplus revenue to the building of a town-house and academy," they were voted down promptly and the meeting dissolved. The selectmen were

left free to pay as much as was asked for Moses Pattee's poor farm.

For the next two years various plans were suggested for the disposal of the balance of the money, but none of them were matured, and it remained undisturbed at interest much to the annoyance of the men who were ever reaching out to get a grab at it. The interest, however, for those years amounted to only \$60, which was still divided among the schools.

At the annual meeting in March, 1842, the usual vote to distribute these funds to the schools was passed, and as usual, toward the close of the day, their business well done, many of the men from the back roads left the hall and went home. At this point in the day's work, Rev. J. L. Richardson moved to reconsider the vote already passed, appropriating the money to the schools. This motion was seconded by S. P. Cobb. A majority of the persons remaining in the hall were interested in the motion, and it was declared carried in the affirmative. On the heels of this motion it was—

"Voted, that the town treasurer remit to the proprietors of Canaan Union Academy, the interest on their notes given by them to the town treasurer for surplus revenue loaned them." It was also "voted that these notes be given up to said proprietors when they make and deliver to said town a deed of the academy land, and buildings thereon, owned by said proprietors."

This vote was the fruit of the chronic antagonisms which had developed in social and political life, all growing out of academy troubles. In order to understand this vote it is necessary to go back two or three years, and rehearse a chapter in our history, which had an interest for every body.

On the 8th of March, 1839, in the morning, the academy building, from which the colored children had been violently expelled four years previously, was burned to the ground. Each party accused the other of incendiarism; but the incendiary was never known. There was wild excitement among the

people, who said and did many wicked things. The strife engendered was bitter and long enduring to such a degree that even at this late day it sometimes crops out. It has proved a source of misfortune to the interests of the town in its business, religious and educational relations.

After the excitement attending the burning of the building had subsided, a number of men assembled in Mr. Weeks's office, and proposed to erect a new academy upon the site of the one burned. It was estimated that twelve hundred dollars would defray all the charges. These men decided to make twelve notes of one hundred dollars each; each note to be signed by five men, and each man to be a member of the new association on payment of one fifth of his note. Thus there were to be sixty shares in the new building at twenty dollars each. It was decided to take these notes to the town agent, and ask the loan of twelve hundred dollars of the surplus revenue remaining on hand. With this money they built the academy, calling it "Canaan Union Academy," believing it would prove a successful and profitable investment. But this belief was a delusion, if not a snare. No steps were taken by the dominant party to conciliate the large number of citizens who were aggrieved. No kind words were spoken, nor did any one propose any method to harmonize the antagonisms. And there the two nearly equal hostile factions stood, making faces at each other. The one pointing to that building as a monument of acts of aggression unatoned for, and the other flinging back contemptuous epithets *ad libitum*.

Dr. Thomas Flanders contracted to erect the new building, and deliver it complete into the hands of the trustees on the first of September, 1839. He engaged a number of efficient workmen, and the work proceeded rapidly until the outside of the house was finished. And here came in a little episode that created some amusement at the time. The Doctor boarded all

his workmen. His wife was pleased with the progress of the work, and spoke cheerfully to the men as long as the outside was unfinished. The finishing of the inside was slower work which she could not appreciate. She said the men were getting lazy, and she would have them all discharged. She called upon Mr. Weeks, who held the contract, and asked to be permitted to read it. He placed it in her hands, and turned away to attend to other affairs. She sat down, read it through very deliberately, then quietly tore it into small pieces, and placing them in a heap on the table, passed out of the office, saying "I guess I've taken the life out of that thing, any how!" She went home, and when the men came in to dinner, they found nothing to eat. She told them she had got done boarding lazy men, and they must go elsewhere to board. When the Doctor learned of the affair, he went to Mr. Weeks and renewed the contract. And the building was ready for occupation at the time appointed.

The school was organized on the first of September, 1839, with a formidable board of officers. Mr. Jonathan E. Sargent, an undergraduate at Dartmouth, who had taught the last term in the old building, was engaged as principal. The trustees, feeling very confident of success, engaged to pay him \$40 a month and board, for three months. Great efforts were made by the sixty proprietors of this school, to fill all the seats, and it opened with one hundred and forty-three pupils. The other party also organized a school in Currier's hall, and employed Mr. J. N. Hobart, a classmate of Mr. Sargent, to teach it. He drew in about sixty pupils.

But these efforts were strained. Many of the pupils who trod those unclassic floors, were there by reason of the social and political antagonisms, which had not been allayed nor softened as the years went by.

There always was a trace of stinginess in the people of Canaan in matters

pertaining to schools, and it is not surprising that the interest in this school should fall off, when it became a matter of paying out money for board and tuition.

Mr. David H. Mason, a classmate of Mr. Sargent, taught the spring term of 1840, to a diminished number of pupils, so much so that the speculation looked likely to prove a failure, and on the 30th of May, 1840, the proprietors offered the building and its privileges "to any suitable person who would take the school upon his own risk." Mr. Mason accepted the school upon these terms, and conducted it two terms. Thus suddenly the hopes of these sixty men faded out, and they found themselves indebted to the town in the sum of twelve hundred dollars and accruing interest.

Socially, affairs were not much changed. There still existed a good deal of sullenness, but there was a decrease of malicious personal vituperation. The proprietors, however, were not pleased with their investment. The terms of the loan required the interest on their notes to be paid in advance, and the town was now asking for the principal also. The most interesting query with many of them was, how to avoid payment, and free themselves from their obligations. The suggestion that was acted upon and accepted was made by S. P. Cobb and Joseph L. Richardson, namely, to sell the land, and buildings to the town, and thus cancel their obligations to the town. The vote quoted above passed at the annual meeting 1842, "remitting interest," &c., was the result of that suggestion, and led to an outburst of wrath and indignation seldom equaled and never excelled, against the men who had borrowed the public money, and had attempted by a trick to vote away that money to pay their private debts. There was a very radiant atmosphere in Canaan for the next two weeks, as the following "whereas" and "resolved" witness.

On the 24th of March, 1842, a special town-meeting was held. William E.

Eastman was moderator; Jonathan Kittredge, bravely seconded and assisted by James Eastman, took the lead in the services, and offered the following preamble and resolution, which seems to be weighted down with indignant distinctness:—

"Whereas, at the close of the annual meeting on the 8th instant, a vote was passed purporting to be a vote of the town of Canaan, to the effect, as recorded, that the treasurer remit to the proprietors of Canaan Union Academy, the interest on the notes given by them to the treasurer of the town of Canaan or to the agent of said town, and also that said notes be given up to said proprietors when they make and deliver to the town a good and valid deed of the academy land, and buildings thereon; and whereas, the design in passing said vote was carefully concealed from the legal voters of said town in the article in the warrant for said town-meeting under which said vote was pretended to be passed, giving no sufficient notice thereof; and whereas, the absence of a majority of said legal voters was designedly and fraudulently taken advantage of by said proprietors to secure the passage of said vote; and whereas said vote was carried by the votes of said proprietors contrary to the wishes of a large majority of the legal voters of said town; and whereas the said vote is for the above reasons illegal and void—therefore

"Resolved, by said town, in legal town-meeting assembled, that the said pretended vote be, and the same is, hereby rescinded. That the town will not accept of any deed of the academy, and the selectmen have no right or authority to accept the same, or to perform any other act in relation thereto, obligatory upon the town."

The treasurer was directed not to give up the notes. Jonathan Kittredge was appointed agent of the town, and directed to demand and receive, from the treasurer, all notes and papers relating to the matter. A mo-

tion to reconsider these several votes was negatived.

The other party were much disturbed at the passage of these votes. They met and talked earnestly together. But feeling quite confident that they could maintain their position, they requested "William P. Weeks, Esq., to consult some learned counsellor-at-law, and procure his opinion as to the binding force of the vote passed at the annual meeting," concerning the remission of interest and deed of the academy.

A special town meeting, called April 23d, for various purposes, gave rise to some lively talk. Mr. Kittredge was severely criticised and unceremoniously dismissed as agent of the town, and Mr. Weeks was reappointed to receive from him the notes and papers in question. But Mr. Kittredge did not stay dismissed. He had already brought suits against the makers of the notes, which he determined to push to judgment, either as agent of the town or as an interested citizen, and the party was late in discovering that they had passed one more illegal vote, as the subject was not named in the warrant for the town-meeting.

In consequence of the vote of "remission," &c., passed at the close of the annual meeting, the proprietors of the academy appointed Joseph Wheat their agent to convey the property to the town. He hurried up the business so rapidly that the deed was made and delivered to the town agent before Mr. Kittredge was authorized to enjoin the proceedings.

The "learned counsellor-at-law" (Mr. Josiah Quincy, of Rumney), whose opinion they procured, in view of the suits which had been commenced against the makers of the notes, advised them to compromise with the town's agent upon the best terms they could obtain, as Mr. Kittredge was in a frame of mind to push them to the utmost extent of the law, and his cost might soon exceed the principal of the notes.

The "learned counsellor" held the same opinion of the action of the town and of the proprietors of the academy as did Mr. Kittredge—that it was unlawful for a part of the tax-payers of the town to vote away the public money to pay the private debts of the proprietors of the academy, without first giving notice, in the warrant, to that effect.

In August the proprietors held a meeting, and offered to pay into the town treasury the principal due on their notes to the town, and to take back their deed, "provided, at their next meeting, the town would vote to give the said proprietors the interest due on their notes."

They made one desperate effort to check the strong measures adopted by the town agent, by calling a town-meeting on the 22d of August, 1842, to reconsider the work of March 24. But they failed. William E. Eastman was chosen moderator, much to their chagrin, and then it was "voted to dissolve the meeting." And thus the frost of public condemnation once more struck a chill to their hopes and expectations.

From August until the next February no public steps were taken, but the proprietors rallied and got their partisans well in hand, so that on the 1st of Feb., 1843, feeling confident of their case, they called a town-meeting, at which it was "voted to give the proprietors of Canaan Union Academy the interest on their notes given to the town, for the surplus revenue and literary fund, on condition that they take back their deed of the academy land and buildings to the town, and pay into the treasury the principal due on their notes, and they shall give satisfactory bonds for the payment of their notes to the town." Passed by yeas 149, nays 139.

The bill in chancery, and all the suits brought by Mr. Kittredge against the individual proprietors, were ordered to be dismissed and stopped, and "Jonathan Kittredge is dismissed and discharged as agent of the town in regard

to said notes and in all other matters in which he is authorized to act as agent for the town."

This vote caused much dissatisfaction with a large number of voters who were not present at the meeting, inasmuch as it gave to a few men the accumulated interest on the money of the whole people. They said "it was not a fair division, and if the public business was to be done in that partial way they would all turn out next time, and make it musical for some of them."

It soon became evident that something must be done to soothe and placate these stay-at-home fellows; but they became troublesome. Various schemes were considered and abandoned. But at the annual meeting, in March, only one month afterward, the following extraordinary vote, which seemed to meet the worst features of the case, as it gave every body a grab at the bag, was passed:

"To give all the inhabitants of the town, including widows and maiden ladies, paying taxes, a sum of money out of the surplus revenue equal to the sum voted to the proprietors of Canaan Union Academy, Feb. 1, last; and then, that the remainder of the money be equally divided among all the inhabitants, including said widows and maiden ladies, as also said proprietors, who are in town on the 1st day of April, and who are liable to the assessment of public taxes, not including persons seventy years of age."

The amount of surplus revenue in the treasury, at this date, was \$814.32, and the division, *pro rata*, among the tax-payers, was \$2.34.

At the same meeting, the following respectful language was adopted in regard to "Messrs. Kittredge and Weeks, the gentlemen employed as counsel in the suits brought against the proprietors of the academy, that they be requested to dismiss all suits now pending against any and all of said proprietors." And that request was subsequently complied with.

And now the story of the disposition of the surplus revenue in Canaan is about finished. The vicissitudes to which it was exposed, during the few years it continued in the town treasury, were pregnant with danger, and called into active circulation more vicious human ugliness than was supposed could exist in the heart of man. We have finally traced it into the pockets of all the inhabitants, including "widows and maiden ladies," in town, and there it has remained, every dollar of it, for nearly forty years.

The subject rises to the surface once more, spasmodically, and then sinks

into oblivion so profound that even the persons whose taxes were paid by its distribution need to be reminded of the fact before they recall it. On the 12th of March, 1844, the people declared that the proprietors of the academy had got more than their share of the surplus revenue, and ordered them to pay into the town treasury an amount equal to the excess they had received above the rest of the inhabitants. But it does not appear that any one of those proprietors ever complied with the request of the people. They took all that came into their hands and kept it.

DAVID CROSBY.

BY R. PARKINSON.

At Nashua, on the 26th of February, 1881, David Crosby, A. M., finished a long life of patient continuance in well-doing. "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." From beginning to end, without retreat, halt, or deviation, he advanced in that path. In respect to use of talents and opportunities, he gained to the utmost the benefits of the Saviour's maxim, "To him that hath shall be given;" in respect to beneficent service, he gained to the utmost the benefits of that opposite maxim, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

He was born at Hebron, September 1, 1807. His father, a frugal, hard-working farmer, was, or felt he was, too limited in resources to afford him advantages for education beyond the brief winter school in his own district. In youth he formed the determination that he would have more than that. He adapted his means to this end. He wasted neither time nor money in pursuit of youthful pleasures. He was on the alert to find, and resolute to improve, every chance to earn money by extra work in any kind of reputable service. And so, with invincible in-

dustry and perseverance, he worked his way into the academy and through college. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1833.

Beyond the inevitable dependence of childhood, he was, with scarcely any outside help, a self-made man. And in making himself he followed the Divine rule, "Building up yourselves on your most holy faith,—keep yourselves in the love of God." His faith in God as he is revealed in the Holy Scriptures, and *in himself*, was without variableness or shadow of turning, and he kept himself so steadily in the love of God that it constituted his main-spring of action, and a clear limit and guide to all his purposes and aims.

He was "effectually called" to teach. Paul said a necessity was laid on him to preach, and added, "If I do this thing wittingly, I have a reward." But Mr. Crosby seemed so conscious of his willingness to teach, and so sure of his reward, that there was no ground for an "if" in the case. In a letter, written in January, 1878, he said: "I have never had the least doubt that I have pursued the calling for which the Lord designed me. And

although, several years ago, it seemed that he was about to deprive me of the ability to pursue my calling, still he was merciful, and has enabled me to continue it for the past four years with the very imperfect sight of *one eye only*. And although I pursue my daily routine with embarrassment, still I desire to be very thankful that I can pursue it at all. Many years ago I did hope to teach fifty consecutive years. This term I entered on my *fifty-fourth*. Ought I not to be very very thankful?"

He continued at the head of his school between one and two years longer, after which he taught classes at his home until within a few weeks of his death.

Of course his first teaching was in the district school. While in college, beside a school during each winter vacation, then of fourteen weeks, he managed to keep along with his class and be occupied in academical teaching several terms. He taught at Newport one or more terms before his graduation, and a year and a half immediately following it. He then accepted an invitation to be one of a corps of teachers in the academy at "Nashua Village." His associates were Gardner S. Brown, Miss Rhoda Spalding, Miss Henrietta Thatcher, Miss Louiza S. Hunton, and several "assistant pupils." He entered on his duties April 1, 1835. The academy was then in a very flourishing condition. In the term following the summer vacation, the attendance was largely increased. But before it ended, a spark of discord, thoughtlessly dropped, occasioned an explosion which scattered teachers and pupils and left the academy prostrate.

Mr. Crosby at once received and accepted an offer of a "professorship" in the New Hampton Institute. But in the spring of 1836, the discerning citizens of Nashua, knowing that neither he nor Miss Hunton had dropped or fanned the fatal spark, offered both such inducements that they returned and took charge, the one of the male, and the other of the female

department. At the close of the first term they were united in marriage. She continued to be his efficient helper in teaching for some years, and the light of his very happy home while he lived; and he to teach without interregnum, first in the old academy, and then in the Nashua Literary Institute, until his life-work was finished.

What were his special excellencies as a teacher?

FIRST. He *loved teaching*. It was not to him a make-shift, a mere temporary pontoon bridge to save him from drowning while crossing over to his chosen vocation. But as soon as he had, by a hard struggle, worked his way up to the point of gaining a passport into the teacher's desk, he was in *his chosen vocation*. And had he been driven out, and an angel stationed at the gate of his paradise with a flaming sword turning every way, he would have had to be on the alert to keep him from getting in again. While occupied in teaching he was at his center of attraction, where all the lines of his tastes, aspirations, and ambitions met and terminated.

SECOND. He not only loved to *teach*, but he loved his *pupils*. In interest and affection for them, he adopted them as his children (he had no other), and in the spirit of a wise Christian father he exhausted his skill in endeavoring to develop and discipline all their faculties of mind and heart for the highest usefulness, honor, and happiness that the best improvement and right use of the talents given them would admit of. Pupils who had been under his tuition for any length of time he held in memory as well as affection, with singular tenacity. In his last letter to one of his first students at Nashua, he says of five from the same family—looking back through all the mutations of more than forty years—"all their countenances are distinctly portrayed on my chamber of imagery, so that I can recall them as readily and as clearly as those of my most intimate friends." He had a most hearty fellow-feeling for students

whose only means of education were their own earnings. He had felt the weight of the burden they were carrying, and it was his joy to lighten it where he could, and where he could not, to inspire the bearers with pluck and perseverance to carry it through.

THIRD. He was not merely an *instructor*, he was an *educator*. In teaching, his chief aim was, not to stuff in what was without, but to draw out what was within. It was not his way to do for learners the work of solving their hard problems and unraveling their tangled difficulties, but first, to inspire them with the conviction that they had the ability to do this for themselves, if they would only go to work in the right way, and then, insist that they *should* go to work in the right way. With respect to mental education, the ultimate achievement at which he aimed—to which he made all other acquirements subordinate, and all teaching, discipline, and drill to contribute, was to elaborate and establish in the mind right *habits* in doing its work; the habit of beginning whatever study or occupation at the right point and mastering the first difficulty in the process before advancing to the next,—of conquering all enemies in the rear before attacking any in front; of maintaining a sharp distinction between knowledge clearly gained and dubious guess-work; of regarding no information as clearly in *possession* until it could be clearly *stated*; and of working, in the season of work, with clear method, concentrated force, and steady application. These *modes* of working, wrought out and fixed in the mind as its habitual methods in whatever employment, he regarded as the sum and substance of a good, practical education. The results of experiments and observation had convinced him that pupils, among the slowest and dullest by nature, if they can only have the elements of mental power in them systematized, concentrated, and fashioned into permanent habits of working with logical method, persistent application, and thorough mastery of

the first thing to be learned before advancing to the next depending upon it, will eventually outstrip the quickest and brightest who fail to acquire these mental habits. It is reported that a few weeks before his death "a prominent and wealthy manufacturer," of Newport, said: "I owe more to Professor Crosby than to any other man in the world,—in fact I owe all that I am to him. I was a very dull boy at school, so dull that my parents and teachers gave my case up as hopeless, until he came to Newport to teach; when I came under his influence and instruction. He saw what my mind required. He put me into mental arithmetic and kept the drill up until my mind expanded and took on a new turn entirely. That was many years ago, but I date my success in life from his instruction." Doubtless many others, once dull and self-distrusting, can look back to "many years ago," and see how, under his sagacious discipline, they acquired self-reliance, and their minds expanded and took on a new turn entirely, and their success in life was assured.

FOURTH. He combined with intellectual moral education, and that based on the essentials of Christianity. The modern notion of excluding from education in public schools, all inculcation of duty to any government higher than human, the notion of teaching morality by substituting, for the authority of the Divine Law-giver, the authority of the maxim, "honesty is the best policy," in which the judge is the same that has decided in favor of all the dishonesty, vices, and crimes ever indulged in, namely—selfishness; this notion, carried out in practice, he believed would convert the best government into the worst,—republicanism into communism with all its anarchic horrors. In contrast with it, he sedulously nurtured and stimulated a sense of obligation, not to what one might judge his best policy, but to the moral law of our Creator and Final Judge. He sedulously taught, as he believed, that the best, noblest, and most enduring

of all human attainments, is a character controlled by motives and principles in harmony with the law and will of God. He taught, as he most heartily believed, that he alone is safe, strong, invincible, and ultimately successful, who is right in the sight of God.

FIFTH. In the most important part of education—that of the *character*—he taught effectively by the reflex influences of his own character and habits. He was guileless, frank, systematic, self-reliant, prompt, resolute and a model of industry. His official superiority was limited to school-hours. Outside of those he was the familiar friend and companion of his pupils. Though one of the most decided and conscientious Christians, he was entirely free from religious affectation and sanctimonious parade. His religion was truth in the inward parts spontaneously regulating the outward life—the quality in the good tree which makes the yielding of good fruit natural, and bad fruit impossible. These characteristics were magnetic, and all his pupils who had any genuine steel in their composition, were, in some degree at least, permanently magnetized by them.

A few of his distinguished pupils may be named. He was represented in the Union army by Maj.-Gen. John G. Foster, Brig.-Gens. Stevens and Estey, Chaplain S. J. Spalding, D. D., of Massachusetts, and Surgeon Henry L. Butterfield, of Wisconsin; in congress by the late Clark B. Cochran, of Albany, a most eloquent advocate of the Union cause during the war, both in congress and on the stump, and the acknowledged leader of the New York legislature at the time of his death; by Gen. A. F. Stevens, of New Hampshire and by George C. Hazelton, of Wisconsin; in the chair of state by Gov. Natt Head; on the bench by ex-Judge A. W. Sawyer; in national agriculture by J. R. Dodge, the eminent statistician and editor of reports in the department of agriculture; and in the domain of art by H. W. Herrick. All I

have named are natives of New Hampshire. A host of others, male and female, might be named, who, largely owing to his sound, systematical culture, have worked their way up to leadership, on the right side, in whatever calling, position, and community their lot has been cast.

Mr. Crosby's claims to high appreciation were not limited to his profession. In his family and among his kindred and relatives, he made his kind, beneficent spirit a source of help and happiness in many ways. As a friend, he was sincere, faithful, and tenacious. As a citizen, he was a positive, fearless advocate, and a consistent exemplifier of whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. As a professor of religion, he was not a Pharisee, going through religious ceremonies to be seen of men, and not a Diotrophes, loving to have the preeminence, but a Demetrius, having good report of all men, and of the truth itself. The meaning is *not*, that he was a man to escape opposition and criticism. The great Teacher, whose apt disciple he was, said to the most effective benefactors the world has ever known, "woe unto you when all men speak well of you!"

Mr. Crosby was too independent of current fashion, custom, practice, or public sentiment, in forming his convictions of right, and too positive and outspoken in advocating them, to incur that love. But the meaning *is*, that he was so apt to be right, and so conscientious and open in opposing what he believed to be wrong, that, as Paul, alike through good report and through evil report, by manifestation of the truth, he commended himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

Among natives of New Hampshire, of his own generation, some have won more of the glitter of a transient renown than he. Some, perhaps, at the start, had more talents entrusted to them, but whether five, three, or one, none have occupied them with greater indus-

try, fidelity, or productiveness. Very few have equaled him in the effectiveness, perpetuity, and manifold distribution of his power for good. He made that power as a saving, purifying leaven, permeate the family, the church, the community, and the school in all its grades; the bar and the bench, pulpit and pew, platform and audience, state and national counsels, Christian missions at home and abroad, and all causes of patriotism, justice, and philanthropy, in civil conflicts and on military battle-fields. And he solved, in moral agency, the unsolved problem in mechanics—he invested his agency

in benefiting the human family with the power of perpetual motion, inso-much that when the work of his life ended, his life-work, as a source of benefits to the state, nation, and mankind, was at its beginning.

No native of New Hampshire has earned a better right to be counted a benefactor to the state. And no one of his competitors, in life, has earned a better right to adopt, at its close, the language of the Master he followed, and reverently say, "I have glorified thee on the earth—I have *finished* the work which thou gavest me to do!"

YALE GRADUATES.

FRANK B. STEVENS.

The following is a complete list* of Yale College graduates now residing in New Hampshire:

- | | |
|---|---|
| Rev. I. Sumner Lincoln, Wilton, '22. | Rev. Thomas G. Valpey, St. Paul's School, Concord, '58. |
| Rev. George Goodyear, Temple, '24. | John C. W. Moore, M. D., Concord, '59. |
| Rev. Joseph H. Towne, D. D., North Hampton, '27. | William T. Smith, M. D., Hanover, '60. |
| Dr. Marshall Meriam, Derry, '33. | S. Arthur Bent, Nashua, '61. |
| Abraham H. Robinson, M. D., Concord, '35. | Rev. Lorenzo Sears, Manchester, '61. |
| Rev. J. Gardner Davis, D. D., Amherst, '36. | Buel C. Carter, Dover, '62. |
| Arthur Fletcher, Concord, '36. | Rev. William C. Reed, Candia, '63. |
| Rev. Frederick T. Perkins, Tilton, '39. | Rev. Charles E. Sumner, Lancaster, '63. |
| Levi Abbot, Hollis, '40. | Marshall R. Gaines, Meriden, '65. |
| Joseph E. Bennett, Manchester, '43. | John H. Chapman, Nashua, '67. |
| Rev. Phillips Titcomb, Kensington, '43. | Charles H. Smith, Newmarket, '69. |
| Hon. Joseph B. Walker, Concord, '44. | Rev. Edward G. Selden, Manchester, '70. |
| Rev. Swift Byington, Exeter, '47. | Henry P. Warren, Plymouth, '70. |
| Frederick H. Copp, Wakefield, '47. | Charles R. Walker, M. D., Concord, '74. |
| Rev. Prof. Henry G. Jessup, Hanover, '47. | Rev. Samuel H. Barnum, Salisbury, '75. |
| Lauren S. Scott, '47. | Edgar S. Buffum, Great Falls, '77. |
| Rev. Frederick Alvord, Nashua, '55. | Henry A. Buffum, Great Falls, '79. |
| Col. Alfred P. Rockwell, Great Falls (and Boston), '55. | Frank H. Ayer, Nashua, '80. |
| Rev. Henry Powers, Manchester, '57. | Henry C. Ordway, Hampstead, '50. |
| Ralph H. Cutler, Hollis, '58. | |
| Rev. George E. Street, Exeter, '58. | |

*The graduates of '81 and '82 have been purposely omitted, because of the uncertainty of their residence. Having had some talk with a number of New Hampshire graduates about forming a Yale association in New Hampshire, I think this list will be of considerable interest.

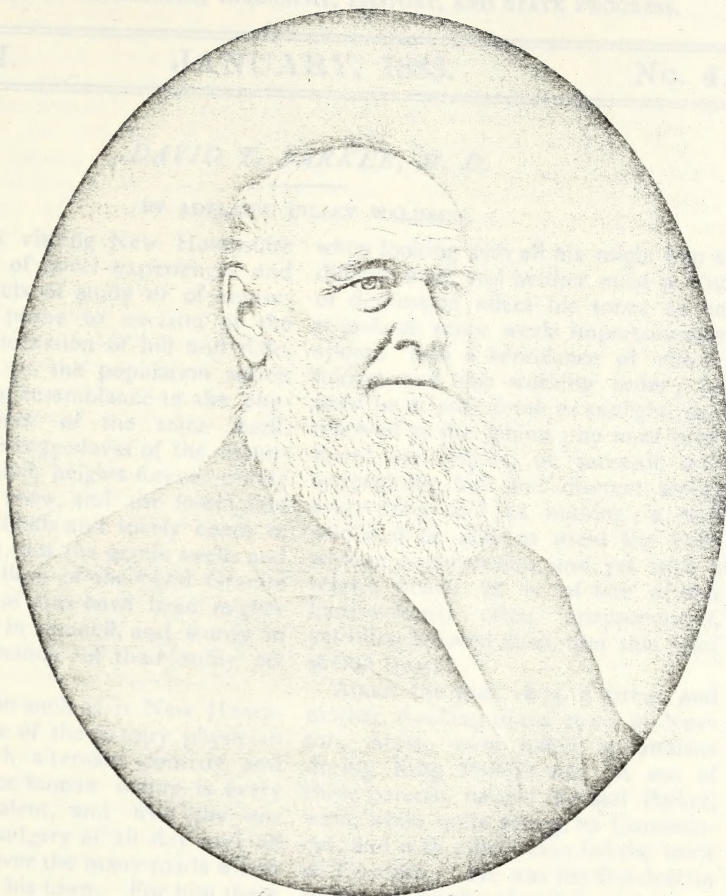
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No. 1.



D. P. Perkins M.D.

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No. 4.

DAVID T. PARKER, M. D.

BY ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

Strangers visiting New Hampshire in pursuit of novel experiences and fresh subjects of study or of amusement, are prone to exclaim at the continual succession of hill and dale, as well as at the population which bears a great resemblance to the physical features of the state itself. Between the ruggedness of the mountains, with their heights forever purely crested in snow, and the fascination of the wild bluffs and lovely coves of its sea-coast, rest the gentle swells and beautiful valleys of the "Old Granite State," whose sons have been mighty in war, wise in council, and sturdy in the maintenance of their stiffly set principles.

In a region such as is New Hampshire, the life of the country physician is filled with alternate comedy and tragedy, since human nature is every where prevalent, and with the unavoidable drudgery of all day and all night work over the many roads which branch from his town. For him there is no sureness of that particularly comfortable state of mind and body induced for more fortunate men by a warm hearth and pleasant companionship, with well fastened doors and close windows, on a night when storms seem to envelop the world; he must be alert at a word, and ready in five minutes to drive any distance, whether it be a lovely June morning or the worst winter night of the season; his fatigue must not lead him to indulge in any attack of "nerves," nor must he allow it to color his spectacles

when looking with all his might into a difficult case, and neither must a hint of depression affect his tones as he stimulates some weak impressionable system into a semblance of cheerfulness and fair working order; he must be at once frank as sunlight, and reserved as the sphinx; he must command and cajole, be sarcastic and sympathetic, free and discreet, seeing every thing and yet nothing; a man who shall be able to wield the knife without compunction, and yet with a tender heart. It is of one of this hard-worked, often unappreciated, yet often beloved class, that this brief sketch treats.

About the year 1675 a father and mother, dwelling in the town of Newton, Mass., were killed by Indians during King Philip's war. A son of these parents, named Samuel Parker, went, while quite young, to Connecticut, and with others founded the town of Coventry. He was the first deacon officiating for the church in that town, and died greatly respected at a very advanced age. From him were descended John, Samuel, and Clement who was the father of bright sons and daughters. His third child was born in Bradford, Vt., April 10, 1813, and was named David Taylor Parker. A short time after the birth of this son, his father removed to Cabot, in the same state, where he lived until the winter of 1816, when he removed to the West Parish, Chester, N. H., for the Presbyterian church of which town he was ordained, and with which he

labored for ten years, when he was induced to accept a pastorate in Maine. His last days were passed in Farmington, N. H., and, like many persons of great age, his mind somewhat failed a short time before his death; but notwithstanding his feebleness, it was a common remark in the town that "old Priest Parker never forgot to be a gentleman." His son David followed the fortunes of his father, with occasional seasons of farming for neighbors, as the custom was in those days of "New England Bygones," until he was about seventeen years old, when he went to attend the academy at Alfred, Me.

He studied in summer and taught in winter until his twentieth year, when he began the study of medicine with L. M. Barker, M. D., at Somersworth. He attended lectures at Dartmouth College in 1833, and continued his studies with Dr. Charles F. Elliott and Dr. B. Smart, of Kennebunk, Me., graduating at Bowdoin College, May 17, 1836.

Dr. Parker began the practice of his profession in Farmington, N. H., March 3, 1837. This town was then a small obscure village of fifteen houses and about one hundred and twenty-five inhabitants; it has increased twenty fold, and is now an opulent, enterprising town, whose chief industry is the manufacture of shoes. It lies midway between Dover and Alton Bay, and while being probably no more picturesque than are many New Hampshire villages, it is characterized by one or two features which may be worthy of mention. The majority of the operatives in the great shoe factories are house-owners, their dwellings being neat cottages as a rule, while a few are more pretentious, and their stables contain teams for pleasure-driving in many instances; and there is hardly a house, either owned or hired by its inhabitants, which does not hold a cabinet organ or a piano. Especially noteworthy is the fact that, of its three thousand and more inhabitants, there are no more than a half-dozen heads

of families who are not Americans,—the foreign element being Swedes, French, and Irish, while of blacks there may be three individuals. It is, to an unusual extent, purely democratic in social estimates, its people being largely connected by intermarriage, inherited friendship, and the like. While not a very literary or intellectual community, in the usual acceptance of those terms, it is one of the brightest to appreciate a lecture filled with keen wit and practical common sense, or a thoroughbred entertainment—if one may so speak of any thing of the kind; to be sure it rather enjoys being amused to being barely edified; but it delights in a judicious combination of the two attributes.

Here and there, as will be the case with all localities, there are extraordinary settlements composed of persons of doubtful origin and customs; on the other hand are those of long descent and inherited individuality of another sort. An experienced novelist might find, in this town lying in the bottom of a cup, with hills for sides, material for many a new notion, for, since to a place so situated there comes every variety of climate which should range over a great extent of country, there belong also human caprices to correspond with its varying temperature and skies.

To this town, then, came the young medical man, married and a father, as is proper for medical men, in the first flush of enthusiasm for his profession, and gifted with that hardly to be analyzed faculty which goes to the making of good doctors and nurses, and which, like the soul of the poet, is born but not made. For forty-five years Dr. Parker's horses, mostly of the enduring Morgan breed, have been well-known for miles around, as they have sturdily trotted over the rough roads by night and day, through summer heat and winter cold; and there is scarcely a family within a large radius that has not welcomed the stout figure and keen blue eye of "the old Doctor" as he has come in time of need, bring-

ing a vision of health and a sound of life in his cheery tones ; or, if it must be a decision of doom, a word of sympathy and even a starting tear, since, like other men of choleric, impetuous temperament, he no sooner sees a trouble than he longs to alleviate it, even though it be for the most bitter enemy, and a hasty word from him is oftener than not followed as hastily by a kindness.

The family doctor, as well as the minister, is often called upon for counsel in all sorts of matters outside his particular province, and probably no physician in the state has been asked more advice in extraneous things than has the subject of this paper.

Sympathetic in the extreme, and interested in the welfare of the body politic as well as corporal, many a farm has been bought and sold advantageously, many a choice bit of land has been improved, homes have been preserved, and bequests turned with a word of sensible advice into their legitimate channels, through the friendly influence of Dr. Parker.

With regard to his success as a practising physician, it may be enough to say that families who employed him forty-five years ago employ him to-day ; but, while all detail of medical practice is like the relation of lawyer and client, priest and penitent, it is proper to say that Dr. Parker is indebted not only to his solid attainments of knowledge, but also to his marvelously magnetic and intuitive nature. It is to men of his temperament that we instinctively look for aid, and from whom we expect success.

There are one or two peculiarities in his experience which are interesting to the student of cause and effect, and which I hope he will allow me to mention, even though his dislike of any reference to them is well-known.

A few miles from Farmington there is a family certain members of which, on receiving any slight cut, bleed profusely and dangerously ; it is only sons of daughters of this race who are thus troubled, which fact of itself

is a puzzle for the psychological mind ; the hemorrhage always ceases as soon as the messenger sent reaches Dr. Parker with his intelligence. It is natural, in this state of affairs, that to the family in question his life is precious. Another curiosity is that many a broken bone has forgotten to give pain to its unfortunate owner at the instant this out and out allopathic, humbug-hating old doctor has received news of the accident, and call for his aid. When questioned as to this strange power, he has very little to say farther than that he does not understand it, and that every time he does such a thing he thinks he will never do it again. Dr. Parker has contributed many additions to the *Materia Medica*, and has been sought from far and near as an expert in cases of small-pox, which horrible disease has never yet laid hold on him, but of which, by means of remedies prepared as a result of long experience and of deep study, he has for the last ten years felt himself to be master, provided he sees the case in any sort of season. He is naturally inclined to keep the formula of this preparation with jealous care.

He has been for many years a member of the American Medical Association, and belongs to several other societies. In 1860 he was chosen President of the Strafford District Medical Society, and in 1872 was made President of the New Hampshire Medical Society.

He has been an Odd Fellow ever since the institution of that order, and has received the succeeding official positions in the gift of his Lodge. He became a Free Mason in 1850, and after officiating in numerous positions as he passed upward, he rests content in the Council, and Commandery of Knights Templar. In politics Dr. Parker is strictly Republican, and in 1864-'65, was chosen to represent his town by forty votes over the general ticket, which was largely Democratic. While serving as representative he was appointed by Hon. William E. Chandler, then Speaker of the House,

Chairman of the Committee on the Asylum for the Insane. In pursuance of the duties appertaining thereto he formed a strong friendship for Dr. Bancroft, the surgeon in charge of the hospital, and as a result of their consultation and labor there were brought about numerous improvements, one being the heating apparatus, by which the comfort of inmates was greatly increased.

Dr. Parker is a member of the First Congregational Church of Farmington, and being of a generous disposition, has probably given more, according to his means, than any other citizen toward the support of the religious society with which he is connected. His sensitiveness to suffering has prevented him from acquiring so large a golden umbrella for the rainy day of old age, as would be possessed by most men of his long and successful practice; but the needy have never been turned hungry from his door nor suffered for lack of his care. Of faults, he has like other men his share; but his generous figure holds a generous heart, and he is his own severest judge.

With regard to his domestic life, he married, in 1833, Clara Chamberlain, of Lebanon, Me. She was his devoted wife for more than forty-three years, and being endowed with the medical instinct to a remarkable degree, she so profited by her position, as the wife of a busy practitioner that she was, in the ripeness of her life, in only a less demand among the sick than was her husband, and the stout Morgan pony she always drove was recognized by every man, woman, and child, for miles around. Of a mien calm, controlled, and strong, her heart was thoroughly the maternal heart, and on her death, Nov. 7, 1876, she was mourned by a great concourse of people who had cause to hold her in much more than simple neighborly esteem. She was the mother of three children,—a daughter, who died in her first year, and two sons, both of whom

arrived at the age of manhood, and chose the profession of their father. The elder son died of pneumonia at La Harpe, Ill., where he had gone for his health, before beginning practice. He left a widow, formerly Miss Mary Rollins, of the well-known family of that name in Strafford county.

The younger son, a man of unusual skill and success in the practice of his profession, died Dec. 31, 1866, from disease contracted by service in the civil war, leaving only a widow. His father, left wholly alone save for brothers and sisters settled for the greater part at a distance (one brother, also a physician, residing in Lebanon, Me.), married a cousin of his late wife, Mrs. Lucy Wentworth Fernald, June 16, 1878. Mrs. Parker unites, as did her predecessor, with her husband in performing many acts of kindness, and a scanty larder is very often well stocked by their kindly hands, while in seasons of good cheer they remember especially those who exist, but hardly live, and to whom the holidays would be fast-days were it not for the thought and consideration felt for their circumstances by these kindly hearts. From these who owe gratitude for care of the body in hunger and cold as well as sickness, and for regard toward their sensitiveness to those less needy, but not less thankful for restored health and consequent courage, the wish of our foreign friends—"May your shadow never be less!"—is often breathed for the hearty "old Doctor," and that advancing years may softly crown his old age with rest and comfort, and with the continued companionship of his excellent wife, is the earnest desire of his friends.

The "old school" country doctors are rapidly passing away, and it is well that memories of their hardships, their toils and their efforts to give us and ours life and health, should cluster about them as ivy gently shields the venerable abbeys of our mother country, and that the autumn of their lives should be a golden Indian summer.

HARVEY JEWELL.

BY WILLIAM H. HACKETT.

Among the men who have gone from New Hampshire to fill prominent positions in other states was the late Harvey Jewell, whose death occurred in Boston, December 8, 1881.

Mr. Jewell came of good stock, and in his whole career of usefulness and prominence proved to be one of the Jewells of which the New Hampshire mother could well be proud. He was born at Winchester, May 26, 1820, and was the eldest of ten children.

He was a descendant of Thomas Jewell, who was born in England, and of whom we have the first authentic account in the early part of 1639, when he received a grant of land at Mount Wollaston, first settled in 1629, and incorporated as Braintree in 1640, and from which Quincy was set off in 1792.

Thomas Jewell's youngest son was Joseph, who died in Amesbury in 1783. The father of Harvey was Pliny, of the sixth generation, and was a native of Winchester, and removed thence to Hartford, Conn., in 1845.

Mr. Pliny Jewell, beside being an exceedingly able as well as successful business man, was an enthusiast in genealogical matters, and devoted much time, labor and expenditure in the production of a careful collection, printed twenty years since, of the "Jewell Register," which contained a remarkably correct and well classified list of the descendants of Thomas Jewell.

The father of Harvey, though in affluent circumstances in after years, was one of the substantial men of New Hampshire, who began life with the elements of success, but not accompanied, at the outset of his business career, with its results. He was, while a resident of Winchester, known as a leading man of the town; was prominent in political, business and

religious affairs, presided as moderator of the town meetings, and in 1839 and in other years, represented the town in the State legislature.

While at Concord, as a representative, he formed acquaintance with the late Ichabod Bartlett, Timothy Upham, and Ichabod Goodwin, who were at the time among the representatives from Portsmouth. Mr. Jewell's friendship for Ichabod Bartlett amounted to an admiration, and he never ceased, during Mr. Bartlett's life, to regard him as the ablest legislative debater of his day. Mr. Jewell, though successful at Winchester, and appreciated in his county, felt the need of a wider field for his business calling. He was a Trustee of the Cheshire Provident Institution for Savings, and of the Keene Academy, and had the confidence of the entire community; but his business caused him frequently to make journeys down the Connecticut valley, and he concluded, after mature reflection, that he could enlarge his business by "seeking his fortune," as he expressed it, at Hartford. Before this, he was able, though at the time he had a large family, to give his eldest son a good preparatory education for his entry to Dartmouth college. Harvey told his father that he would remain with him and render the customary service during his minority, but that he must have an education. The father wisely concluded that if this was his son's wish, it should be gratified, and the young man was sent to Keene academy to begin his preparatory studies. Here he was, as afterward in college, a classmate with Hon. Horatio G. Parker, of Boston.

The mother of Mr. Jewell was Emily Alexander, whose father was a prominent citizen of Cheshire county. She survives her son, and has ever been noted for her devotion to religious principles, her interest in reformatory

and charitable work, and her many attractive traits of character.

Harvey's thirst for knowledge began at the very earliest period of his boyhood. When a small child he first saw the moon and stars, and was told by his mother that they were the work of a divine creator, and that they all obeyed his laws, he fairly danced with delight at the acquired knowledge. After his studies at Keene he entered Dartmouth college, and, as have others, whose desire for learning was not limited by the means at command, paid a portion of his college expenses from the proceeds of teaching school at Pembroke and other places. Here was seen the peculiar traits of his character, a constant labor in the acquisition of knowledge, a kind disposition, cordial toward his classmates and college acquaintances, social alike with his seniors and growing respected and beloved by all, with nothing in his collegiate career to regret, and as has been said by a classmate in academy and college "loved by all, beyond every other member of his class."

Graduated in 1844, he went to Boston, and by the friendly aid of the Hon. John D. Philbrick, then a teacher, and afterward Superintendent of Public Schools in that city, he obtained a situation as Usher in the Mayhew school. During hours not devoted to school duties, he studied law, and continued assiduously in the pursuit, studying with Lyman Mason, Esq., until he was prepared for admission to the Suffolk bar, October 1, 1847.

During this time he manifested an interest in politics, and was chosen President of the Young Men's Whig Club, in Boston. He was a proficient in vocal music,—indeed while in New Hampshire he had taught, what were in vogue in the country towns in those days, evening singing schools, and began to make large personal acquaintance. His agreeable manners, frank disposition and the easy adaptability to positions in which he was from time to time placed, won him hosts of friends.

Admitted to the bar, he formed a business connection with the late David A. Simmons, whose office was then in Court street. After Mr. Simmons's death, there were associated with him ex-Governor Gaston, Hon. Walbridge A. Field, now Judge of the Supreme Court, and after Judge Field's appointment to the Supreme bench, with E. O. Shepard, Esq.

He was a safe counselor,—one who combined unquestioned integrity and professional capacity with diligence in studies, and was noted for his skill in drafting legal papers.

One of the early important cases in which he was engaged, required the preparation of a long and somewhat complicated bill in equity. Mr. Jewell drew the bill, and went to Cambridge, and submitted it to that able jurist, the ex-Chief Justice of New Hampshire, Joel Parker, then Royal Professor at the Cambridge Law School, for his opinion as to its sufficiency. Judge Parker, after a careful examination, returned the bill to Mr. Jewell without a suggestion of any modification, regarding it to be as near perfect in the draft of the young lawyer as need be.

In this branch of his profession, as counsel in the preparation of important cases and drafting contracts, charters of incorporations and office work of this nature, Mr. Jewell had few equals. He was a man who made no mistakes, and a lawyer who was guilty of no omissions. His career as a member of the bar, his retainers in important causes, the clientage of leading corporations and large trusts, were of course the result of his acknowledged legal ability, and the tribute of respect shown by his brethren of the Boston bar in December last, show their high appreciation of his character, worth, and legal attainments.

Mr. Jewell married, December 26, 1849, Susan Bradley, daughter of Hon. Richard Bradley, late of Concord, one of the leading men of that city, concerning whom an admirably written sketch was read before

the Historical Society, not long since, by one of its most valued members. Mrs. Jewell and two daughters survive, residing in the home in Boston where the deceased husband and father enjoyed so many years in his domestic circle, and where his love of books had been gratified in the gathering of a large and well-selected library.

Mr. Jewell inherited a natural taste and aptitude for politics, but he never was a politician at the expense of the sacrifice of any principle to the least degree. He was of the class of men who elevate politics, and he honored the positions to which he was chosen or appointed.

As a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, he was for several years chairman of the judiciary committee, and while in that important position every bill which passed through the hands of the committee received his careful attention. He had a peculiar aptitude for discovering at sight anything in a measure before the legislature which should not be permitted to pass the committee or the house. And afterward, during the four years in which he rendered such signal service as Speaker, this trait proved of great value to the Commonwealth.

In 1875 he was appointed by President Grant one of the judges of the court of commissioners of Alabama claims. Thirty years' practice in a commercial seaboard city had given him large acquaintance with maritime laws, and his practical knowledge, discriminating good sense and legal training, made him an excellent judge, and his appointment proved in every respect eminently creditable.

From the results of his large practice he accumulated a fortune which he had securely invested. Though always a busy man, he achieved as much real enjoyment in life as any man of his years. By this I mean he obtained the most from life, by proper and rational enjoyment, without indulgences which in any sense

interfered with his habits of industry, and the devotion to his professional and other duties. He was extremely fond of fishing, and of late years was in the habit of taking no little enjoyment in his vacation in seasons devoted to the pleasures of angling.

He wore his political honors gracefully, ever preferring the success of the principles of the party with which he affiliated, to any personal advancement. Indeed, he was as unselfish in his political as he was unspotted in his private life.

He was a gentleman in all his instincts, of fine manly bearing, commanding presence and genial manners.

His success, after his admission to the bar, was early assured, and he rapidly rose to eminence in his profession, and in social and business circles merited and received the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens.

But what we of New Hampshire most delight to contemplate in Mr. Jewell's career, is that early determination to acquire knowledge, that devotion to fixed principles which carried him along the pathway to success; his early struggles, now teaching an evening singing school at Pembroke or Concord, to gain the means of attaining a collegiate education, and then in Boston, as an instructor in the public schools, devoting every spare hour to the study of a profession of which he was afterward a shining ornament.

It is of this material that our state has so liberally contributed to her sister states, supplying that constant demand for our great staple—men. And while in nearly every state of the Union have been men who have gone from New Hampshire to fill high and honored positions in those states, few, if any, have been more worthy of the constant esteem in which they have been held, or more deserving of our state pride, than has been the subject of this paper.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF COL. JOSEPH BRANDT.

BY HON. G. W. NESMITH, LL. D.

He was a Mohawk Indian, born about 1740, and who died at his residence, at the head of Lake Ontario, Canada West, Nov. 24, 1807. Sir William Johnson married, for his second wife, Molly, sister of Joseph, and he became a member of Johnson's family. In August, 1761, Sir William sent Brandt to Dr. Eleazer Wheelock's Indian Charity School, then established at Lebanon, Conn.

He remained there until Sept. 19, 1763—more than two years. The expense of his education, as charged by Dr. Wheelock, during the time he was there, was nearly twenty-five pounds. His board was five shillings per week, and his tuition two shillings. The balance of the expense for his education was principally expended for his clothing.

A favorite coat for the Indian student, made from a bear-skin, and leather breeches, tanned from the deer, or moose-skins, were then much worn.

While at this school, it is said he translated the Gospel of St. Mark into the Mohawk language.

Before he joined the school, he is reported to have taken an active part, under Sir William Johnson, in the Niagara campaign of 1758 and 1759. After his return home, in 1763, he was engaged in the war against Pontiac.

Sir William Johnson died in 1774, and his son-in-law, Guy Johnson, became superintendent of the Indian Department in Canada, and his influence extended over the Mohawks in New York, or the Six Nations, as they were usually called.

In 1775 Brandt was induced to visit England, and by the influence of Sir Guy Johnson he was induced to take up arms against the colonies, and was employed first in a predatory incursion against our settlements in connection with the Tory refugee, Col. John

Butler. Brandt also served under St. Leger, in 1777, in the investment of Col. Gansevoort at Fort Stanwix, and was a leader in the severe battle of Oriskany, fought August 6, 1777. He was not engaged in the massacre at Wyoming, but was a participant in the destruction of the town of Cherry Valley in New York, a town named after Capt. Cherry, of Londonderry, one of its first settlers, and which had been largely filled by citizens from that town and Windham, both in this state. The centennial of that destruction was recently celebrated, and the address on that occasion was delivered by Judge Campbell, a descendant from the family of that name which had emigrated from Windham, N. H., to that town. In July, 1779, he had obtained the commission of colonel from the British government, and led the band that destroyed Minisink, and defeated Col. Tusten and his command. Under Johnson, in 1779, he was one of the most efficient opponents of Gen. Sullivan in his expedition against the Indians. He commanded the right wing of the enemy in the battle of Newton, and, being posted behind a strong intrenchment of logs, he was enabled to inflict considerable loss upon our New Hampshire troops. It was here Capt. Cloyes, of Fitzwilliam, and Lt. McCauley, of Litchfield, were killed. Also Paymaster Kimball, of Plaistow, and Major Titcomb, of Dover, and Ensign John Bean, of Salisbury, were severely wounded. After the war was over, Col. Brandt exerted his influence in behalf of the Americans, and induced the Mohawks to make a permanent peace with them.

In 1786 Col. Brandt again visited England and was received with marked distinction. He then and there collected funds for the first church which was built in Upper Canada. He, upon

his return, was frequently employed by Gov. Carleton in the public service, and discharged the duties of his trusts with skill and ability.

He opposed the confederation of the Indians which led to the necessity of employing Gen. Wayne and his army in Ohio, and then exerted himself to preserve peace with the United States, and was successful in his efforts. He did much to improve the condition of his people by introducing among them the learned arts, and the moral and industrious habits incident to a civilized life.

We would here remark, as before suggested, Sir Guy Johnson was the son-in-law of William; but Sir John Johnson was the son of Sir William, and was also one of his heirs, and succeeded as manager of his father's large estate, and held many of the high official stations in Canada, both civil and military. The memory of Col. Brandt is still held in great veneration, especially in Canada West. And the late Col. Stone, of the city of New York, has contributed much to perpetuate it by his biography. The Charity School of Pres. Wheelock was sustained by both private and public benefactions from individuals and churches, both in

this country and England and Scotland prior to the Revolutionary war, but after the war of the Revolution commenced, they ceased at once. In 1770 Pres. Wheelock removed his Indian school to Dartmouth College and made provision for the education of the Indian youth there. Before its removal, Pres. Wheelock allowed it to assume the name of Moor's Charity School in consequence of the large donation of Joshua Moor, of Mansfield, Conn. Previous to the Revolutionary war Pres. Wheelock had educated nearly seventy Indians. Brandt and Sampson Occum were the two scholars that filled the *trump of fame*. No others arrived at much distinction. Pres. Wheelock, in a letter to a friend, says, he was often rebuked for having instructed Brandt at his school. "My uniform answer was that I did not teach a military school, and that Brandt must have taught his hands to war, and his fingers to fight at home. I do not hold myself responsible for his fighting ability." No doubt Brandt's hostility to the American cause had much influence in turning the public mind against the education of the Indians. At least such was the effect during the war of the Revolution.

THE RIDER O'ER THE BORDENSEE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHWAB.

[An incident said to have occurred in 1625. The Bordensee, or Lake of Constance, on the borders of Germany and Switzerland, is very rarely frozen over.]

The rider sped through a valley fair;
On snow-fields shimmered the sunlight there;
Fast flew his horse, with flanks all wet,
To reach the lake ere the sun had set;
For then the boatman, with flying speed,
Should land him safe, and his tired steed.

Where the way is rough, over stone and thorn,
The eager rider is swiftly borne;
From the mountain-side he sees the land
Spread out with its snow, like a plain of sand;

Behind him vanish the village and town,
The way grows even, the path smooths down;
No hill o'er the plain, no house he sees,
The rocks disappear, and he finds no trees.
Still on for a mile he hurrying flies,
While high in the air the snow-goose cries;
The water-hen starts, fluttering, near;
No other sounds greet his listening ear;
No horseman beside him, no footprint before,
To tell if his path leads on to the shore.
Still hurrying over the snow, thinks he,
When will the water rush, when gleam the sea?

Then evening came; like a vesper star,
Shone a hamlet's twinkling light afar;
From the mist uprises tree after tree,
And hills bound in the horizon free;
Rough grows the way with stones, as before,
And he gives the spur to his steed once more.

At sound of his horse the village dogs bark;
Warm hearths invite him out of the dark;
At the window, welcome! "Little maid, say,
To the Bordensee how far is the way?"

She turned on the rider wondering eyes;
"The sea, with its boatman, behind thee lies,
If the icy rind did not hold it fast,
I should say from the boat thou hadst just now passed."

When he spake, the stranger shuddered with fear;
"Over yon broad plain I have journeyed here."

"Great God!" with arms upraised, shrieked she,
"Then rodest thou hither over the sea!
Thy horse's hoofs echoed hard by the door
Of the bottomless gulfs where the billows roar;
Didst thou not hear the waves angrily dash,
And the ice-floor rend with a sudden crash?
In the chilling flood hast thou not been food
For the hungry pike and his silent brood?"

She calls the village to hear the tale;
The boys gather round her, breathless and pale;
The mother, the grandsire, together say,
"Thou may'st bless thy fate, happy man, to-day!
Come in, and share our evening dish,
Break with us our bread, and eat of the fish!"

Down sank the rider upon his steed;
The first dread words were his only heed;
His heart stopped beating; and clear in his mind
Rose the deadly peril that lay behind.
His eye saw only the terrible deep;
Engulfed was his soul in its darksome keep;
It thundered like crashing ice in his ear;
Like waves, dripped o'er him the sweat of fear.
He sank from his steed, one death-groan gave,
Safe over the sea he had come to his grave.

ALMA J. HERBERT.

*NAMES OF PERSONS WHO HAVE HELD CERTAIN PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENTS AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.,
WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.*

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

Benjamin Franklin was appointed General Deputy Postmaster in 1753, and in the following year startled the people of the colonies by giving notice that the mails for New England, which theretofore had left Philadelphia once a fortnight in winter, would start once a week throughout the year. In 1760 he proposed to run stage wagons between Philadelphia and Boston for the conveyance of the mail, one starting from each city on Monday morning, and reaching its destination by Saturday night. Franklin was removed from office by the British ministry in 1774. The Continental Congress appointed a committee to devise a system of post-office communication, and on July 26, 1775, a report was submitted, and the plan proposed was adopted, whereupon Dr. Franklin was appointed Postmaster-General, at a salary of \$1,000, which compensation was doubled April 16, 1779, and December 27, 1779, increased by congress to \$5,000 per annum. Franklin was succeeded as Postmaster-General November 7, 1776, by his son-in-law, Richard Bache, who remained in office until January 28, 1782, when Ebenezer Hazard became the last Postmaster-General under the confederation. Stephen Osgood, of Massachusetts, with a salary of \$1,500, was appointed the first Postmaster-General under the Federal government, serving from September 26, 1789, to August 12, 1791, when he was succeeded by Timothy Pickering (with a salary advanced to \$2,000), who remained until Joseph Habersham, of Georgia, the last Postmaster-General under Washington, was commissioned, February 25, 1795, at a yearly salary of \$2,400.

The office located in Philadelphia in 1796 was established in Washington when the government was removed to the Federal city. In 1802 the United States ran their own stages between Philadelphia and New York, finding horses, coaches, and drivers, and transporting both mail and passengers.

The following list of postmasters at Portsmouth, N. H., is compiled from the records of the Post-Office Department, which was organized September 26, 1789, when Stephen Osgood became the Postmaster General under the Federal Constitution, which, having been ratified by a sufficient number of States, became valid March 4, 1789. In the first congress which assembled in that year, John Langdon, of New Hampshire, was elected President of the Senate, April 6, for the purpose of opening and counting the votes for President and Vice-President of the United States. The official records of the government are dated subsequently to the inauguration of Washington, which occurred April 30, 1789, when John Langdon, who had declared the vote electing Washington and Adams, administered to them the oath of office. There is, however, in the office of the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-Office Department, an account book kept by Benjamin Franklin when he was Postmaster General, and in his own hand-writing, from which it appears that Jeremiah Libbey was postmaster at Portsmouth January 5, 1776, but we can not give the date of his original appointment. He continued in office until April 1, 1798, and died in 1824, aged 76.

In 1790, the general post-office was located in New York city, at which

time there were 1875 miles of post roads established in the United States. Now the aggregate length of routes, including all classes of service, would probably reach 350,000 miles, as the length at the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881, was 344,006 miles. In 1790 there were only seventy-five (75) post-offices. Now August 1, 1882, there are 46,405. The entire revenue from postages in 1790 was less than sixteen thousand dollars. Now it aggregates upward of forty-two million dollars.

April 20, 1761, John Stavers, an Englishman by birth, and the proprietor of noted hostelries in his day, commenced running a stage between Portsmouth and Boston. A curricule, or large stage chair, drawn by two horses and sufficiently wide to comfortably accommodate three persons, was the vehicle used, and is represented to have been the first regular stage line established in America. The journey was performed once a week. The conveyance started on Monday for Boston, and returning arrived at Portsmouth on Friday. An advertisement announcing the enterprise reads: "It will be contrived to carry four persons beside the driver. In case only two persons go, they may be accommodated to carry things of bulk or value to make a third or fourth person." After one month's successful service, public notice was given "that five passengers would be carried," leaving Portsmouth on Tuesday, "and arrive back Saturday night."

In May, 1763, "The Portsmouth Flying Stage Coach" with four or six horses, according to the condition of the roads, started from the "Earl of Halifax" Inn, kept by John Stavers, on Queen, now State street, near the easterly end, toward the Piscataqua river. The new "Earl of Halifax" hotel was first occupied about 1770, and was a commodious three storied wooden structure, situated on the corner of Pitt (changed to Court), and Atkinson streets, and is now occupied as a tenement house. The stable, a

very large and spacious building which sheltered the horses belonging to the "Flying Stage Coach," as well as those of travelers, is on the corner of Atkinson and Jefferson streets, and in the rear of the public house. The Inns had been respectively named, first "Earl of Halifax," and afterward "William Pitt," and had furnished comfortable quarters for Washington, Lafayette, Hancock, Gerry, Knox, Sullivan, Rutledge, Louis Phillippe, and many other illustrious personages. The driver attached to the "Flying Stage Coach," was Bartholomew Stavers, undoubtedly the first regular stage driver north of Boston, if not in the country. He was a brother of John, and the father of the late Capt. William Stavers, who at the time of his death was a retired shipmaster and a wealthy citizen of Portsmouth.

One of the earliest mail pouches, if not the first in use on the route, and of not greater capacity than a common hand satchel, is preserved among the curiosities at the Portsmouth Athenæum.

Eleazer Russell, a great grandson of John Cutt, the first President of the Province, who died April 5, 1681, at an advanced age, held several government positions. He died at Portsmouth September 18, 1798, aged 78. At one time he was Naval Officer of the Port, and also the sole postmaster of the Province of New Hampshire, and was distinguished as the first postmaster in the state. All letters addressed to New Hampshire were deposited in his office, and remained there until sent for from other towns. Mr. Brewster, in his "Rambles" numbered forty-seven, gives quite an interesting account of this very precise and dignified public functionary, with "cock hat and wig, a light coat with full skirts, a long vest with pocket pads, light small clothes, with bright knee buckles, and more ponderous buckles on his shoes." For several years Portsmouth had the only post-office in the Province of New Hampshire, and Eleazer Russell filled most accepta-

bly the office of postmaster as well as naval officer. His residence, which was also the Custom House as well as the first post-office, was located near the old ferry ways, where the stone store now stands, opposite the intersection of RUSSELL with Market street.

In the Committee of Safety, at Exeter, July 27, 1781, pursuant to a vote of the General Assembly of June 27, 1781, authorizing the establishment of a post to ride from Portsmouth to the western part of New Hampshire, John Balch, of Keene, was appointed post-rider for three months, at the compensation of seventy dollars in hard money for the entire service. The route was from Portsmouth via Concord and Plymouth to Haverhill; thence down the Connecticut river through Charlestown and Keene to Portsmouth; the trip to be performed in each and every fourteen days, the committee reserving the right to alter the route if the public good or convenience should require any change.

Names of Postmasters.	Date of Appointment.
Eleazer Russell.	(See sketch.)
*Jeremiah Libbey,	Feb. 16, 1790.
Mark Simes,	April 1, 1798.
Jonathan Payson,	April 1, 1812.
John F. Parrott,	Feb. 24, 1826.
Abner Greenleaf,	April 22, 1829.
Samuel Cushman,	July 2, 1840.
Samuel Gookin,	May 19, 1841.
Nehemiah Moses,	March 22, 1845.
Thomas L. Tullock,	April 25, 1849.
Gideon H. Rundlett,	April 4, 1853.
Joseph P. Morse,	March 27, 1861.
Joseph B. Adams,	April 11, 1865.
Elbridge G. Pierce, jr.,	April 21, 1869.

Since writing the foregoing, we have prepared other tables, including collectors, naval officers and surveyors of the port of Portsmouth, and navy agents and naval storekeepers connected with the United States Naval Station on the Piscataqua. The names enumerated and herewith transmitted are well-known to the sons of Portsmouth as, generally, citizens of repu-

tation, holding conspicuous places in our local and state history. A brief biographical sketch of each one would be interesting; but the reading of their names will readily recall their prominence and characteristics. We have a personal knowledge of at least four fifths of the officers whose appointments date subsequently to the Federal Constitution, and almost feel prompted to characterize them. We shall, however, only premise by mentioning those who held the offices prior to the date of the tables, so far as we can name them from the sources of information accessible at the present writing.

About the year 1675 Sampson Sheafe, senior, was collector of the port of Piscataqua, and continued in office a few years. During his administration several vessels were seized for a violation of the revenue laws, or the "laws of trade and navigation." He was successful as a merchant; honored as one of His Majesty's Council, and also as Secretary of the Province. In 1711 he was appointed commissary of the New England forces formed for an expedition against Quebec. Mr. Sheafe was a native of Boston, and died there in 1726, aged 76. His descendants became prominent and wealthy citizens of the Province. His great-grand-son, the Hon. James Sheafe, an opulent merchant of Portsmouth, was a member of the Sixth Congress, and a United States senator, serving from December 7, 1801, to June, 1802, when he resigned. He was also the Federal candidate for governor of New Hampshire in 1816, but was defeated by William Plumer. Mr. Sheafe died December 5, 1829, aged 74.

March 22, 1680, Edward Randolph, the collector of customs for New England, appointed by the King, seized a vessel belonging to Portsmouth, commanded by Capt. Mark Hunking, who brought an action against the collector before the president and council, and recovered judgment for £13 and cost. Walter Barefoote was

*Jeremiah Libbey was Postmaster as early as Jan. 5, 1776. (See sketch)

deputy collector for the port of Portsmouth under appointment from Randolph, and for "attempting to execute an office not derived from the constituted authorities of the Province," he was indicted on the 24th of March, 1680, found guilty and fined £10. March 10, 1682, Barefoote, as deputy collector, seized another vessel and was again fined £20, for acting without authority from the government of the Province. Being deputed by Randolph, he claimed an appeal to the King, but did not prosecute it. In 1683 Gov. Edward Canfield dismissed Capt. Edward Stileman, as commander of the fort, for allowing a vessel, which had been seized, to pass out of the harbor, and appointed Barefoote to the command.

Walter Barefoote was deputy governor and president of the council in 1685, and succeeded Gov. Canfield, when the latter left the Province. He administered the government a short time in 1685-6, being superseded by Joseph Dudley, who was appointed September 27, 1685, president of New England; but did not officiate until May 25, 1686.

In 1692 Phesant Estwick was the deputy collector of the port of "Portsmouth in New England." It appears that under Gov. Edmund Andros, from 1678 to 1689, Portsmouth was a port of entry, the only remaining ports of entry of record in New England, being Boston, Salem, Bristol, Newport, New London, Saybrook, New Haven, Milford, Fairfield, and Stamford.

About the year 1700, Samuel Penhallow was appointed collector. He was an eminent citizen, one of the governor's council, chief justice of the superior court of judicature in 1717, recorder of deeds, treasurer of the Province, and held other responsible positions. He married a daughter of President John Cutt, and inherited in his wife's right a large estate. He died December 2, 1726, aged 62.

Hon. Theodore Atkinson, senior, who died September 22, 1779, aged

82, was for many years the secretary of the Province, and held other offices of reputation, such as president of council, and chief justice of the superior court of judicature. He was the son of Hon. Theodore Atkinson, of Newcastle, and the father of Hon. Theodore Atkinson, junior, and preceded and succeeded him in the office of secretary of the Province. He had also been collector of customs, naval officer of the port, and sheriff of the Province; but Jonathan Belcher, of Boston, when appointed in 1730, governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, removed Mr. Atkinson from the office of collector, and appointed Richard Wibird in his stead. He also displaced him as naval officer, and Capt. Ellis Huske succeeded to the office. Mr. Atkinson was however continued as sheriff; but Eleazer Russell, the father of Eleazer heretofore and hereafter named, was associated with him as joint occupant of the office. Mr. Atkinson married the daughter of Lieut.-Gov. John Wentworth, against whom Gov. Belcher was greatly prejudiced because he had written complimentary letters both to himself and Mr. Shute, his competitor, when the appointment of governor was pending. Hence the removal of Wentworth's son-in-law from the offices named.

Lieut.-Gov. John Temple, who resided in Boston, was commissioned June 15, 1761, and subscribed the oath of office January 19, 1762, as surveyor general of His Majesty's customs in the northern part of America. He appointed Theodore Atkinson, jr., deputy collector of the customs at Piscataqua. James Nevin, a native of Scotland, a post captain in the British navy, and also one of His Majesty's council, was collector of the customs for the port of Portsmouth. He died February 6, 1769, aged 60, and was succeeded by John Hughes of Philadelphia, who removed to Portsmouth, but subsequently returned to Philadelphia when Robert Hallowell succeeded him, remaining in

Portsmouth about one year, until 1772, when he was transferred to Boston.

George Meserve, a native of Portsmouth, son of Col. Nathaniel Meserve, who rendered highly meritorious services at the first and second siege of Louisburg, as well as at Crown Point and Fort Edward, and died at Louisburg in 1758, was the agent for the distribution of stamps in New Hampshire. He was in England in 1765, when the Stamp Act passed. His commission reached Portsmouth in 1766; but the act was particularly obnoxious to the people of the Province, and the Sons of Liberty at Portsmouth were so active and positive in their opposition, that Mr. Meserve declined to qualify, not deeming it prudent to accept the trust. To compensate him for the disappointment and loss of the office, he was appointed comptroller of customs for the port of Boston; but with the consent of the crown, Mr. Hallowell, the collector at Portsmouth exchanged offices with him, and he returned to Portsmouth, where he was collector of the port in 1772.

Robert Trail, who married Mary Whipple, the sister of Joseph, the collector of customs, and William Whipple, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was at one time the comptroller of the port at Portsmouth—an office not continued under the present organization of the government.

Eleazer Russell's connection with the customs department is mentioned in the introductory remarks relating to the postal service. He was naval officer, and virtually for a time the collector of the port. He was an unmarried man, very precise and careful. It is related of him that "when a vessel arrived and the papers were carried to the custom house, Mr. Russell would receive them with the tongs and submit them to a smoking before he examined them," being "always in great fear of small-pox or foreign epidemics." He was connected with the customs September 9, 1776, for he wrote on that day a letter of considerable length

to Hon. Meshech Weare, President of the Committee of Safety in relation to maritime fees, charged and collected. May 23, 1783, he was instructed by President Weare to allow British vessels to enter the port, as the reasons for excluding them had ceased.

Col. Pierse Long was appointed by Washington collector in 1789, but died suddenly April 3, 1789, before entering upon the duties of the office. Col. Long was a successful merchant, an influential member of the Provincial congress, and was particularly distinguished for his military and civic services.

Names of Collectors.	Date of Appointment.
Joseph Whipple,	August 3, 1789.
Thomas Martin,	July 6, 1798.
Joseph Whipple,	April 3, 1801.
Timothy Upham,	May 15, 1816.
John P. Decatur,	April 17, 1829.
William Pickering,	May 1, 1830.
Daniel P. Drown,	April 1, 1834.
John N. Sherburne,	July 15, 1841.
George Dennett,	August 17, 1843.
Lory Odell,	July 1, 1844.
Augustus Jenkins,	April 9, 1845.
Lory Odell,	June 28, 1849.
Zenas Clement,	April 27, 1853.
Augustus Jenkins,	June 24, 1858.
Joseph B. Upham,	May 8, 1861.
John H. Bailey,	July 12, 1869.
Alfred F. Howard,	Jan. 1, 1874.

Naval Officers.	Date of Appointment.
Eleazer Russell,	August 3, 1789.
Nathaniel Folsom,	May 5, 1802.
John F. Parrott,	Aug. 14, 1816.
Elijah Hall,	Feb. 11, 1822.
William Claggett,	October 14, 1830.
George Dennett,	Nov. 18, 1838.
John McClintock,	July 9, 1841.
Daniel Vaughan,	March 22, 1845.
John McClintock,	May 24, 1849.
Sampson B. Lord,	Feb. 12, 1856.
Jonathan Dearborn,	April 17, 1861.
John Knowlton,	July 25, 1866.

The office was abolished December 31, 1866, by act of Congress of July 18, 1866.

<i>Surveyors of the Port.</i>	<i>Date of Appointment.</i>		
Thomas Martin,	August 3, 1789.	Nehemiah Moses,	April 1, 1853.
Samuel Adams,	July 7, 1793.	Henry F. Wendell,	Sept. 1, 1857.
*George Wentworth,	Aug. 31, 1802.	Thomas L. Tullock,	April 15, 1861.
James Ladd,	Feb. 12, 1822.	End of service July 19, 1865, when the office was abolished; since which time the duties of navy agents at the several naval stations, have been dis- charged by the regular Paymasters of the United States Navy.	
Samuel Hall,	Jan. 29, 1830.		
William D. Little,	Jan. 9, 1842.		
Joseph L. Locke,	July 27, 1844.		
Winthrop Pickering,	March 14, 1845.		
John N. Frost,	March 16, 1849.		
Kittredge Sheldon,	March 18, 1853.		
Josiah G. Hadley,	March 31, 1857.	<i>Naval Storekeepers.</i>	<i>Date of Appointment.</i>
William Bodge,	March 13, 1863.	Tunis Craven,	March 15, 1813.
John Knowlton,	March 18, 1867.	John P. Decatur,	Oct. 21, 1823.
William R. Martin,	April 8, 1869.	Richard H. Ayer,	May 1, 1829.
Joseph D. Pillow,	March 26, 1873.	Enoch B. Barnes,	May 1, 1837.
Office abolished March 16, 1874.		Charles W. Cutter,	April 19, 1841.
		Daniel Pierce,	May 1, 1845.
		John Rice,	October 1, 1849.
		John R. Reding,	May 7, 1853.
		Virgil D. Paris,	June 1, 1853.
		Mark F. Wentworth,	May 15, 1861.
		John Wentworth,	May 3, 1864.
		Mark F. Wentworth,	Nov. 17, 1864.
		Andrew J. Stimson,	April 11, 1866.

<i>Navy Agents.</i>	<i>Date of Appointment.</i>
† Jacob Sheafe.	
Woodbury Langdon,	May 1, 1801.
† Henry S. Langdon,	Jan. 23, 1805.
Enoch G. Parrott,	April 21, 1821.
John N. Sherburne,	June 25, 1828.
John Lighton,	April 27, 1830.
Timothy Upham,	April 29, 1841.
Samuel Cushman,	April 1, 1845.
Charles W. Cutter,	Oct. 1, 1849.
Charles H. Ladd,	Sept. 15, 1851.

* Geo. Wentworth appointed vice Adams deceased.

† Under appointment from the War Department, when the act of April 30, 1793, creating the Navy Department passed and was retained in office. End of service May 1, 1801.

† Henry S. Langdon vice Woodbury Langdon, deceased. Died January 13, 1855.

End of service April 6, 1867, when the office was abolished, the duties being since performed by regular officers in the navy in charge of the different departments at the yard; the stores being placed in the custody of the respective division to which they belong, instead of having one general depository.

AIR CASTLES.

BY CHARLES E. GEORGE.

Unseen ideal powers
Are beautiful, rich flowers
That blossom in the heart
And bear the fruits of Art
In minds that think, and plan,
And strive to reach life's van;
Misfortune and ill luck
Develop hope and pluck.
A purpose, plan, or prayer,
Imagination rare.
A faith that sees God near,—

Are worth a hemisphere.
Ideal thoughts give birth
To deeds of highest worth.
The boy's ideal theme
Becomes the man's pet scheme.
And thought, and wish, and will,
Ascend the steepest hill.
But those who never rear
On skyey arch or pier
A castle, bridge, or hall,
Will never build at all.

Woodville, N. H., Dec. 20, '82.

THE STORY OF A DESERTED FARM-HOUSE.

BY WILLIAM O. CLOUGH.

We were in the full enjoyment of a fortnight in boating, fishing, and "roughing it" among the islands and along the shores of a picturesque New England lake. Nothing disturbed or in any way inconvenienced us. We had an abundant supply of food, blankets, and miscellaneous reading matter; and, being in no hurry about our movements, it was all the same where night overtook us. In fact, having freed ourselves from the cares, perplexities and anxieties of our every day life, its vocations and social surroundings, we were careless in our wanderings and indifferent to all else but the pleasure we experienced in drifting idly about.

Toward the close of the third day of our voyaging, our boat glided gracefully into the shadow of a mountainous woodland, and drifted slowly under the overhanging branches of birches and maples. The scene was that of nature robed in her richest tints, impressive in grandeur and inspiring in contemplation. The sun looked down upon us from a clear sky; scarcely a ripple disturbed the surface of the water; our sail hung loose by the mast, and we were made to feel the force of the oft repeated quotation from the old dramatist, "Man made the town, but God made the country."

Drifting! The gently ebbing current chanted a sweet lullaby upon the pebbles on the shore, and the notes of the lark and robin seemed a musical symphony that floated past us on the balmy air and broke on the shore beyond. All about us was grandly harmonious; all above and beyond, wondrous beauty. It was such a place and such a picture of repose as the dreamer most fervidly desires, for it invites reverie and leads from contemplation of selfish things to sweet communion with things fanciful yet real.

Drifting! For nearly an hour our boat floated with the current, past rocky prominences, and in a continuous panorama of beauty which is a joy forever. On and on in the aroma of ferns and wild flowers, and constantly changing sea and landscape. On till midnight obscured the brilliant horizon, darkening and adding awe to the forest. On till an evening breeze quickened the expanse of water and filled our sail; till night deepened our surroundings, absorbed the day, and gave more of prominence to the notes of the wood-land songster and the odor of fir and balsam.

Drifting! The moon arose above the forest and revealed a new beauty of lake and landscape; blending the reach of our vision in harmony sweeter than a sonnet, and adding beauty far excelling the most inspired conception of the artist and imaginings of the devotee of art.

Drifting! Anon we came to a clearing in the wood-land, a peninsula in miniature, a lovely spot, a romantic place in all its surroundings. In its center, guarded by a group of giant elms, nestled a deserted farm-house—the oasis we had hoped to discover, and the place which was to afford us an abiding-place for the night. Accordingly we lowered and made fast our sail, piloted our boat upon the sandy shore and transferred our creature comforts and necessities to this once, doubtless, hospitable dwelling. John, my only companion, who took the lead in all matters appertaining to the larder, prospected the place, and meanwhile I dressed some fish and attended to other camp matters which, by common consent, were a part of my duties. Said John, returning to the boat after a few minutes' absence, "the beauty and convenience of this place are nearer my idea of a romantic habitation in which to spend the night,

than any uninhabited habitation I have ever struck."

"How so!" I inquired.

"Why it has all the appurtenances of a well regulated Fifth Avenue. There is an old fashioned fire-place with cranes and hooks in it, and there are grand sleeping apartments in which there is an abundance of clean straw. I tell you what, William, there is a good natural man about here somewhere." Having obtained the fish which I had prepared for the fry-pan, he made haste to retrace his steps.

While the frugal meal was being cooked, I intuitively wandered about the premises with an idea of obtaining a clue to the latitude and longitude of the place and a knowledge of our neighbors. I learned nothing of either, and naturally enough, for strange fancies, not to say presentiments, will come to the mind when softened by solitude, I began to wonder concerning the former occupants of this deserted dwelling house, and to conjure strange fancies about their history.

"Who shall tell me," this was the interrogatory of my mind, "of the man and woman who builded a home here?"

Here was food for thought; here was a wide field for romantic gleaning. They doubtless came to this sequestered spot when young in years and hopeful of future prosperity and happiness. They probably had joys, sorrows, blessings, misfortunes, and a hard struggle with the world, like all men and women before and since their time. Children may have been born to them, and these paths, now almost obscure with bushes and weeds, have echoed the merry tread of their feet, and these woods the songs of their happy voices. The remorseless angel of death, too, may have discovered this Arcadia, and from yonder portals the last of a once happy home circle may have been borne to the grave by kind neighbors and friends. Who shall tell me?

The picture that came to my mind was sad in its grouping, and I was about to give myself over to the most

melancholy meditations, when I was aroused by John and notified that he was ready to serve refreshments. The inner man was quickly satisfied, and then, after a general clearing up and making ready for the night, in which it was my duty to assist, we strolled upon the beach, smoked our Havanas and chatted about the friends at home. A few minutes passed pleasantly, and we were about to turn in for the night, when there was a sudden and startling rustle in the path behind me, and a pleasant voice said:—

"Hullo strangers!"

"Hullo yourself!" I replied in trembling voice, for I freely admit I was a good deal frightened.

The new comer was a man of seventy, or thereabouts, tall, muscular, and slow of speech and motion. Every thing about him assured us that he was a good man, and inspired our confidence. In fact a glance gave us as true an insight into his character as forty years of acquaintance. He was—for I am sure I can sketch his character and characteristics,—a man who had no romance in his composition. With him "life was real, life was earnest." He was sternly religious; he was a tiller of the soil; he was well-to-do; he was social after a matter-of-fact fashion; he was obliging; he believed it a sacred duty to provide shelter and food for a stranger; he was a man of probity, of more than ordinary education, and his face was set against all rascality, exorbitant demands and uncharitableness. He was, by the way, clothed in home-spun, coatless, bare-armed, and upon his head was a straw hat that had seen city service, by which we inferred that he had relatives in the "down country."

"Do you belong around here!" he inquired.

I replied that we did not, and suggested that I presumed he did.

"The house on the hill, just beyond the wood-lot, is mine," he remarked. "You see I discovered the smoke rising from the chimney of the old house, and so as soon as I got my chores

done I thought I would drop around and learn who had come. Is there anything you want, gentlemen, to make yourselves comfortable?"

"Not to-night, thank you," replied John. "We shall, however, be glad of some produce in the morning."

"It is all right, strangers. You can have any thing in reason that I have for the asking."

The good man said "good night" and turned to leave us, when I propounded a question that caused him to pause.

"Who owns this place?" was the question.

"Who? It belongs to my wife."

"May we be allowed to occupy it for the night?" asked John.

"Certainly, gentlemen, certainly. But you can have a good bed and other comforts at the house if you will accept them."

We declined with thanks, offering as an excuse that we were camping out and preferred "roughing it."

"This house and farm appears to be deserted," I said with a determination to draw him out in conversation on the subject which had been forced upon my mind a short time before.

"Yes," he replied, "but that is a long story and would not in the least degree interest you."

It required but little urging to convince our visitor—perhaps it would be more polite under the circumstances to say our host or our landlord—that the story of the place would be of absorbing interest to us.

"Do you think so?"

I replied that I was in earnest, and John added an appeal which carried assurance of our good faith, and caused him to decide that he would gratify our curiosity, although he stated that "it was a story of sorrow and ought not to be repeated except in a proper spirit."

Declining a proffered cigar, and apologizing because of a preference for chewing, he seated himself upon the limb of a fallen tree that overhung the beach, and the following is "the

story of the deserted farm-house," which the farmer told with his gaze evidently fixed far out in the silvery trail of the moon, in measured sentences, and with a depth of pathos which made a lasting impression upon the minds of his hearers:—

"Stephen Waldron—some called him Steve and others old Steve—was about the first settler in these parts. Where he came from I never knew, and who his relations were, if he had any, I never heard him say. My opinion is that he was of Scotch descent, although I sometimes inclined to think—mostly because of reticence—that there was Irish in his blood, and that he was brought up in the Catholic church. This is all speculation however. Well, the land, as I discovered after his death, was squatted on. He had no title to it. In those days there were no roads to the back country, and consequently lumber, provision and other farm necessities had to be boated. That is how, you see, he came to build in this out-of-the-way place. I've no dates to go by, but I reckon it was at about the close of the war of the Revolution, for the old man was in that war, and had a pension from the government from the time I first knew him till he died."

"Well, 'old Steve' was no common kind of a man. He was no body's fool, and no body tried to fool him. He had as many good qualities as people in general, and he had some of the failings of his day and generation. He had, gentlemen, I am sorry to say, a fondness for intoxicating liquor, and was pretty likely to get tipsy when he went to the county seat on the glorious fourth and on state occasions. But he never abused any body, and Polly, his wife, never found any fault about it or flung it in his face. No she always said, Stephen was one man in a thousand; was good, and willing to carry his end of the load, and was a darned sight better than some men who made a greater show of respectability. He was a soldier under

Washington, and therefore would remark on such occasions that he had a clean right to liberty so long as he did not break any law. But Polly never lectured him on his short comings. In fact I once heard her tell my mother that she had n't any calling to preach repentance to him. More than all I acknowledge that it would 'nt have done any good if she had."

"Old Steve"—and I guess I have not told you that he has been dead nearly forty years—was a good-natured sort of a man who calculated to do about right by every body, failing in which it was a mishap of the head and not of the heart. He worked hard to get ahead in the world, and—the country being settled around here by eighteen hundred—to give his two sons and his daughter a proper education. He had good furniture and house fixtures for them days. He had good sheds and a first rate barn—which I removed several years ago—and he had, by hard knocks and diligence, by working early and late and in all kinds of weather, cleared up more than twenty acres of land. Why in his day this peninsula was as pretty as any picture of paradise you ever saw. More than all he had a fine lot of live stock, and a horse and horse-boat. In fact he had a plenty of every thing that a man needs to make himself and his family comfortable and happy. In the winter he hauled wood on the ice and sold it in the village, going in the morning in time to take his children to school, and again in the afternoon in time to bring them home. In the spring and summer he hurried up his farming, and at odd times boated provisions and brick. Now you would naturally suppose, strangers, that a man of this energy would have the respect of the community, would n't you?"

We agreed that we should.

"Well he did not. Somehow—and I cannot for the life of me make it out—every body was sort of suspicious of him. You see he was no society man; he would n't give a penny toward building a meeting-house—although

Polly and the children contributed liberally—he would n't do his part toward supporting the preaching of the gospel, and he was 'nt a church-going Christian, whatever he was, which made more difference in the opinions of people in those days than it does in this year of grace. And beside all the rest he was not a well dressed man, and his education had been neglected, all of which was against him with conscientious folks. Yes, he had his faults. He was a little slack about somethings, he would 'nt refuse a glass of grog on training days, and he would do chores on Sunday, which most every body thought a great sin. You see he was only old Steve Waldron, and no body cared much about him, as it appeared on the surface. But for all that, if I do say it, he had a heart in him as big as that of an ox, and as tender as that of a nursing baby. It was n't in him to do a man a wrong or an injury. Add to this that he was some more than seventy years old at the time when the circumstances which I am about to relate occurred; that he was a man who had never known affliction, and therefore was not equal to an emergency of awful trouble, and you have a pretty good likeness of the man. Now I will tell you what happened to him."

"It was in the spring that I was one-and-twenty, which must have been in '30. One morning there came to Old Steve's house a village schoolmaster by the name of Thomas Mudgett. Old Steve knew him well. It was Saturday. There was no school that day and so he was out for some fishing sport on the ice. For reasons best known to himself he gave his watch and wallet,—containing several hundred dollars—to Polly for safe-keeping. Then, as it turned out, his lines were not long enough for deep water fishing, and so he borrowed from old Steve and left his behind him. He then made arrangements for supper and lodgings, and went out upon the bay. I remember seeing him there late in the afternoon."

"Night came on and he did not return, and although the old man and his wife worried about him that night and all day Sunday, they were just stupid enough to keep the affair to themselves. Monday morning came and Mudgett did n't get round to his school, and as a natural result his friends were alarmed and parties were sent out from the village to search for him. Early in the day I discovered what was going on, and in the most innocent manner possible told what I had seen. Then the situation was talked over by the authorities, and finally a demand was made on old Steve and he was frank in telling all he knew. The result of it all was they found the missing man's money, his watch and fishing rigging in the possession of the old folks, and, what was a good deal more, they discovered blood on the old man's frock. They did n't, however, find Mudgett's body or get any satisfaction as to his mysterious disappearance. It looked pretty suspicious for old Steve, and although he told a straight story nobody believed a word of what he said. He stoutly maintained that the valuables were left for safe-keeping, told what about the lines, and accounted for the blood on his garments by claiming that he killed a chicken so as to have proper food for Mudgett. He showed some of the cooked fowl and also the feathers; but every body shook their head and said that was a cunning dodge which he had resorted to on Sunday just to cover his tracks. He could n't get out of it that easy."

"No, gentlemen, they just stuck to it that it was as plain as the alphabet that old Steve had put the schoolmaster out of the way for his money, and no amount of explaining or reasoning could convince the most of the people to the contrary. They just gathered around in knots and talked the matter over, and the more they talked the more satisfied they became that something had happened that ought not to have happened. He showed guilt, they said, he was a guilty man and should

be hanged for it. In fact they would have liked the job to hang the old man then and there without judge, jury or the benefit of the clergy."

"It caused the neighbors to feel pretty bad I can assure you. They had known old Steve for nearly fifty years, they had n't particularly respected him,—though they could n't tell why—but when it came right down to speaking out like honest men, they could n't point their finger to one mean act he had ever done, nor call to mind a cruel or unprincipled transaction in which he had been engaged. And beside he had fought for the independence of the country, and had claims on every body who had a spark of patriotism in their souls. No, strangers, he had been fair and above-board with the community; he had been accommodating as a neighbor and to strangers; he had been kind, attentive and generous in cases of sickness; he had been liberal in every thing but for the meeting-house and the gospel, and he had n't opposed them nor his folks from doing just as they liked about it. In short they could n't bring nothing against him except that he was old Steve Waldron, and celebrated the Fourth, and on other great occasions, by taking a drop too much, which was n't an uncommon thing fifty years ago among those who imagined themselves a good deal better than the old man. But the more they thought about it the more convinced they became that there was an awful mistake somewhere. The village people, though, would not allow that a mistake was possible or an explanation valid, and so they had him arrested for murder."

"Now if I live to be a hundred years old—and it is pretty certain that I shall not, for nature is occasionally reminding me that the time is getting short—I shall never forget the day when they carried old Steve off. It was raining great guns and was cold and raw; the ice was breaking up in the lake, and every body and every thing had on a gloomy look like a funeral.

The old man was completely broken up. He trembled like a leaf in the wind, was as pale as a corpse, and all the time declaring his innocence before God and man. More than one of the neighbors shed bitter tears, and all were unmistakably indignant."

"But the parting came with Polly, and then stout hearts broke down. Said old Steve! 'I aint afeared ter die, and now that disgrace has come I aint got no wish to live. These folks do n't know Stephen Waldron. They aint got no idea that a man of my pride an record would come ter do a dirty thing. I did n't fight at Trenton and Monmouth, at Brandywine and Yorktown, an in mor'n a dozen other battles wi' Washington and Lafayette, an live all the rest of my life in pride because of it, ter murder a schoolmaster for a few hundred dollars. But its all right. Do as you please wi' me!' And then he broke down in tears and sobs, and Polly, who had been trying to cheer him up by telling him it would come out all right in the end, and to be brave, fainted away and was carried into the house in a helpless condition. Only one of his children—and she is my wife now—was about here then, and bless me if I did n't think she would go mad. It was terrible trouble and no mistake. The officers finally drove off, and then the sorrow was a great deal worse than before. But somehow we lived through it all."

"At the shire town the old man had some sort of a hearing. The village men who claimed the honor of catching the murderer, gave in their evidence against him, and the constable that arrested the wicked old wretch swelled around like a big man. He was making himself out a hero. Well, we feed the oldest and most learned lawyer in the county, and gave him a first-rate character, but it did n't help his case any. Being a decent man, an old soldier and a good neighbor and citizen, was n't of the slightest consequence. No; the blood of the missing man was on his garments and the money and watch in his possession,

and consequently it was a hopeless task to make any one believe in his innocence. The squire remarked that the case looked pretty dark against him, and ordered his commitment to await the pleasure of the high court. Then we all came home and sorrowfully settled down to our spring work."

"Those were very blue days for the people around here, I can assure you. Somehow we could n't keep old Steve out of mind nor forget what had happened. We were nervous and excitable, we were down-hearted and miserable. But we were all the time hoping for the best. We made ourselves believe old Steve was a victim of circumstances, and we resolved to stand by him like men. So we held a meeting at the school-house and raised money to defend him. It was n't no easy matter in those days to raise money for any purpose, but we got it all the same, and I may as well add that we looked pretty black and was mighty uncivil to the crowd of village and back country folks who continued to come around to see where the schoolmaster was murdered and to ask questions. They could n't get their horses bated for love nor money, and what had never happened before and has never happened since in this community, they could n't get a mouthful of victuals to keep them from starving. You see we were honest in our indignation."

"But I must tell you about poor Polly. The women folks did their best to cheer and comfort her, but it did n't seem to do any good. Nothing that any body could say mended her grief or consoled her. She took sick; took to her bed and moaned and cried day and night. In fact she had no desire to live, not even on account of her two sons who had gone West. I tell you what it is, friends, you have n't got any idea of how such trouble takes hold of old people who have journeyed together in sunshine and adversity, but always in peace, contentment and happiness for nearly half a century. You may as well kill such people out-

right as to separate them under such cruel circumstances."

"The excitement continued unabated, and on the following Sunday—it was a custom they had in those days, and which holds good now-a-days in some places—Parson Wiggin, bless the dear old saint's memory, took for his text 'The way of the transgressor is hard,' and spoke his mind pretty freely as bearing on the case of old Steve. He did n't precisely say he believed him guilty of the awful crime charged—though he might just as well have done so as to say what he did—and he did n't lay no stress upon the possibility of his innocence. In truth he gracefully passed over what every body was most anxious to have him say, and came directly to conclusions, namely that old Steve was getting punished because of his heedlessness and lack of interest in the meeting-house and its mission. The most of the congregation said 'Amen!' without asking themselves whether or no they believed it. You must remember, and I mean no disrespect, that fifty years ago the people looked at such things in about that light and was bound to believe it, particularly if the minister said so, without asking any questions. He was the law and gospel and he who doubted was lost. There are a good many good people who do n't believe that doctrine any more. But it is getting pretty late for me to be out; the woman will be getting uneasy, and therefore I must hurry to the end of my story."

"During the week that followed, the ice went out of the lake and the storm ceased. Then the village folks came round in boats and overland, began a systematic search along the shore and in the woods in hope of finding the body of the missing man. They were not particularly civil to the farming community, and they did n't like it because we did n't turn out and help them. But you see we did n't believe the schoolmaster was dead, and moreover we more than half suspected that if the truth was known he had just run away from trouble and left

things so that it would go down to posterity that he was murdered. But none of us was right about it as it turned out, for while they were most active and persistent in the search, a boat came over from the island yonder, and behold the first man to land was the missing man. The people could n't have been more surprised if it had been the general resurrection and the sea was giving up the dead. Some of them turned pale as ghosts, and were frightened half out of their wits; some shouted and every body gathered around Mudgett and began asking all sorts of questions, and telling in the most excited manner what had happened."

"The schoolmaster, too, was a good deal perplexed and excited, and it was sometime before he could get his voice to tell what had happened to him. It appeared that he lingered on the ice on that Saturday afternoon till after dark, and when he got ready to go ashore he was turned around somehow so that he could n't make out east from west. Then, in his bewilderment, he spied a light which he imagined old Steve had hung out for him on the shore. He traveled toward it. He reached it. It proved to be at the farm house on the island,—just about a mile from here, over there where you see that light now—and as he was cold, tired and hungry, he accepted an invitation to stay all night. The next morning the ice was n't safe to travel on, and then the storm came on and he was made an unwilling prisoner. That is all there was to his mysterious disappearance."

"But how about the old man? I will tell you. Special messengers were sent to the shire town to obtain his freedom and bring him home. He came, and oh friends, it was a touching scene when he met his neighbors who had been true to him, and heart rending when he reached his home and discovered the sickness and despair of Polly. I would n't dare to make an effort to tell you about it, for there are sorrowful scenes which belong only to the family, and which the

curious should never know about. He was, however, a broken down and disheartened man. Nothing cheered him, no kind words or assurance of friendship rallied him to his old self. The trouble could not be forgotten; the disgrace could not be blotted out! Argument had no effect. 'An soldier 'cused crime!' he would exclaim. 'A veteran who know'd Washington, an fought with Lafayette an Scammel, sent ter jail like a dog!' His grief was pitiable. 'I've allers tried ter do as I would be done by, an it has turned out onexpectedly bad. I do n't owe the country nor no man any thing, an I aint got no more business ter transact in this world,' he said. 'I've allers done as near my idee of the right thing as I could, an they can't be much harder on me where I'm goin' than they have been here.' When asked if he wanted to see Parson Wiggin, he replied, 'No, he kin jest keep his proper distance an talk 'bout me but not to me, as he 's allers done.' It was a terrible cut, gentlemen, at the good parson, and he never got over it. It haunted him to his last moments, for he was a good man and somehow realized that he had n't done his duty by old Steve."

"It was plain all the time that the old man was going. He continued to moan and cry, and talk about his trouble from morning till night. Polly took just the same gloomy view. They did n't eat nor sleep. Nature could n't stand that sort of treatment

a great while in old folks like them' and so they failed and failed till one morning early in June both of them died. It was just as they wished it."

"The good Parson Wiggin preached a funeral sermon, in which he blamed himself, the most of which has been handed down to this generation, and can be repeated almost word for word by some of the old folks in this neighborhood. It was a tearful occasion. We buried them both in one grave. I tell you what, the village people felt pretty bad, and when it came to grave-stones, nothing but a monument would do. It is a handsome affair. If you have time in the morning I will take you to see it."

"That is the story, stranger, of the deserted farm-house, and I may as well add that out of respect to their memory, my wife insists that the old house shall stand during her lifetime. Moreover it is because of her wishes that I keep its latch-string out for decent people who come around here fishing and improving their health. You will find it all right and you are free to occupy it. Use it well. That is all I have to say. Good night."

Our host disappeared as suddenly as he came, and by the same path, and John and I, being in deep thought, silently retraced our steps to the deserted farm-house and turned in for the night. Several hours, however, we spent in conversation about the story the farmer told.

NORTHWOOD—AN HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

BY ARTHUR E. COTTON.

In royal Rockingham, in southeastern New Hampshire, lies the territory incorporated under the name of Northwood, a day's journey from the fair old town of Portsmouth. Settlement was begun on Northwood soil by emigrants from North Hampton,

this state. Their names were John and Increase Batchelder, and Moses Godfrey. This was in the year 1763. Then Northwood was a dependency of Nottingham. After them the Johnsons, the Hoyts, and the Knowltons came. These men felled the forests and sub-

duced the rocky soil; and these laid the foundation of the future township.

In the year 1773, ten years later than the first settlement, it was erected into an independent borough, electing Samuel Johnson, Joseph Demeritt and Benjamin Hill as selectmen. Jonathan Jenness was the first justice of the peace. The first postmaster was John Furbur.

Religiously, the early pioneers were Baptists. In the year 1772, a church was built, the third of that denomination in the state. This edifice was re-built in 1816. A bell was added in 1878. The present year has witnessed the completion, free from debt, of a commodious parsonage. Hence are signs of progress. The society has had twelve pastors,—Edmund Pillsbury having been the first.

The Congregationalists erected a meeting-house here in 1780. This was re-built in 1840. Call was extended to Rev. Josiah Prentice, of Alstead, this state, who sustained the charge forty-three years—one of the longest pastorates in the state. This society has had six pastors.

The rise of the Free Baptist church in Northwood was due to the evangelical labors of Rev. D. P. Cilley, though David Marks had preached here a few times before him. Cilley labored here in 1833. Then the society was organized, which held its meetings at the mountain school-house. Not until six years later, or in 1838, was their house of worship completed. The society has settled seventeen pastors. Its membership numbers one hundred and seventy-five,—the largest in town.

In the winter of 1810 occurred a great revival in town. Elder Merrill was the leading spirit. One hundred souls were baptized. The historian Cogswell says: "There was a most singular preparatory step to conversion among many of the proselytes; it was chiefly confined to the young of both sexes, but more especially to females. They were seized with what was termed 'spells,' which very much resembled fits of a nervous character, that came

upon them, it was thought, at the time of conviction, and generally continued to visit them, at intervals, until conversion was realized. They seemed in much agony during their continuance, striving and shrieking in a frightful manner until exhausted."

Those were in the days when ministers got drunk, deacons swore, and the bottle was passed at the funeral. Merrill was such a man. Prentice was an exception. He never smiled—figuratively, no; nor even literally. Wearing a February face, he was the natural product of the belief he held—that nine tenths of the human family are foreordained to stew and fry in hell endlessly. Such men are dead. Their monstrous beliefs, with which they terrified contemporary populations, died with them.

The yeomanry of Northwood have ever evinced a patriotic and martial spirit. Their blood was spilt at Bunker Hill, at Lake Champlain, and at Bull Run. The town furnished twenty-four men in the Revolution, fourteen in the war of 1812, one hundred and six, to suppress the Rebellion.

In the municipal history there have been some long public services. Dr. William Smith served twenty-four years as town clerk; and twelve years did Jonathan Clark, whom, in 1794, Northwood returned as its first member to the General Court, then sitting at Amherst. Twelve years Thomas Demeritt served as selectman; David Clark, eight. The town returned Democratic majorities annually up to 1855, when the Republicans arose to power. Not till 1871 did the Democrats recover the polls. They lost it again in 1876, but were victorious at the last election by one vote. Money carries the elections in this place. It has for years. Seventy-five voters can be bought.

The first school-house erected was at the east part of the town. Now there are eight. The sum of thirteen hundred dollars is appropriated for their support. Pioneer teachers were Thomas Demeritt, Chase Hill, and Hosea Knowlton,—men who were employed

for their muscularity rather than their profound knowledge of books.

Northwood is a town of shoemakers. Five hundred, or more than one-third of the inhabitants, win their bread by this industry. It was introduced here in the third decade of the present century. Nearly every farmer works on shoes during the winter season. Hence farming has become secondary. Half of the shoemakers obtain their work in Lynn and Haverhill. For these two cities 400,000 pairs of shoes are made annually, earning the workmen \$75,000. The remainder work for Pillsbury Brothers. This company built shops at East Northwood in 1865. They have made enlargements since. Their present dimensions are 180 x 40, three stories, with basement. They manufacture 200,000 pairs of shoes annually, disbursing to their laborers \$60,000. Two hundred operatives are employed. The growth of East Northwood has been constant since the construction of this factory there.

A small tribe of Indians anciently lived on the shores of North Pond. Their chief was Swansen. They were generally peaceable. In 1774, three

persons were killed in a conflict with them. Their names were Robert Beard, John Folsom, and Elizabeth Simpson.

The first New Hampshire turnpike, leading from Concord to Portsmouth, was built through this town. Travel over it was large. It made business for country taverns, which were kept by John Furber, Esq., Hon. John Harvey, and Deacon Jonathan Piper. At the latter's place Daniel Webster used to stop in his journeys between the seaport and the capital. Here President Monroe stopped in 1817. LaFayette breakfasted here in 1825.

The population of Northwood, at the general enrollments, has been—1775, 313; 1790, 744; 1800, 950; 1810, 1,095; 1820, 1,260; 1830, 1,342; 1840, 1,182; 1850, 1,308; 1860, 1,502; 1870, 1,430; 1880, 1,345.

In 1840, 5,536 bushels of corn were raised; in 1870, 7,087; 26,842 bushels of potatoes in 1840, against 16,015 in 1870.

We refer the reader for further information to Prof. Cogswell's bulky volume. It is with pleasure that we acknowledge our indebtedness to it.

REGRET.

BY ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

The long and languid days of buried years,
 Arise in spectral wise and haunt me every where;
 They flaunt their phantasies of smiles and tears
 Across my weary eyes, and my defiance boldly dare:
 What can exorcise ghosts of those fair days
 I lightly tossed away, uncaring what might lie
 Within their pregnant hours? What dolorous ways
 Shall make atonement for the duties I passed by?

Can I so softly shroud my wasted days,
 In garments which my patient steadfastness shall weave,
 That they will no more cast across my ways
 Their restless wraiths? With willing toil can I retrieve
 My youth of ease, wherein I would not know
 The passion of my kind; since I so late have learned
 How hard it is to bear life's weight of woe,
 Will what I yet can do bring peace I shall have earned?

A CHAPTER UPON SOME OF THE PROPHECIES RELATIVE
TO THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION OF OUR STATES.

BY HON. G. W. NESMITH, LL. D.

John Nichols, Esq., was a member of the British Parliament during the greater part of the reign of George III. His father had been physician to George II, who died in 1760. In 1820, near the close of his life, Mr. Nichols wrote an interesting and valuable book, embodying his recollections and reflections upon the public affairs, and the statesmen that distinguished the reign of George III. He devotes one chapter to the United States. After speaking favorably of our form of government, as contributing greatly to human happiness, and to our military and naval power, and to our growth and prosperity, he then makes the positive prediction "that we *must be divided*." He argues that the difference of soil, climate, produce, and occupation, will create that opposition of interest which must lead to separation.

Then he says, "whenever a division of the states takes place, most probably it will not, in the first instance, be a separation of the northern from the southern states, though *this separation will, most probably, at one time or other take place*, but of the western states from the eastern." He predicted "such separation would be attended with bloodshed." Nichols wrote his prophecy before the use of *railroads* which established close relations of intercourse and trade with the West, and for similar reasons may yet have a powerful influence in healing existing divisions between the South and the North.

It will be seen that Mr. Nichols's positive prediction has not yet been verified, though seriously attempted.

We next present an extract from Senator Samuel Bell's letter to the writer,

dated January 17, 1833, showing his prophecy as to the effect of Gen. Jackson's proclamation upon the South Carolina nullification:

"We had, yesterday, a long and able message from the president, on the difficulties with South Carolina. It is said to be from the pen of Gov. Cass, the ablest man in the cabinet, and a native of New Hampshire. The president asks further legislation to enable him to execute the revenue laws in South Carolina. The most important of these is a provision authorizing a change or discontinuance of ports of entry, when necessary to the execution of these laws. Also a power to the United States Courts to take cognizance of appeals from state courts, without the necessity of copies of record, &c.

Our friends in Congress will give every prudent and reasonable aid to the president for enforcing the revenue laws in South Carolina. Many different opinions are entertained here as to the probability that South Carolina will resort to force in defence of her hallucinated notions on the subject of state rights and nullification.

They will *yield or resist* as they may expect to be deserted or upheld by the other southern states. I am inclined to think that the other southern states will not make a common cause with her."

We next present Gen. Jackson's view, or prophecy, as to nullification, &c., in his celebrated letter to his nephew, Rev. Andrew J. Crawford, dated May 1, 1833, Washington City:

"I have had a laborious task here—but nullification is dead; and its actors and excitors will only be remembered by the people to be execrated for their

wicked designs to sever and destroy the only good government on the globe, and that prosperity and happiness we enjoy over every other portion of the world. Haman's *gallows* ought to be the fate of all such ambitious men, who would involve their country in civil wars and all the evils in their train, that they might reign and ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm. Take care of your nullifiers; you have them among you. Let them meet the indignant frown of every man who loves his country. The tariff is *now* well known to be a mere *pretext*, and *disunion* and a *Southern confederacy* the *real object*. The next *pretext* will be the *negro* or *slavery* question."

President Jackson's prediction that nullification was dead, did not prove true. "The snake was *scotched* not *killed*." But his prophecy that *disunion* and a Southern confederacy were the *real* objects then sought for, did prove correct; and that negro slavery was made the new living issue for the express purpose of obtaining the desired object.

We close this chapter by adverting to the interesting prophecy of Daniel Webster, made to me on my last interview with him, on the 15th day of July, A. D., 1852, about three months before his death. Our conversation on that occasion had led us into a review of his life. He alluded to his long public services, and to the various duties, trials, aspirations, and disappointments incident to the official stations he had filled. His health was now precarious, and he remarked he was admonished by recent events to retire to private life, and to surrender to others the responsibilities of his office (he then being Secretary of State under President Fillmore).

He then remarked that he looked at the future of our country with gloomy forebodings. In return, we said to him that we had recently mingled in the society of many of the southern people, and from the tenor of their conversation we trusted his fears for the dissolution of the Union would not soon

be realized, and that good counsels would yet prevail, and that harmony of feeling would gradually be restored to the different sections of the Union, and that his alarm on this subject was too great. "O no!" answered he, with much emphasis, "though I have often earnestly endeavored to rouse your attention to the dangers impending over us, yet you turn a deaf ear to my voice. I know the South are getting ready for *disunion*. I know they are getting ready their new state constitutions; holding their conventions, ostensibly to promote trade, or new commercial relations, but really to establish a new Southern Confederacy, and to destroy our present form of government. In the mean time the North will not yield an inch, but continue their agitation. I have tried, to some extent, to study the causes of this strife, and, so far as possible, to conciliate their clashing interests. I have often held up before the people the dangers of disunion. Still my voice has not been heeded; my motives have been misrepresented; the strife goes on, and is every day becoming more bitter. I have honestly felt alarm, and have endeavored to diffuse or spread abroad this feeling so that the people might seasonably take warning and adopt a policy that might make for peace. Looking forward, I now feel discouraged. My efforts have proved fruitless."

This discussion was had while sitting on the same sofa. Mr. Webster being now much excited, extending his right hand toward me with much energy, exclaimed, "*I shall not live to see an open attempt to break up this Union, but I think you may.*"

This language was uttered under the influence of a deep, serious, melancholy feeling, making upon me at that time a powerful impression. And when, less than ten years afterward, *internal war* had actually come, its whole prophetic meaning was fully realized, and felt to be *sorrowfully fulfilled*.

ENTOMBED GREATNESS.

BY C. E. GEORGE.

It is indeed a singular fact that, with perhaps one solitary exception, our chief executives have found a final resting-place on the soil of the state from which they were elected.

Five of these majestic spirits, life's fitful spirit ended, await the resurrection morn in the land of the queenly mother of presidents, namely:—

George Washington, at his home, Mount Vernon, in Westmoreland county, within sound of the music of the Potomac. A marble coffin, inclosed within a chaste brick vault, incases the mortality of this imperial man and humble Christian.

Thomas Jefferson, in a rural cemetery near his beautiful Monticello, Albemarle county. His monument is an unpretentious granite shaft, soon to be replaced by a handsome memorial, the gift of the government to this her greatest statesman.

James Madison, on his estate at Montpelier, near Orange Court House, a beautiful location, marked by a simple monument of inferior quality and design.

James Monroe, after reposing twenty-seven years in New York soil, has slept a quarter of a century in Virginia's loveliest cemetery, Hollywood, near Richmond. A Gothic temple of unique design, commemorates the spot.

John Tyler sleeps in Hollywood, near Monroe, soothed by the dirge-like chant of the classic James. No monumental column bespeaks the grandeur of his earthly station.

John Adams, and his son, John Quincy, lie side by side within a vault beneath the Unitarian church of Quincy, Mass. Tablets of clouded marble, inscribed with epitaphs and surmounted by busts of the deceased, are on each side of the pulpit.

Tennessee entombs three of the

Nation's executives within her soil.

Andrew Jackson, within his garden at the Hermitage, eleven miles from the State Capital, the tomb eighteen feet in diameter, is environed by fluted columns and surmounted by an urn. Magnolia trees impart beauty and perfume to the sacred spot.

James K. Polk, in the family garden at Nashville. A monument with Doric columns tells where the Methodist hero sleeps his last sleep.

Andrew Johnson has an ornate marble monument a half mile from Greenville.

The Empire State enfolds her two worthy scions—Martin Van Buren and Millard Fillmore. The former sleeps near his beloved Kinderhook. A plain granite shaft, fifteen feet in height, marks his resting-place. The latter lies in Forest Lawn Cemetery at Buffalo. A lofty shaft of Scotch granite surmounts his grave.

Zachary Taylor was interred at Cave Hill Cemetery, at Louisville, but we think his remains were afterward removed to Kentucky's legislative city, and distinguished by a fitting memorial.

Franklin Pierce is entombed at Concord, N. H. A marble monument keeps watch over his remains.

James Buchanan has found rest in Woodward Hill Cemetery, at Lancaster, Pa., in a vault. A single block of pure Italian marble reveals the spot.

Abraham Lincoln's remains are inclosed in a sarcophagus of snowy purity in the Oak Ridge Cemetery of Springfield, Illinois. His monument is of granite, marble and bronze.

James A. Garfield, the nation's hero, who so lately passed to his eternal rest, lies in a tomb in Cleveland, Ohio, and we think William Henry Harrison also found a grave in the same fair state.

HAMILTON FISH AND THE CITIZENS OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

COMMUNICATED BY FRANK W. HACKETT, ESQ., OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

The following correspondence has never before, I think, been made public. It deserves, however, to be put upon record; and may not improperly be printed in this magazine, now that the two venerable citizens, who headed the numerous list of signers, have passed away. I refer to Messrs. Ichabod Goodwin and William H. Y. Hackett.

The address speaks for itself. It may, however, be added, that a prime source of satisfaction to the citizens of Portsmouth was found in the conspicuous ability with which Mr. Fish conducted the negotiations relative to the treaty of Washington, and especially those that so successfully disposed of the vexed question of "The Alabama Claims."

ADDRESS.

To the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, Washington, D. C. :

The undersigned citizens of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, irrespective of party, can not allow you to terminate your connection with the Department of State without signifying to you our high appreciation of the able, dignified and effective manner in which, for so many years, and in the face of so many difficult and embarrassing circumstances, you have performed the duties of that department, in which you have maintained the peace, upheld

the honor, and protected the rights of our country.

To that retirement which you are impatient to reach you will be followed by the respect and gratitude of your country.

March, 1877.

MR. FISH'S REPLY.

WASHINGTON, March 13, 1877.

W. H. Y. Hackett, Portsmouth, N. H.

My dear sir:—I avail myself of the first day of release from official duties to acknowledge your letter, and the very flattering address which it inclosed, signed by several business men of your city, irrespective of party.

I beg to return to you, and through you to them, my most grateful acknowledgement of their expression of approval of my conduct of the public affairs which was entrusted to me in the management, for the last eight years, of the Department of State. In the retirement, on which I am gladly entering, I shall cherish, among the most grateful rewards of a long and laborious public service, the assurance thus given me, that I have not, in the opinion of some good men, striven wholly in vain to render some service to my country.

With great respect, I am

Very Truly Yours,
HAMILTON FISH.

MOUNT LAFAYETTE.

(SUMMER OF 1881.)

FANNIE HUNTINGTON RUNNELS.

The mountains shake the goldlocks from their brow,
Misty from dews of heaven, from earth-damps moist,
And comb them by the shining bars of gold
Escaping thro' successive-slanted boughs,

While breezes fan the tresses from the face
 Of one unrivaled, with the wondrous eyes,—
 Those searching eyes deep in his rocky face.
 Those eyes unmelting yet 'mid storm and sun
 Of centuries, participant in peace,
 The all-beholder of triumphant war.
 The cool recesses 'neath thy clasping trees
 Have sheltered many a red-man, and thy rocks
 Were crumbled by the feet of harmful beast.
 Ere yet the mightier tread of slow-paced Time
 Left imprint, answering our searching eyes.
 Now all the cloistered silence yields in burst
 Of childish voices vocal in the air,
 And infant fingers toy with crumbling towers
 Prone to the earth crushed in a million gems.

* * * * In sweet uncertainty we climb the steeps,
 Our pathway unimpressed by frequent feet,
 Tinging the way with romance of a doubt
 If at the end we reach the mocking height.
 Nor clustering branch, nor rocks environing
 Vouchsafe a shadow of the rare unseen.
 Never did ancient seer for promised land,
 Yearn with such sad, regretful eyes, as we
 Who sigh for such a paradise withheld.
 But soon the favoring breezes grant our grief
 A respite, in the rarer gust that breaks
 The long defile of green, and straightway thro'
 Shimmers the sunlight hem of vista-dells,
 And fragmentary lakes and river-gleams.
 These momentary heavens (as it were)
 Make earth less hard and stubborn in our haste
 To conquer it, and gain the goal aloft
 Which we aspire. The music of a fount
 Falls in delicious coolness o'er the way;
 Our hope renewed in draught miraculous.
 We follow on, each step one nearer heaven.

Clear-picturing, meseems, the way of life
 To time-worn mortals, and the blest reward,
 Surely if aught on earth illustrates heaven.
 Behold it, while from either side—the skies,
 The earth, the weary way we trod, are new,—
 Re-glorified to our unbounded sight—
 Our sight so long regretful—*satisfied!*

SANBORTON, N. H.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER OF AMERICA.

BY L. W. DODGE.

In the GRANITE MONTHLY for November appears an article from the pen of Mary R. P. Hatch, with the above heading.

It is an interesting article upon an interesting subject, but therein crept some errors, which the writer thereof should be thankful to have corrected.

An introductory paragraph closes thus: "Of these (newspapers) seventy-one were published in New Hampshire, and all are the outgrowth of the *New Hampshire Gazette*, published by Daniel Fowle, of Portsmouth, in the year 1756, and which was the *first American newspaper*." Also, in clos-

ing the article, she makes Daniel Fowle the institutor of the "first newspaper upon American soil."

Many are the just claims of the old Granite State for credit in the pioneer enterprises of those days, when the winds from the Atlantic swept over the heads of the white population of the land; but she hardly lays claim to the publishing of the first cis-Atlantic newspaper. The little sheet of Daniel Fowle, the first printed within the limits of the then province of New Hampshire, was really the ninth in date of publication in the American colonies of the king; two of these were suppressed by the authorities after one or two issues.

The first was printed in a little seven-by-nine office in Boston, on the 25th of September, 1690, by one Richard Pierce. It was designed to be published monthly, but its life was suddenly cut short by mandate of the power in rule, and but one copy is known to be in existence, and that in the London state paper office.

The Boston *News Letter* was the second newspaper title in America, but has the credit generally of being the first. It appeared April 24th, 1704, published by John Campbell, and continued its weekly visitations until the eventful days of 1776, when its light went out. A copy from this "1704"

enterprise now lies before us, ancient and musty as the days of Cotton Mather. John Campbell, its publisher, was then postmaster of Boston, and the paper was said to be sold by "Nicholas Boone, at his shop near the old meeting-house."

In 1721, the Franklins established the *New England Courant*, a weekly paper, published in Boston. Its publication was forbidden by the then "powers that be," on account of its freedom of expression upon the public affairs of the day, and upon certain religious controversies then interesting the churches. It was here and at this time that Benjamin Franklin commenced his literary career as an apprentice in the office of the *Courant*, then owned by his brother James.

Benjamin afterward, in 1728, established the second newspaper in Philadelphia, calling it the *Pennsylvania Gazette*.

But it was not a history of the American newspaper that we set out to write, only to correct an evident error in the above published article, and will only add that before the enterprising venture of Daniel Fowle, at Portsmouth, in 1756, there were four newspapers published in Boston, two in New York, two in Philadelphia, and one at Williamsburg, Va.

OBITUARY.

The Hon. David Hanson Buffum died Friday, Dec. 29, 1882, at his residence in Great Falls, aged 62 years. The immediate cause of his death was softening of the brain, although he has been in poor health for some time. Mr. Buffum's wife and three sons survive him. Of the sons, Edgar S. Buffum, is agent of the Great Falls Woolen Company; Harry A. Buffum, is manager of the felt mills at Milton; and David H. Buffum, is a student in Yale College.

Rev. Royal Parkinson died in Washington, D. C., very suddenly, December 21, 1882, aged 67 years. He was born in Columbia, Coös county, in 1815, his parents moving to New Boston soon after. He prepared for college at the school of the late David Crosby of Nashua, and graduated from Dartmouth in the year 1842. During the last years of the late war, he was chaplain in the army, and for the last ten years has held a clerkship in Washington.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

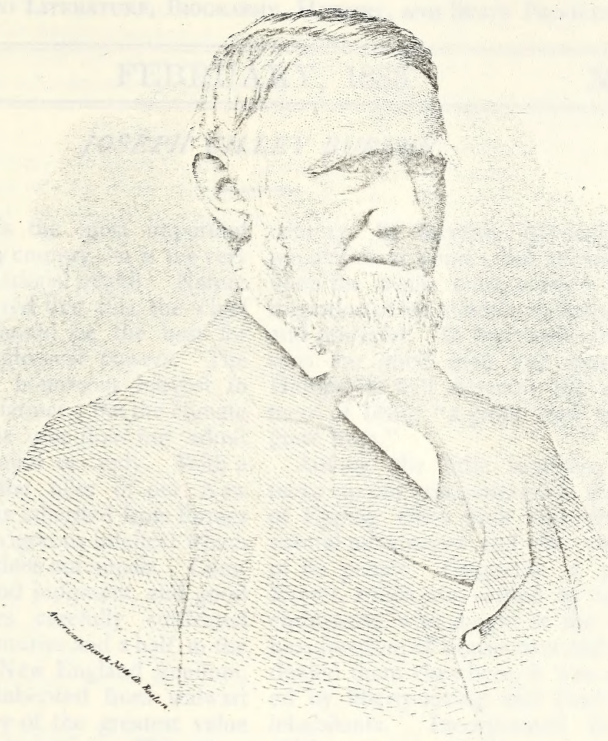
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DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, AND SCIENCE

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NO. 1.



J. C. Burley

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FEBRUARY, 1883.

No. 5.

JOSEPH CILLEY BURLEY.

Agriculture is the most important industry in every country—it is the very foundation of national wealth. Nature has kindly ordered that this, the chief work of man, should be the best for improving his physical powers. The earth affords a bounteous harvest to the industrious farmer; but the climate of the temperate zone does not admit of idleness of mind or body. With a robust frame the tiller of our New England soil has inherited from former generations a vigorous intellect which his occupation does not impair. Common sense, sound judgment, and good morals, qualities carefully cultivated through two centuries and a half in the atmosphere of New England freedom, are the gifts inherited from stalwart yeoman ancestry of the greatest value to the present generation. This combination of mind and body has not only produced from our hillside farms such men as Cass, Pierce, Chase, Woodbury, Webster, but has sent over the whole country an aggressive army of men who are rapidly bringing every state in the union into the New England fold, assimilating the immense throng of foreigners annually seeking a haven on our shores and boundless prairies, and giving its distinctive character to the United States.

New Hampshire, one of the original thirteen, cramped for space between the ocean and the Connecticut, has not maintained the relative rank, held among her sister states during the last

century, by increase of wealth and population at home; but her influence upon the whole land, exerted by the migration of her children, is far-reaching and powerful. In the sense that her sons are good men and true, New Hampshire well deserves the compliment of being “a good state to emigrate from.”

Among the little republics which make up our commonwealth, the town of Epping takes high rank, from its natural advantages and the character of its people. Originally a part of Exeter, which was settled by religious enthusiasts, who sought in the wilderness freedom of conscience and speech denied them elsewhere, it was occupied by liberty-loving and God-fearing inhabitants. Incorporated in 1741 (Feb. 12), the township contains about twenty square miles of well watered and generally fertile soil. Among its sons who achieved distinction in the past, were William Plumer, William Plumer, jr., Henry Dearborn, and John Chandler, in the early part of this century; and many others in more recent times.

Many men have left the ancestral home and sought and obtained distinguished success in other pursuits and distant states, and many have clung to the scenes of their childhood and youth, and by their innate force of character have wrested success from the most unpromising of material, have coined money from our deserted farms

and barren, rocky pastures, and won high repute among their fellow-citizens near and far. Among this last class must be included Joseph Cilley Burley, Esquire, of Epping, a gentleman who needs no introduction to the most of our readers. To correctly understand a man and appreciate his character, it is of the highest importance to become familiar with his genealogy, and herewith is submitted a sketch of his

ANCESTRY.

I. GILES BURLEY,* the common ancestor of the New England family, was an inhabitant of Ipswich, Mass., as early as 1648. He came of an English family, of Saxon descent, which in its various branches has held high rank for many generations in the mother country. His wife's name was Elizabeth. He was a commoner in 1664, and died before 1669.

II. JAMES BURLEY, son of Giles and Elizabeth Burley, was born February 10, 1659. He married first, May 25, 1685, Rebecca, daughter of Thomas and Susannah (Worcester) Stacy, grand-daughter of Rev. Witham Worcester, of Salisbury. She died October 21, 1686. His second wife, Elizabeth, he married before 1693. He moved to Exeter near the close of the seventeenth century, and died there about 1721.

III. THOMAS BURLEY, son of James and Elizabeth Burley, was born April 5, 1697.

IV. THOMAS BURLEY, son of Thomas Burley, was born July 2, 1723; married Sarah, daughter of Thomas and Sarah (Gordon) Haley, grand-daughter of Sergeant Haley, who was killed by the Indians near Saco Fort in 1695; died at Epping June 1, 1805. His wife was born August 10, 1725; died December 2, 1809.

V. THOMAS BURLEY, son of Thomas and Sarah (Haley) Burley, was born August 14, 1766; married first, July

21, 1798, Nancy, daughter of Capt. Benjamin Hoit, who died in November, 1814; married second, May 18, 1818, Mary, daughter of Gordon and Mary (Prescott) Lawrence, and widow of Ezekiel Brown. He was a wealthy and influential farmer of Epping, and died May 15, 1847.

VI. CAPT. BENJAMIN BURLEY, son of Thomas and Nancy (Hoit) Burley, was born April 10, 1803; married November 7, 1826, Elizabeth Ann, daughter of Greenleaf and Jane (Nealley) Cilley, of Nottingham. She was born July 11, 1804; was a sister of Hon. Joseph Cilley, United States Senator from New Hampshire, and of Hon. Jonathan Cilley, a member of Congress from Maine; died October 3, 1876. Capt. Benjamin Burley "was a farmer at Epping, and held many offices of trust in town and state. He was of medium size, light complexion, fine curly brown hair, a mild clear blue eye that met yours fair and square, and believed in your goodness until you proved your own unworthiness, and even then his great heart threw out love to welcome back the erring. A friend once, a friend forever, a man sought for as guardian to orphans, the widow's friend. He could not see grief without sympathizing and consoling it; he was a noble, pure-hearted man and a great worker." He died June 26, 1861.

VII. JOSEPH CILLEY BURLEY, son of Capt. Benjamin and Elizabeth Ann (Cilley) Burley, was born in Epping January 13, 1830; succeeded to the homestead which was first occupied by his great grand-father; married December 17, 1855, Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Haley, of Epping; resides in Epping and is the subject of this sketch.

VIII. Children of Joseph Cilley and Sarah Elizabeth (Haley) Burley, born in Epping:

1. NANNIE BURLEY, born October 5, 1857, married Harry Walter, son of Wallace and Kate B. (George) Burleigh, of Franklin, and resides with her husband near the Webster farm in that town.

*We are indebted for the above researches to "The Genealogy of the Burley or Burleigh Family of America," by Charles Burleigh, of Portland, Maine, published in 1899, by B. Thurston & Co.

2. HARRY BENJAMIN BURLEY, born May 26, 1867, has been admitted (1882) to the Chandler Scientific School of Dartmouth College.

3. ALICE BURLEY, born September 23, 1870.

4. JENNIE CILLEY BURLEY, born September 10, 1872.

5. BENJAMIN THOMAS BURLEY, born November 26, 1874.

THE FARM.

Before the year 1700, James Burley (II) settled in Exeter; his grandson, Thomas Burley (IV), during the last century, settled on the homestead farm now in possession of his great grandson. The farm embraces about two hundred and sixty-five acres, ten of which are under cultivation, fifty devoted to grass, one hundred and forty to pasturage, the balance to a woodlot. The soil is exceptionally rich and yields fine crops. Mr. Burley cuts from sixty to seventy tons of hay, keeps three horses, forty sheep, four cows, and fourteen oxen—the latter used for the most part in his lumber operations. He also owns some four hundred acres of outlying woodland in Epping and adjoining towns, beside a joint interest in extensive tracts held with his partner, Mr. Dow.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD,

occupied by his father and grandfather, is a square, two-story structure, so frequently seen throughout New England, still standing a few rods north of his present residence, and facing to the south. A massive chimney rises from the middle. At present the house is unoccupied. Behind it are two large barns, well filled from last season's harvest.

THE RESIDENCE,

occupied by Mr. Burley and his family, is an attractive building of more modern architecture than the old house. Its living room is lightened and brightened by two bay-windows, where the mistress of the home cultivates choice plants on which beautiful flowers bloom

throughout the winter. This room is warmed by an open fire-place from which a generous back-log sends forth a genial warmth through the apartment: but the heat for the whole house is really generated in a boiler in the basement. Off from this room is the small office where Mr. Burley attends to the demands of business, and where he stores his books, the companions of his very few leisure hours.

The fields which surround the house are undulating, and to the south extend like a lawn. In summer the view must be very sylvan; in winter it is not tempting except in its promise of the spring.

EARLY LIFE.

Joseph C. Burley was an only son. He received the best education that the common schools of his native town afforded, and early in life became used to hard labor. He was chosen superintending school committee when he came of age, showing thus early in life those qualities which recommend him to his townsmen. His first venture away from home was to take charge of the station of the Boston & Maine Railroad, at Newmarket, in 1854. The death of his father, and the failing health of his mother, demanded his return home to care for the farm and sustain her in her declining years.

BUSINESS CAREER.

He entered heartily into his work, and for the last quarter of a century he has been identified with all the leading enterprises and industries of his section of the state. For several years he was a director of the Newmarket Bank, organized under the laws of New Hampshire, and has continued a director ever since it accepted the charter of a national bank. Since 1878, he has been its president. Since its organization he has been president of the Epping Savings Bank. Early appreciating the advantages of railroad facilities he was an ardent advocate and promoter of the Nashua and Rôch-

ester Railroad, assisted in its organization, and ever since has been one of its directors.

In 1871, Mr. Burley entered into partnership with Hon. Samuel Plummer Dow and carried on extensive lumber operations, until the death of Mr. Dow, in 1874. His present partner is Col. Winthrop N. Dow, of Exeter. During the winter of 1882-3, the firm operate five steam saw-mills, and are contracting to deliver five million feet of lumber during the year. The general supervision of this work devolves upon each partner. Aside from his multifarious business cares, such is Mr. Burley's reputation for sagacity and inflexible honor that he is called upon as trustee and guardian to protect the rights of widows and minor children, to advise his more or less intimate friends in the thousand and one perplexing questions continually arising in every day life, to settle disputes as a referee, and as justice of the peace, to act as 'squire for all the country 'round. Acting upon mature deliberation, rather than upon impulse, Mr. Burley has been a safe adviser, and a successful business man. Still in the prime of life, great possibilities are before him.

POLITICS.

His last vote with the Democratic party was cast in the presidential election of 1856. Since then he has acted with the Republican party, and in its councils has had great local influence. He has frequently been the standard bearer of his party in the town elections, and has gracefully borne defeat on many occasions, biding his time and hoping for better results. In 1879 he was elected county commissioner for Rockingham county, is chairman of the board, and is about entering upon

his third term. At present he is one of the selectmen of Epping, and was chosen at the last election to represent his town in the state Legislature.

CONCLUSION.

Mr. Burley is a member of the Universalist church of Nottingham, but is liberal toward all Christian denominations. He "believes in showing his faith by his works: and in all the various departments of his extended business he has shown rare executive ability and far-reaching sagacity. His great success has been the natural result of his quick comprehension of a subject, his careful deliberation and conservative examination, and the steady tenacity with which he adheres to his course, when he has marked it out. He has health to enjoy life, and a winning magnetism that, in a quiet way, makes him many friends.

"In private life he is characterized by modest and unassuming ways, and great attachment to home and the home circle."*

"He stands five feet eight and one half inches in height, and weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds; is compactly built, and has a strong and enduring frame, a vigorous and healthy constitution, a large and well-developed head covered with sandy hair mingled with gray, red beard, florid complexion, and blue eyes. He is deliberate of speech, and abounding in humor and good nature."†

"Mrs. Burley has been a congenial companion to her husband. Her willing hands, wise counsels, and ready and warm sympathy have largely aided in erecting the structure of prosperity."*

* History of Rockingham and Strafford Counties.

† Burley Genealogy.

LUCRECIA.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY F. W. R.

CHAPTER I.

On the way to Florence or Pisa from Lucca, your carriage will pass some fortifications, in good condition, at whose gates you will see soldiers in the Tuscan uniform. This is Pistoja, one of the ancient capitals which divide Italy into states smaller than our French districts. Pistoja, which formerly had its tyrants, its civil wars, its factions and its revolts, which have made it famous since Dante's time.

It has preserved, unlike all its neighbors, a characteristic appearance. While Florence has lost, one by one, its ancient customs, and while Pisa has become almost a cemetery, Pistoja still looks like a capital, with its solid walls, its historic monuments, its streets lined with palaces, its rich churches, its libraries and its aristocratic population.

Pistoja serves as an asylum for the poor nobility of Tuscany. The ancient families whose income will not allow them a palace and a carriage at Florence, and who are tired of Pisa, have established themselves here, as in an intrenched camp, where neither excessive luxury nor foreign manners can penetrate. The walls which surround the town serve at the same time as fortifications and as a means of taking toll of all travelers. These walls have kept out the peasants and even the middle classes, who, rather than pay for the right to enter, have settled in the suburbs. The town is occupied by the aristocracy, who fill the avenues and enjoy themselves in their own peculiar way. At evening, as night comes on, the gates and doors are closed, and watchmen patrol the streets.

What does peaceful Pistoja fear? No one knows. But here is the gate,

and the guard cries out ferociously "Passaporto !"

Upon a dark night one would take these sentinels for the soldiers of Cartruccio Cartracani, as they patrol the solitary streets alone and in parties. The palaces, within somber walls, their rough façades, their lower stories defended by strong iron bars, seem ready to sustain an assault. Here and there, between the timbers, at the height of a man's head, hang iron rings to which horses may be tied, and at each corner lamps burn before images of the Madonna. Nothing disturbs the solitude and the silence of the street. In spite of the shadows which the steep roofs cast, one can see, by the light of the beautiful Italian moon, the strange escutcheon and coats-of-arms of the old families, and one can imagine the procession of saints and bishops passing around the walls of the old monastery.

In the morning, when the streets are full of men and women, when carriages and gentlemen on horseback whirl up and down the Place d'Armes, the ideas of the preceding night are dispelled, but the air of provincialism still remains.

It is hard to imagine what excitement these people have who know neither the scandal of our small towns, or the thirst for conquest and riches of our large cities. In Italy, foreign rule has extinguished ambition, and there is no commerce. They never talk politics, or so little and so quietly that it is not known. However, they must live for something !

Love plays a part in Italy which would be impossible with us. It is the pivot around which all interests turn. But love is not for all ages, and there

are the arts, and, above all, music. Music, however, is of less importance in a little town than in a large city. After love and music there is still one more subject to occupy Italia's society, and that is study.

There is in Italy, and particularly in these old towns, a class of benedicts who consecrate their lives to studying the history of their country, or poring over old manuscripts and writing new ones, in order to explain the passages of the "Divine Comedy." These works occupy all their lives, and never see the light of day; but they serve as a subject for controversy for the entire reading population of the town.

When you read upon the walls of a palace, in the principal street of Pistoja, "Club de la Noblesse," you will ask what they do at a club which does not race horses, entertain actresses, nor gamble? Well, they discuss Homer's verses, or tell stories of the rivalries of the two branches of some powerful family.

Among these men, these benedicts, was the canon Forteguerra, who died at the fall of the empire in 1815, and a short time after Tuscany had ceased to be a French department to become a state attached to the House of Austria. The canon had become, about a dozen years before, by the death of his two nephews, the tutor and guardian of his niece, Lucrecia Forteguerra. Lucrecia was but seven years old when her father died, leaving her a home at Florence, a palace at Pistoja, a vineyard in the country, and in fact a magnificent fortune. The canon had charge of this property, and Lucrecia established herself at his house with an old attendant.

Agnoli Forteguerra paid but little attention to the little girl, and only kept her near him because of necessity.

The home of the canon, filled from cellar to garret with books, pictures, parchments, and old tablets, was connected by a passage way with the public library of the town. He lived there, without luxury, passing incessantly from his study to the library.

In the evening he usually received the learned men of Pistoja; and the Bishop, Monsieur Rospigliosi, his pupil and friend, often honored these gatherings by his presence.

These scholars, reared in the study of antiquity, in love with science, passed in review the intellectual movement of Europe; communicated their discoveries, and talked of their work; but none of them paid any attention to a little dark creature, poorly dressed, and half wild, who, seated in a corner upon a pile of books, watched the speakers with great deep eyes, and learned to read in Plutarch. When she was ten years old her uncle gave her a French master and a music teacher, because a girl of noble family ought not to be deficient in these branches; but he took no pains to inform himself as to her progress, and did not interfere with her reading, which she carried on at random. On the contrary, he congratulated himself that she was not a noisy child, and did not require much attention.

One day, as he was conducting the the Bishop along the passage which led to the library, he saw Lucrecia alone in an alcove filled with statuary and relics of antiquity. She was evidently in deep thought, as she stood contemplating a Roman head, which, several days before, he had shown to the Bishop as a bust of Brutus. For the first time he noticed the serious expression on Lucrecia's face. "What can she be doing there?" he said, in a low voice. Monseieur Rospigliosi also looked at the little girl, and both remained a moment at the door. Lucrecia stood for several minutes in the same place; finally she turned toward the hall, looking at each head and statue, but she returned to the bust of Brutus, and stopped again as if fascinated.

"You will make a pagan of that little girl," said the Bishop. "She ought to be enrolled at once among the members of the church."

They passed on; but from that day the Bishop noticed the continual read-

ing and studious habits of Lucrecia. He tried to make her talk, but she was so taciturn that he gave it up. When the Bishop and her uncle questioned her, she fixed her great black eyes upon them without replying. Was it timidity, or was it defiance?

One evening, however, as Monsieur Rospigliosi was speaking of God, of paradise, and the hereafter, and promising himself that he should find there his father and brother, she interrupted him abruptly,—

"Monsieur," she cried with a depth of passion which confounded her listener, "shall I also find Cornelia and Brutus there?"

This explosion revealed at once the child's unexpected education, and her uncle no longer disregarded and neglected her; but on the contrary he took pride in teaching her and making her one of those votaries of the Muses, which are not rare in Italy. She learned Latin, Greek, Music, Painting; she knew how to speak in public, to write verse and to declaim. At fifteen years of age she was admitted into the learned society of Pistoja as a young marvel. They loved her, they admired and applauded her. The old marquis Malespini, a friend of the Bishop's, took her to Florence and to Court; but all this magnificence only made her long for Pistoja. Every day life did not interest her; but when she heard them speak of Napoleon's victories, her heart beat as at the recital of the combats of Themistocles and the Peloponnesians. This young girl did not belong to the world of her own day. She was lost in a solitude which her imagination had peopled with all the heroes of antiquity. By constantly hearing of the famous Romans who have left their traces upon the soil of Italy, or the terrible struggles of the middle ages, she became absorbed in them. She read the *Iliad* with avidity, and searched in the ancient chronicles for the stories of the rivalries and struggles of earlier days; taking the part of one side or the other.

She often strolled in the mountains of Pistoja, full of heroic souvenirs of battles, and loved the old arms of her family which adorned the walls of her palace. In the streets or in the museums she stood, mute with admiration, before the monuments of the ancient grandeur of her country. She was oblivious to those around her. These degenerate Italians seemed to her like phantoms who peopled a solitude in the country of giants. She had not yet formed an opinion upon the government of her time, nor a hatred for the established powers, but she admired grandeur and despised mediocrity and feebleness. Her aspirations were vague and ardent, and when among those of her uncle's guests who wore the French uniform, she heard, like a far off echo, the reports of the great army, her eyes would glisten and her heart beat with strong pulsations.

Meanwhile she dreamed of modern heroes, and regretted that she had not been born in France, so as to enjoy their triumphs. "But Bonaparte is an Italian," she said to herself.

Of all the great ends and objects of life one alone remained for her a sealed book—the beauty of Christianity—because religion taught humiliation and resignation. On seeing the young nobility follow the priests and bow to the Madonnas, she smiled pityingly. "These are the present soldiers of Italy," she thought. "They dress in white, cover their faces and carry candles; but how many of them would march upon the enemy with sword in hand? What are these Christian virtues compared to those of the Roman Republic?" When her uncle required her to read a chapter in the lives of the Saints, and she fell upon the history of a martyr, she became absorbed in it. She comprehended these heroic acts, these inflexible virtues, vengeance without remorse, and expiation without end. Her heart had no pity, and her mind never took the part of the weak. Her instincts were inconsistent and perverse, like the trace of the original sin in the human soul.

Her's was a pure and sublime mind, and her beauty, even, showed the reflection of her character. She had the straight figure and powerful head of the Etruscans.

The richest cavaliers of Florence and Pistoja disputed for her hand; but her heart soared too high in the paradise of the Ideal to resign itself to choose a husband from these young men who had never done an heroic act.

The death of the canon left her alone, and her only protector was Monsieur Rospigliosi, who kept a sort of tutorship over her. She returned to her father's palace, an old and massive mansion built like a fortress. The friends of the canon followed her here, together with her suitors, and the marquise Malespini brought there the most aristocratic ladies of Pistoja; and soon, in spite of herself, Lucrecia became a sort of queen, and held the most popular levees in Tuscany.

CHAPTER II.

About this time the Italians were becoming deeply excited. French institutions had sown everywhere the germs of liberty, which grew silently and rapidly, and menaced Austria's rule. Companies of insurgents were recruited in every town, and Lucrecia, without counting the cost, joined in the enthusiasm around her. She was not much interested in modern revolutionary ideas, but for the freedom of Italy she would undertake anything. She dreamed of the century of Dante, and of the glories of the Medicis, and if, to give Italy its ancient splendor, it had been necessary to sacrifice her life, she would have done it without regret, as did Iphigenia of old.

Among the most ardent patriots of her society were Alexandro Tozinghi, a rich and noble Florentine, and Paolo Palandra, a son of one of the most noted families of Pistoja. Both of them had been deeply in love with her for years, and she knew them to be ready to do any thing to win her hand.

One evening when her friends, more numerous and more animated than ever, had been speaking of the news from Naples, and of the Austrian projects, she allowed her enthusiasm to break forth.

"Italy is not dead yet!" cried she. "There are still men who feel in their veins the valiant blood of their ancestors! Will the aristocracy of Italy be its avenger?"

She could not lower her eyes quickly enough to hide the look of doubt which came into them.

"Why not?" cried two voices at her side almost simultaneously. She raised her head quickly and saw the two young men, just spoken of, looking at her in a questioning manner.

"Is this true!" cried she in a vibrating voice. "Can there be near me a liberator of his country!"

The love of Alexandro and Paolo was no secret, and at their exclamation every one turned quickly and understood the solemn compact which a look exchanged between these three had just signed. Lucrecia lowered her eyes and trembled. A sinister presentiment seized her, but she got up, pale and dignified, and extended a hand to each of them. But she could not overcome her fear. "It is fate," she murmured, as if she had just signed her death warrant.

Paolo and Alexandro were the last to leave. Lucrecia watched them disappear in the darkness, but first they bowed low before the Madonna, and threw a parting glance at her. Then she went back into her palace and threw herself wearily upon a chair.

"So, whatever happens, I shall be married!"

The movement begun at Naples spread rapidly. The insurgents gained ground every day. Kings joined the movement and all was enthusiasm, and the cry of freedom was raised every where. But suddenly the Austrian army crossed the Po. Here and there they met and defeated the Italians. The towns were occupied by soldiers, and the heroic youth of Piedmont and

Tuscany saw their ranks thinned by death or exile, confiscation and imprisonment.

The noise of the struggle sent its deep echoes even to Pistoja. Lucrecia missed several old and warm friends from her side, while the Austrian police confiscated several estates, and the garrison was doubled.

"It is all over!" said Lucrecia to Monsieur Rospigliosi. "The Italians are conquered! Twenty million cowards and a handful of heroes!"

"Tosinchi is dead and Palandra ruined," replied the priest, with a sad tone of reproach.

"I know," she replied, "I will marry Palandra." Lucrecia had passed the first years of youth. Her ardent enthusiasm had little by little been extinguished, and there remained of her love for the demi-gods of antiquity only a disgust for the reality. She had lost all hope. Then duty, rigid and strict, stood before her like a statue of destiny. When Palandra returned, wounded and penniless, she married him as one pays a debt.

Her husband loved her passionately, but she returned it with coolness and haughtiness. The years, in passing, had marked more proudly the lines of her face, and fixed with an inflexible contour those of her character.

Austria had crushed the revolt, but the scattered insurgents got together here and there and conspired anew. We know the fate of these poor fellows. Palandra was one of the leaders, and one night he was arrested with some comrades in a deep wood. He was taken to Milan, and with a mere formal trial, sent to the fortress of San Michele de Murano, near Venice. Lucrecia went with him until the swords of the guard prevented her going further. The parting was heart-rending. Palandra, passionately in love with his wife, tried in vain to repress his feelings and his rage. Lucrecia, who knew it was useless to intercede for pardon, foresaw his long and severe captivity, and she reproached herself with having caused it. "If

he had not loved me," she thought, "he would be at this minute in Florence, with the young nobles who applaud the prima donnas of Pergola, or who promenaded in the Cascine or upon the Lugn'arno. And was not that his true destiny! I wished to make heroes out of my lovers, and I have taken their lives, and have not even paid them with my love!"

At this moment she wished with all her heart that she might be imprisoned in Palandra's place; but she could not share his punishment. While remorse filled her heart, her husband knelt at her feet. He would have given his life for one loving word from her cold lips.

"Will you love me?" he cried, stifling a sob. "Oh! say that you will when I am imprisoned in this living tomb, Lucrecia? Italy will be delivered some day, but when? I shall be an old man perhaps. Shall I find you waiting for me?" "Calm yourself," she replied looking in his eyes and holding both his hands, and then they tore him away from her.

Thus they separated, the one to go to an Austrian prison, the other to return to Pistoja to her deserted palace. Her friends had been suddenly scattered by terror or defiance. Each feared for himself or his own. The walls had ears, and no one dared to mention politics for fear of letting fall a word which would be wrongly interpreted.

Lucrecia was twenty-eight years old, and her last illusion had been broken. The insurgents no longer talked with enthusiasm, and she knew that new efforts would only furnish fresh victims to Austrian prisons. Her's was a profound despair, in the midst of which was a strange uneasiness, a distaste for all human things, and an unquenchable desire for excitement. Monsieur Rospigliosi tried in vain to reason her out of this unhappy state, and teach her Christian resignation, without which life must become unendurable, after the years of youth are passed; but Lucrecia could not sub-

mit to her fate. Sometimes she tried to grasp this religion which heals wounded hearts, but suddenly there would come a revolt, and she would reject with fury the evangelists, and turn again to her old heroes. Alas! these old friends even, had become vague souvenirs, phantoms which she vainly pursued.

The months and years sped by. In spite of her trouble, the nun, as they called her, acquired a sort of dignified character which changed admiration into respect, for since Palandra's arrest she had lived a more severe life than before. Every word, every look, showed her to be so true to Palandra that no one dared to speak of love to her. Tosinghi, whom they had supposed killed, returned to Pistoja about three years after the arrest of his rival. He had also been in an Austrian prison. He had gone away a young, handsome man, and he returned old before his time, and with whitened hair. Still he valued neither his long suffering nor his imprisonment in his struggle for her love, and he came to see her, to offer his devotion and to console her.

CHAPTER III.

About this time Lucrecia made a trip to Florence in regard to certain interests of her husband. She remained about a month, and frequented the house of the Count D., where she met the élite of Florentine society, and where all the celebrated travelers assembled. Here she met Marcel Capellani.

Marcel Capellani, first an officer of ordnance under Napoleon; then at the head of one of the most turbulent departments of central Italy; then one of Marie Louise's ministers, when the treaty of Fontainebleau made her duchess of Parma, Plaisance, and Guastalla. He was considered an able and powerful man; but no one seemed to know just where his power came from, or what his secret resources were. Some talked of his antecedents,

believing that he was secretly in favor of Italian liberalism; others, on the contrary, thought him one of Austria's most trusted agents, because he knew all the resources of the parties in Italy, and could at will direct their movements. Meanwhile his conduct kept his judges in suspense, and they could neither accuse him of fanaticism or treason. He was a sort of living enigma, who inspired, at the same time, defiance and respect. This singular person attracted Lucrecia from the first. She saw a man of forty years, with an extremely intelligent face. He had fine teeth, a high forehead, black hair, but here and there were silver threads; his eyes, surmounted by heavy brows, had a deep, calm expression; beside this he was tall, strongly built, and had an almost haughty bearing.

Her first sentiment was one of astonishment. "Here," she said, "is a man who resembles as nearly as a modern hero can, one of Cæsar's ancient captains. And this man fills the office of chamberlain to an archduchess of Austria! It is true this archduchess is Napoleon's widow, and the mother of the Duke of Reichstadt." Her next feeling was a lively curiosity. "What is he doing here?" she asked herself.

While questioning herself thus Lucrecia looked at Capellani as though she would read his soul in his face. Their eyes met for an instant. She lowered her own quickly, and blushed as if she had been surprised in a flagrant indiscretion.

"Has Capellani been one of Napoleon's aids a long time?" she asked, during the evening, of one of her friends.

"Four or five years. He is a Corsican, and was attached to his compatriot. He took part in the second campaign in Italy, and in that of Austerlitz. You see he is decorated, and they say that he received his cross from Napoleon himself."

She could not help looking at Capellani with a glance of admiration;

but again she turned quickly away for she found his eyes fixed upon her.

"What is he doing here?" replied she brusquely, after a moment's silence, during which twenty contradictory ideas flew through her brain.

"That is what they do not know; but he is respected by all the leading men. If you were a woman who would ever have a favor to ask, you would perhaps rather ask it of him than of any one else. They say he is all powerful."

Lucrecia answered only by a haughty glance, but she began to reason with herself. "He can not be a spy," she murmured in a low voice, and involuntarily her eyes turned toward him with an interrogative expression. For the third time they dropped before his clear, frank gaze. She arose embarrassed and almost angry, crossed the room and seated herself between two old dowagers as though seeking protectors. It happened that the minister knew the dowagers, and he soon came over to where they were sitting. Lucrecia was presented to him.

She left very late that night, and as she was about to get into her carriage she found herself face to face with Capellani, who opened her carriage door and bowed profoundly. How did it happen that the beautiful countess Palandra, so accustomed to the homage and respect of cavaliers, felt such a thrill of emotion? She was astonished at herself, and a singular preoccupation seized her. "This man has strange eyes" she said. "Why did he look at me so? He was at Austerlitz! How could he come to this little court after having been through twenty battles? What courage, or what insipidity! Doubtless he has an object." Then she asked herself, "is this object an honorable one?" and her proud conscience replied "no!" "He sought to be presented to me; was it because he thought I desired it? Did I look at him first? Why this marked attention when I got into my carriage? Perhaps he merely wished to be gallant to a woman whom he had evidently

admired? But I will let him know at our next meeting that he has paid his attention in the wrong quarter. What folly! This Marcel Capellani, minister to Napoleon's widow, and so sought for by politicians, to dream of being attentive to women! But what if this man plays the role of an Austrian ally, in order to be near the son of his emperor! What kindness! What patience!"

Lucrecia had never felt such an overflow of imagination; never had her usually well-balanced mind oscillated between so many different extremes. For the first time since her childhood, when she had dreamed so passionately of glory and of heroism, she was deeply excited and interested. The slow torture which she had endured was for a moment suspended; the hours flew rapidly; ideas rushed through her brain in swift succession.

Evening came, and she returned to the house of her friend. On entering the parlor her heart began to beat rapidly. Marcel stood near the door, and was the first to greet her. As before, she often found him intently gazing at her. This attention and the effort she had to make to keep herself from returning his look quickly raised her to a high pitch of excitement. She did not wish to leave the room, where a singular interest retained her, and she could not appear calm.

She was requested to sing. Ordinarily she always refused, especially since her husband's imprisonment; but this evening she hurried toward the piano, and sang with a feeling and passion which deeply affected her audience and left her confounded and bewildered. When the piece was done she wished to sing on; some irresistible power seemed to urge her, and while the audience, inspired by a true enthusiasm, filled the room with its bravos, she began again and sang with a sweetness and pathos that touched all hearts.

Marcel approached to thank her in his turn. She was sitting, and he standing, and in order to reply she

was obliged to raise her head. But she suffered a kind of embarrassment, daring neither to raise her eyes nor to open them to receive the deep gaze of this man, whose voice trembled as he spoke. She wished to speak to him but the words would not come. The inspiration which had so easily captivated her whole audience, fled before Capellani alone. Meanwhile he remained at her side, and continued to talk about music, mingling his observations with delicate compliments and vague phrases in a low voice. Soon there was a silence, for Capellani himself could find nothing further to say, and still he did not want to leave her.

"I know that you live at Pistoja, madame," said he in order to start the conversation again. "Perhaps you come to Florence to solicit your husband's pardon?"

"I do not solicit a pardon, monsieur," cried Lucrecia proudly, finding her energy and her voice.

"You are right, madame, they ought to ask yours," replied the minister, reddening.

"I ask nothing of them, monsieur," she replied in a freezing tone.

Capellani comprehended the meaning which she had attached to his words. He lowered his eyes, and then pointing to his button hole, he said :

"I am not a Frenchman ; beside, who can open an Austrian prison !"

Lucrecia was surprised at this reply. Was she mistaken in his intention ? or could he, an able diplomat, change his tactics on seeing that his first attack was not successful.

"They say, monsieur, that you are powerful here and elsewhere," she replied with a half mocking smile. "Perhaps you are powerful in France ?"

"Why not, madame ?"

Then, after a short silence, he added, "If I were powerful any where, I should wish it to be in a place where I could put my power at your service. Such a wish surely will not displease you." Saying this he turned away, leaving Lucrecia in deep thought.

Each evening she saw this man, whose aim and object, and whose ideas occupied all her thoughts. The mental fever which had seized her at first grew upon her every day, but she resented it with doubt and astonishment.

"He is not a great man or he would not have left Napoleon when he was in distress. He is a coward !" Then she looked again at his proud face and noble bearing, and exclaimed, "No ! this man has no fear !"

[CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.]

THE SPHINX DREAMS.

AFTER MERSON'S "REPOSE IN EGYPT."

BY ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

Within the folding of my mighty arm
The wearied Mary rests her slender limbs ;
No breath of cloud the vast horizon dims,
And Joseph sleeps secure from all alarm :
What though the haughty Herod dream of harm
And fill with tears and blood unto their brims
The streets of Bethlehem ! Heaven's evening hymns
Rang echoes even through old Egypt's calm,
And stirred her stagnant nations with the strong
Majestic chorus of the pregnant song
"This day the Christ is born !" Safe on my breast
The Saviour sleeps, a little child at rest ;
While I in dumb compassion gaze afar
And see the shameful cross—the Eternal Star.

REV. JOHN HOUSTON.

BY REV. C. W. WALLACE, D. D.

Rev. John Houston, the first pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Bedford, N. H., was born in Londonderry, N. H., in 1723. His parents were emigrants from the north of Ireland, and known as Scotch-Irish.

He was educated at Princeton, N. J., graduating in 1753. He studied divinity in his native town with Rev. David McGregor, pastor of the church in the east parish of that town.

Mr. Houston received his call to Bedford in August, 1756, and was ordained in September, 1757. His "stipend," as it was called, was to be equal to forty pounds sterling, but there was a provision by which the town, at its annual meeting, might vote to dispense with any number of Sabbaths which they chose, and the payment for those Sabbaths might be taken from the salary.

By virtue of being the first settled minister in town, Mr. Houston was entitled to certain lands reserved for that purpose in the settlement of the town. These he received and they added much to his small salary. He was also well-reputed for classical and theological learning, and his settlement gave promise of usefulness and happiness.

From all we can learn he was thus useful and happy for a number of years. Then commenced the dark and stormy period in the history of our country. Bedford was especially patriotic. Every man in town, over twenty-one years of age, except the minister, signed the following paper, "we do hereby solemnly engage and promise that we will, to the utmost of our power, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, with arms oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the united American colonies." Mr. Houston gave the following reasons for refusing to sign this declaration :

Firstly, because he did not apprehend that the honorable committee meant that ministers should take up arms as being inconsistent with their ministerial charge. Secondly, because he was already confined to the county of Hillsborough; therefore he thinks he ought to be set at liberty before he should sign the said obligation. Thirdly, because there are three men belonging to his family already enlisted in the Continental Army.

These reasons were not regarded as sufficient, so, May 16, 1775, the following article is found in a warrant for town meeting: "To see what method the town will take relating to Rev'd John Houston in these troublesome times, as we apprehend his praying and preaching to be calculated to intimidate the minds of his hearers, and to weaken their hands in defense of their just rights and liberties, as there seems a plan to be laid by Parliament to destroy both."

We hear of no action on this article until June 15, 1775, when a vote was unanimously passed in which it was stated: "Therefore, we think it not our duty, as men or Christians, to have him preach any longer for us as our minister."

Thus closed the ministry of Rev. John Houston to the people of Bedford. From all the light which reaches us through the dimness of an hundred years, we have no doubt that both parties were truly sincere. Judged, however, by subsequent events, it is evident that the people were right and the minister wrong. That is, they were right in their patriotism, and he was wrong in his loyalty to the king. Still it is worthy of notice that the removal of Mr. Houston from his pastoral office in Bedford was followed by a long period of religious declension.

Mr. Houston continued to reside in town, and, so far as the record shows, he was an industrious, peaceable citizen. There is no evidence that his views on the great question of the day ever changed. Indeed, it is evident they did not. On one occasion a brother minister called to pass the night with him, but, finding *tea* on Mr. Houston's table, his patriotic soul was so offended that he would neither sit at the table nor unite in asking a blessing, and a table was spread for the guest in another room.

The pastoral connection between Mr. Houston and the people of Bedford was not dissolved until 1778, and he retained his standing with the Presbytery till the time of his death, Feb. 3, 1798, at the age of 75. He and his wife, who died five months later, were both buried in the old grave-yard,

where suitable stones mark the place of their interment.

After the summary dismissal of Mr. Houston the town was destitute of a settled minister for nearly thirty years. They were supplied with preaching much of the time, but of a character and under circumstances which seem to have done them but little good. Says a native of the town: "The cause of religion ran very low, the church was diminished and scattered. As for spirituality it was scarcely to be found. I hope some souls were born of God, yet they were few and far between."

In September, 1804, Rev. Daniel McGregor was ordained as pastor of the Presbyterian church in Bedford, and a change greatly for the better followed.

YANKEE SKILL AND INDIAN ADROITNESS.

BY GEORGE KENT.

PHILIP CARRIGAIN, a well-known public official, once Secretary of State in New Hampshire, and maker of its most elaborate map, used to relate the following anecdote—showing, to some extent, the estimate put upon the character of one of our hardy pioneers of the White Mountain region, by one of a race not lacking in native shrewdness; and also an adroitness in evading an admission, forced upon him by the obvious fact of superior sagacity and ability on the part of a skillful trapper and hunter of another race.

Col. Carrigain said that on one of his explorations and surveys in the northern section of New Hampshire he was belated, and night overtook him in the woods, where he discovered, not far apart, two apparently deserted tents. He entered and took possession of one of them. Hearing voices

not long after in the other, he listened, and found the sounds proceeded from two persons, evidently a white man and an Indian, arguing very warmly the question as to the relative superiority of the Indians or the whites, in the matter of hunting, fishing and trapping.

The Indian adduced, in support of his position, many admitted instances of adroitness and skill. The white man, in his argument, referred mainly to one individual—the well-known Thomas Eames, of the upper Coös region. He thought this would be a *poser* for the Indian. It was, so far as any argument was concerned; but he at once got over his trouble by the prompt reply,—"*Tom Eame, Tom Eame, why he Indian and more too.*"—evidently meaning that, to the native sagacity of an Indian, and, perhaps,

also, in some degree to Indian instruction and guidance, he had added the skill which superior opportunities of training on his part, as a white man, had afforded him.

The above incident, which I heard related by Col. Carrigain many years ago, I have reduced to writing at the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Rankin, of Washington city,—both of us, at the time of our street meeting, being in too great haste—the one either to hear, or the other to relate, the story. The subjoined hasty note, which I wrote to the doctor the next day, will explain, somewhat, his interest in the matter,—his Christian name of “Jeremiah Eames” having been given to him in baptism, in respect to a well-remembered and honored resident of Coös county, New Hampshire. The records of the county, and of the New Hampshire legislature, will bear witness to the respectability and worth of the name of Eames.

“I did not stop you yesterday, my dear Sir, with a view to giving any newspaper notoriety to the story I might tell; but merely to relate what had long been in my mind, and was brought to the surface by the casual concurrence of your middle name with the surname of one of the reported subjects of the story.”

I am not aware that Col. Carrigain’s anecdote has ever been published, but have thought it worth occupying a spare page in your valuable periodical. Such was once his official standing in New Hampshire, his extensive acquaintance, and his well-known genial companionship, that a re-publication of the following tribute, to the memory of one who is said to have first given to New Hampshire the name of the “Granite State,” may not be inappropriate. It once had, as written by me, without my name, a limited circulation about the time of his decease.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 18, 1882.

IN MEMORY OF PHILIP CARRIGAIN.

A native and long a resident of Concord, N. H.; born in 1772; died in 1842,—aged 70.

BY GEORGE KENT.

A requiem for the dead!
A dirge of passing woe—
The solemn measured tread
Of mourners as they go:
The shroud that wraps the clay,
In silence of the tomb,
The “dust to dust” all say
Earth! give the sleeper room.

Room! for the wasted form,
The spirit’s sunken eye—
Room for a heart once warm
With tenderest sympathy.
Room for the brother worm
His revels dark to hold—
Room for corruption’s grasp
The body to enfold.

But not—oh no!—no room
The spirit freed would claim—
Earth has no power to doom
To dust the immortal frame.
Soaring to worlds above,
She scorns the things of earth,
Dying to time, to prove
The bliss of Heavenly birth.

Sure, then, that noble part,
“Touch’d to fine issues,” lives—
That spirit, and that heart,
Joy still receives and gives.
Brother! thy memory green
Shall in our souls abide,
Despite Time’s scythe so keen,
Or his effacing tide.

What though no kindred near
Watch’d o’er thy parting sleep—
Though few by nature dear
Are call’d to wake and weep;—
Thy country was the world,
Thy countrymen, mankind—
Thy fame, so wide unfurl’d,
Like thy heart, unconfin’d.

A chord responsive wakes
In many a throbbing breast—
On our rapt vision breaks
That song, “*Our Nation’s Guest.*”
Nor shall it be his fate
To pass unsung away,
Who gave our “*Granite State*”
A name to live for aye!

"A LITTLE HERO."

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

When the welcome morning sun's soft, rosy beams of light
Had chased the gloomy shadows of cold and darkling night;
On thy shining, snowy slopes, Oh! ghastly, grim Mount Ayr,
Was exposed a touching sight, most pitifully fair:
Two little children, lost! pain, hunger, and fear oppressed,
Had sunk to sleep forever, on thy cruel freezing breast.

A fair and beauteous girl, a brave and dauntless boy,
—Some stricken mother's darlings—bereaved household's joy.
Stripped of his own warm coat, was the "little hero" lying—
His naked breast exposed, to God, for pity crying;
Within his sheltering arms the tiny maiden lay,
Wrapped closely in the coat—vain hope—her fleeting life to stay.

Fixed were the frozen features in calm repose of death,
Firm clasped the clinging fingers, and chilled the once warm breath;
Hushed were the seekers' voices—softened each hasty tread—
Fast fell the pitying tear-drops upon each golden head.
Many have been thy victims—Oh! reaper, grim and white—
But ne'er before had mortal eyes beheld so *sad* a sight.

'T was not in heat of battle this pale young hero fell,
There were no kindly comrades of his brave deeds to tell;
There was no rattling drum-beat to stir his thick'ning blood,
But bravely, and face to face, with ghastly death he stood.
He did not shirk his duty, he heard his Captain's call,
And with banner tightly grasped did this young hero fall.

LONGFELLOW.

BY G. BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

The sanctities of home were oft his theme,
And children's mirth sweet music to his ear;
Loved as the murmur of his native stream
Their laughter ringing clear.

His birds of passage, singing as they go,
Their tenderest strains reserve for little souls;
So in young hearts, his silvered head laid low,
The wave of sorrow rolls.

They see the vacant chair of chestnut wood,
Cut from the spreading tree by blacksmith's door,
He prized and sang of in such genial mood
They loved him more and more.

And at the children's hour with blinding tears
Dear mothers think of him who fondly said,
His pets, within the walls affection rears,
Were safe till he was dead.

Ah, precious truth! at threescore-years and ten
He thought the children "living poems" still;
Serene and patient, and so loved of men,
O, who his place can fill!

[From the *Statesman* Supplement, Christmas, 1858.]

MEMOIR OF EBENEZER WEBSTER, FATHER OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY GEO. W. NESMITH, LL. D.

In the political canvass in our state which closed with the March election, 1858, it was publicly stated by some of the speakers that Judge Webster, the father of Hon. Daniel Webster, could neither *read* nor *write*. Now, in the course of the last summer, we spent some time in investigating the history of Judge Webster. We have sufficient evidence in Franklin and Salisbury to satisfy the most skeptical that he could not only read and write, spell and cipher, but he knew how to lend the means to found a state. Daniel Webster, in his autobiography, and in his letter to Mr. Blatchford, of New York, gives us a brief but too modest an outline of the life of his father. At the risk of being tedious, we propose to show some of the acts, or works, that gave him his deserved influence and fame in this region.

EBENEZER WEBSTER was born in Kingston, in 1739. He resided many years with Major Ebenezer Stevens, an influential citizen of that town, and one of the first proprietors of Salisbury. Salisbury was granted in 1749, and first named Stevenstown, in honor of Major Stevens. It was incorporated as Salisbury, 1767. Judge Webster settled in Stevenstown as early as 1761.* Previous to this time he had served as a soldier in the French war, and once afterward. He was married to Mehitable Smith, his first wife, January 8, 1761. His first two children, Olle, a daughter, and Ebenezer, his son, died while young. His third child was Susannah, born October, 1766; married John Colby, who recently died in Franklin. He had also, by his first

wife, two sons—David, who died some years since at Stanstead; also Joseph, who died in Salisbury. His first wife died March 28, 1774. Judge Webster again married—Abigail Eastman, October 12, 1774. By his last wife he had five children; viz., Mehitable, Abigail (who married Wm. Hadduck); Ezekiel, born March 11, 1780; Daniel, born January 18, 1782, and Sarah, born May 13, 1784. Judge Webster died in April, 1806, in the house now occupied by R. L. Tay, Esq., and, with his last wife and many of his children, now lies buried in the graveyard originally taken from the Elms farm. For the first seven years of his life, after he settled on the farm now occupied by John Taylor, in Franklin, he lived in a log cabin, located in the orchard west of the highway, and near Punch Brook. Then he was able to erect a house of one story, of about the same figure and size as that now occupied by William Cross, near said premises. It was in this house that Daniel Webster was born. In 1784, Judge Webster removed to the tavern house, near his interval farm, and occupied that until 1800, when he exchanged his tavern house with William Hadduck for that where he died.

In 1761, Capt. John Webster, Eliphallet Gale and Judge Webster erected the first saw-mill in Stevenstown, on Punch Brook, on his homestead, near his cabin.

In June, 1764, Matthew Pettengill, Stephen Call and Ebenezer Webster, were the sole highway surveyors of Stevenstown. In 1765, the proprietors voted to give Ebenezer Webster and Benjamin Sanborn two hundred acres of common land, in consideration that they furnish a privilege for a grist-mill, erect a mill and keep it in repair for

* When Judge Webster first settled in Stevenstown, he was called Ebenezer Webster, Jr. In 1694, Kingston was granted to James Prescott and Ebenezer Webster and others, of Hampton. He descended from this ancestry.

fifteen years, for the purpose of grinding the town's corn.

In 1768 Judge Webster was first chosen moderator of a town-meeting in Salisbury, and he was elected forty-three times afterward, at different town-meetings in Salisbury, serving in March, 1803, for the last time.

In 1769 he was first elected selectman, and held that office for the years 1770, '72, '74, '76, '80, '85, '86 and 1788; resigned it, however, in September, 1776, and performed a six months' service in the army.

In 1771, 1772 and 1773, he was elected and served in the office of town-clerk. In 1778 and '80, he was elected representative of the classed towns of Salisbury and Boscawen; also, for Salisbury, 1790 and '91. He was elected senator for the years 1785, '86, '88, and '90; Hillsborough county electing two senators at this time, and Matthew Thornton, and Robert Wallace, of Henniker, served as colleagues, each for two of said years. He was in the senate in 1786, at Exeter, when the insurgents surrounded the house. His proclamation to them was "I command you to disperse."

In March, 1778, the town chose Capt. Ebenezer Webster and Capt. Matthew Pettengill as delegates to a convention to be held at Concord, Wednesday, June 10, "for the sole purpose of forming a permanent plan of government for the future well being of the good people of this state."

In 1788, January 16, Col. Webster was elected delegate to the convention at Exeter, for the purpose of considering the proposed United States Constitution. A committee was also chosen by the town to examine said constitution and advise with said delegate. This committee was composed of Joseph Bean, Esq., Jonathan Fifield, Esq., Jonathan Cram, Capt. Wilder, Dea. John Collins, Edward Eastman, John C. Gale, Capt. Robert Smith, Leonard Judkins, Dea. Jacob True, Lieut. Bean, Lieut. Severance, and John Smith. At the first meeting of the convention in February, Col.

Webster opposed the constitution under instructions from his town.

A majority of the convention was found to be opposed to the adoption of the constitution. The convention adjourned to Concord, to meet in the succeeding month of June. In the meantime Col. Webster conferred with his constituents, advised with the committee on the subject, asked the privilege of supporting the constitution, and he was instructed to vote as he might think proper. His speech, made on this occasion, has been printed. It did great credit to the head and heart of the author:

"Mr. President: I have listened to the arguments for and against the constitution. I am convinced such a government as that constitution will establish, if adopted—a government acting directly on the people of the states,—is necessary for the common defence and the general welfare. It is the only government which will enable us to pay off the national debt. The debt which we owe for the Revolution, and which we are bound in honor fully and fairly to discharge. Beside, I have followed the lead of Washington through seven years of war, and I have never been misled. His name is subscribed to this constitution. He will not mislead us now. I shall vote for its adoption."

The constitution was finally adopted in the convention by a vote of 57 yeas, 47 nays.

Col. Webster gave his support to the constitution. He was one of the electors for president when Washington was first chosen to that office.

In the spring of 1791, Col. Webster was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Hillsborough. This office he held at the time of his decease in 1806. He was one of the magistrates, or justices of the peace, for Hillsborough county, for more than thirty-five years prior to his decease.

In church affairs, Judge Webster exercised great influence. As early as 1768 he was chosen by the town

to procure a minister. He often composed one of the committee in subsequent years to provide preaching; also, to build the first meeting-house. The proprietors of the town at Kingston voted to assist to build a meeting-house like the one in East Kingston, with a pulpit like that in Hawke. Ebenezer Webster, Joseph Bean and Capt. John Calfe must see that the work on the meeting-house be done in a workmanlike manner.

This meeting-house was erected on Searle's Hill, so-called, the highest land in Salisbury except Kearsarge mountain. While there, it was truly the *Visible Church*. He was one of the committee in making the arrangements to ordain Rev. Jonathan Searle, in October, 1773. He was also one of the committee, on the part of the church, as well as town, in settling the terms of the dismissal of Rev. Mr. Searle, in 1790.

In 1791 Col. Webster, Capt. Benjamin Pettengill and Elder B. Huntoon, were appointed a committee to hire Rev. Thomas Worcester. The same year the town voted to settle Mr. Worcester, on the second Wednesday of November, 1791. On this day the council assembled preparatory to the ordination; a dispute originated between the council of ministers and Mr. Worcester upon a doctrinal point. Much time was spent in the discussion. The people without became impatient, and demanded that the ordination should come off. Judge Webster was appointed a committee to wait on the council and inquire into the causes of the delay. He appeared before them, and heard their statement. "Gentlemen," says he, "the ordination must come on now, and if you can not assist, we must try to get along without you. The point under discussion must be postponed to some other day." The council acquiesced, and the ordination ceremonies proceeded without more delay. Col. Webster was one of the elders of the church for many years prior to his death.

We never heard of but one instance

when he was subjected to church discipline.

On a certain occasion he wished to see his nephew, Stephen Bohonon, who resided at the South Road village in Salisbury. He went to his house and found him absent, engaged in instructing the young people of the village in the art of dancing. He repaired to the hall, where his nephew was engaged, and, after waiting a few minutes transacted his business with him and returned home. Soon the rumor was circulated that Judge Webster had been seen in a dancing hall. A member of his church entered a complaint, requiring satisfaction for the reproach done. Parson Worcester suggested to him that a written acknowledgment would be appropriate. Judge Webster answered he would put nothing on file, but would make his confession orally and publicly, in presence of the congregation. Whereupon, on the succeeding Sabbath, after the forenoon exercises had closed, he rose in his place and addressed the congregation:

"A few days since I had some business with my nephew, Stephen Bohonon, went up to his house; found him in the hall of the tavern instructing the youth in dancing. They were in the midst of a dance when I entered the hall. I took a seat and waited until the dance was closed; took the earliest opportunity to do my errand with Stephen; found the young people civil and orderly; saw nothing improper. Now, if in all this, I have offended any of my *weaker* brethren, I am sorry for it."

But the secret of Judge Webster's power and great influence in this vicinity was to be found in his military services. The Revolutionary war found him captain of the company of militia in Salisbury. Capt. John Webster and Capt. Matthew Pettengill had each served their term of service. Capt. Ebenezer Webster, Lieut. Robert Smith and Ensign Moses Garland, were the officers of the company in 1775. He commanded this company

during the whole war, and was promoted to the rank of colonel in 1784. This station gave him authority and control over all able-bodied citizens between the ages of sixteen and fifty, as the law then was. Capt. Webster had thus the command of about seventy-five men. As an officer, he was beloved by his soldiers, and always had their entire confidence. He was born to command. He was in stature about six feet; of a massy frame, a voice of great compass, eyes black and piercing; a countenance open and ingenuous, and a complexion that could not be soiled by powder. He was the very man to head the proud columns of the Sons of Liberty. Hence, soon after the Lexington fight, we find him at Cambridge, at the head of most of his company. He armed more than half of his men, and remained on duty at Winter Hill for six months of that year. In 1776, resigning the office of selectman, he enlisted a company and repaired to New York in season to take part in the battle of White Plains. Before he went into the army in this year, with the aid of his colleagues, he procured the signatures of eighty-four of his townsmen (being all except two) to the pledge offered to the people agreeably to the resolution of congress, as follows:

"We do hereby solemnly engage and promise that we will, to the utmost of our power, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, with arms, oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies."

His son, Hon. Daniel Webster, the last year of his life, thus eloquently referred to the signers of this pledge in Salisbury: "In looking to this record thus connected with the men of my birth-place, I confess I was gratified to find who were the signers and who were the dissentients. Among the former was he from who I am immediately descended, with all his brothers, and his whole kith and kin. This is sufficient emblazonry for my arms;

enough of heraldry for me." In the spring of 1777 he enlisted a company for the relief of the northern army. After a short service he returned for the purpose of assisting in the organization of a still larger force to oppose the progress of Burgoyne. Before the first day of July he reported to Col. Thomas Stickney, of Concord, that his company was mustered and ready for active service, all save Benjamin Huntoon and Jacob Tucker, "who each wanted a firearm." None could be procured in Salisbury for them, and Col. Stickney was requested to furnish arms for these men.

We once had in our possession two original letters from Capt. Webster to Col. Stickney on this subject. In this company that was engaged in the battle of Bennington on the 16th of August, were enrolled forty-five of the good men of Salisbury, two thirds of whom had wives and families, embracing the Pettengills, the Fifields, the Bohonons, the Huntoons, the Sanborns, the Eastmans, the Smiths and Scribners, the Greelys and Websters. They all returned safe excepting Lieut. Andrew Pettengill, who died, soon after his return, from injuries received in this campaign. He was an excellent officer, and father of Lieut. Benjamin Pettengill. About seventeen of the company were from New Britain, now Andover, and ten others from the town of Hillsborough. Among them were McNeil and Andrews, Symonds and Booth, who had before fought on other fields. McNeil and Andrews had carried upon their shoulders their Capt. Baldwin, when mortally wounded in the battle of Bunker Hill.

His company occupied a position in front of the breast-work of the Hessians in the battle of Bennington. The bodies of the Hessians were partially concealed. Webster felt the disadvantage and addressed his men: "*Fellow-soldiers*, we must get nearer the Hessians. Storm their breast-work." The action was suited to the word. The enemy were soon dispersed.

At this period of the war Salisbury had also twelve of her men enlisted for three years in Capt. Gray's company, Col. Scammel's regiment, namely, Moses Fellows, Eph. Heath, Benj. Howard, D. Fitch, Matthew Greely, Philip Lufkin, Joshua Snow, Wm. Bailey, John Ash, Josiah Smith, Reuben Greely and Joseph Webster. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution, but her citizens put forth energies equal to the emergency.

In August, 1778, Capt. Webster, in obedience to a request of the Committee of Safety, with a company enlisted in his neighborhood, repaired to Rhode Island, and participated in the events that then occurred there. Again, in 1780, Capt. Webster enlisted and marched another company for the relief of the army stationed at West Point. This was a short time before the treason of Arnold. We heard one of his soldiers remark that the evening after the treason of Arnold was discovered by Washington, Capt. Webster was called to his tent by Washington, and commanded to guard his tent that night, remarking, "I believe I can trust you." Capt. Webster with a portion of his company performed sentry duty during that eventful night. His nephew, Stephen Bohonon, one of his soldiers, used to relate the incident that Washington did not sleep that night, but spent his time either in writing or walking his tent. Capt. Webster performed six months' service at West Point, and in subsequent periods of the war two other short campaigns in defense of our northern frontiers.

Thus we see that when congress or the state called for aid, Capt. Webster met the demand by the good example of leading his men rather than by pointing the way.

The principle of equality was established by Salisbury in raising and paying her men for the war, as will be seen by the adoption of the following vote in 1778:

"Voted, That Capt. Ebenezer Webster and Capt. John Webster be chosen

a committee to aid the selectmen to make an inventory of each man's estate, and estimate what each man has done in this present war, and estimate the currency upon the produce of the country, and that those men who have not done according to their interest, be called upon by tax or draught, till they have done *equal* to them that have already done service in the war."

The selectmen of that year, who had for a chairman Dr. Joseph Bartlett, an able and efficient patriot and father of Ichabod Bartlett, and a family all highly respectable, united with the other members of the committee, and they assessed the people according to the spirit of the foregoing resolution. All acquiesced except the richest man of the town, who had performed no military service, and he demurred to the tax as being too large and illegal, and declined to pay. The committee waited upon him, and Judge Webster addressed him: "*Sir*: Our authorities require us to fight *and* pay. Now, you must pay *or* fight." He paid up.

By act of congress of February 25, 1780, New Hampshire was required to furnish one million, one thousand and two hundred pounds of beef, as her quota for the support of the army. The legislature of New Hampshire, June 17, 1780, owing to the depressed state of the currency, passed an act authorizing each town to furnish, in five equal supplies, their proportion of this beef. The state assessment on the town of Salisbury was nine thousand two hundred and forty pounds of beef. Capt. Eliphalet Giddings, of Exeter, was appointed Collector General of beef for this state.

All the beef was to be returned to Capt. Giddings, estimated and accepted by him, and then to be forwarded to the American army.

The selectmen of Salisbury, in 1780, were Capt. Ebenezer Webster, Dr. Joseph Bartlett, and Edward Eastman, grand-father of Joel Eastman, of Conway. They assessed this tax in money, but gave notice in the warrant to the

collector, that beef would be received as legal tender for each man's tax. Much labor was required to collect this tax, and it was found necessary in February, 1781, to call a town-meeting and appoint a committee to aid in collecting the tax and beef. Capt. Webster was chairman of this committee.

The Continental money was so far reduced in value as to be estimated less than five dollars on a hundred. From the orders and papers now before us, we are able to state the currency of the time—beef being the standard of value. It appears, too, that this tax had no uniform *title* or *ear-mark*.

His colleagues in office allowed Capt. Webster three pounds, lawful money, for a heifer toward his *war* tax. Capt. Pettengill was allowed four pounds toward his *cow* tax for the army. Jonathan Young was allowed ten shillings and eight pence, out of his *heifer* tax. Ensign John Webster paid his tax with 1,890 continental dollars, being for 420 pounds of beef for the army. John Collins Gale was allowed for 400 pounds of beef 1800 continental dollars, being the amount of his "*war beef tax*." Allowed Joseph Meloon 1500 continental dollars, it being in part toward a cow furnished by him to the town *for the army*.

Dr. Joseph Bartlett was paid one thousand dollars in full for his services as selectman March 12, 1781.

Capt. Ebenezer Webster was paid \$500 in full for his services and 100 feet of boards. Edward Eastman was allowed \$566, it being for shingles, nails, making shoes, and service as a selectman of the town.

In 1781 Salisbury voted to raise twelve thousand continental dollars, to be worked out on the highways at \$24 per day to each man.

In 1783 the town voted to raise \$200 in specie, to be worked out at fifty cents per diem for each man.

Such was the state of the currency in the days of the Revolution. Great

were the consequent difficulties to be overcome. But the patriotism of the times equaled every emergency.

The insurgents of 1786 claimed, as a measure of reform, that the legislature should issue a large amount of bills of credit, pledging the faith of the state for their redemption, and that these bills should constitute a legal tender for all taxes and debts. These propositions were placed before many of the towns in this state for their consideration.

On the 15th day of August, A. D. 1786, the subject of a larger emission of paper money came up for discussion in public town-meeting in Salisbury. Judge Webster presided as moderator, and gave his views to the meeting.—The town voted, "Not to have any paper money on any plan whatever at present."

The town then appointed Dr. Joseph Bartlett, Capt. Wilder, Col. Webster, L. Judkins and John Sweatt, a committee to instruct the representatives on this subject. Such was the sympathy the insurgents obtained against government from Salisbury.

The situation of the body politic, and the remedy of the insurgents, reminds us of the case of Charles V. He spent the latter part of his days in the cells of a religious cloister, endeavoring to obtain absolution from his earthly sins by doing worthy penance. He inflicted stripes upon his mortal body, until the blood started from his skin. Charles then inquired of his spiritual confessor, what more he would prescribe. He received for answer, "nothing but a little more whipping."

In March, 1787, Col. Webster and Capt. David Pettengill were chosen delegates to meet other delegates at Warner, to consider the propriety of the removal of the courts from Amherst to some more central part of the county of Hillsborough, or to establish a new county from the northern part of said county. The proceedings of this convention brought about in the year 1788 the establishment of

Hopkinton as a half shire for the courts of Hillsborough. It remained the half shire until the year 1823, when the county of Merrimack was organized, and the courts were consequently removed to Concord. No one man contributed so much in time and active exertions, to bring about this result, as Hon. Ezekiel Webster. He represented the town of Boscawen in the legislature, and against a strenuous opposition, successfully carried this measure.

In the year 1800, the town voted to accept Col. Webster as collector of taxes, in the room of Ephraim Colby. An aged citizen informed us that he met Judge Webster after he had spent the day, with ill success, in getting taxes; when Judge Webster repeated for his comfort that old rhyme, which contains more truth than poetry:—

"This is a good world we live in,
To lend, to spend, and to give in;
But, to beg, to borrow, and to get one's own,
'T is the hardest world that ere was known."

Among the numerous offices which Judge Webster often well filled was that of grand juror. Ability, integrity, and experience, were formerly considered qualifications of this station. Our statute cuts off many who should serve in this office, and dishonest executors of the law sometimes place in the jury-box such as are entirely disqualified to discharge its duties.—Formerly the most able and influential citizens were selected to this post of honor and responsibility. John Randolph, of Roanoake, was foreman of the grand jury of Virginia that investigated the charges against Aaron Burr for high treason.

September 14, 1773, Ebenezer Webster was chosen grand juror to go to Amherst to attend His Majesty's

superior court of judicature. This was his first service. After he was appointed judge of the court of common pleas, in 1791, he served as grand juror, generally in the capacity of foreman, at the superior court of judicature in Hillsborough county, in 1792, '94, '97, '98, 1801, 1802, 1803 and 1804.

We could, if time and space would allow, give you many other facts and incidents which would interest the reader. Suffice it to say Judge Webster was upon all the important committees raised by the town to obtain money and men to carry on the war, and to form and maintain the government. He was also the arbitrator selected more often than any other person to settle or adjust matters of a public or private character.

We send you two of his reports to show his comprehensive and concise form of doing business. His honesty and sound judgment were relied upon, and led to safe results. As a magistrate and judge, he heard, deliberated and decided; and from his decisions there was generally no desire to appeal. Judge Webster was too liberal to the public. He underestimated the value of his services. We find him charging four shillings, and sometimes three shillings for a day's work, when employed on public business; while his associates generally charged one dollar or more.

From a slight examination of the Journal of the House and Senate of this state, while Judge Webster was a member, we ascertain he was placed upon the most important committees. He seldom spoke in deliberative bodies, but commanded attention when he did.

WHAT MORE PURE.

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

Sweet is the sound of the rippling brook,
 Or the wild bird's song of glee;
 Or the tinkling music of herd bells,
 When wafted over the lea.
 But sweetest of all songs nature sings,
 Is my baby's laugh to me.

A glorious sunset thrills my soul;
 I delight in a grand sunrise;
 I enraptured stand and watch the sea,
 As its great heart throbs and sighs.
 More wondrous by far than all of these,
 Is the smile in my baby's eyes.

What flower will the lily can compare,
 Of Flora's radiant band?
 The rose is proud as she is fair,
 None prouder in all the land;
 Yet, prouder I, than lily or rose,
 Of my baby's waxen hand.

Nor rippling brook, nor the song of bird,
 Nor the herd bell sounds so sweet;
 Nor sunrise gold, nor the sunset's glow,
 Nor the sea I love to greet.
 Hold ever so great a charm for me,
 As my baby's rosy feet.

Her budding charms are many and rare,
 For aye my pen could extol.
 Far grander recruits than her wee form,
 The Army of Life doth enroll—
 But what more pure, on earth, or in heaven,
 Than my baby's spotless soul?

OUR NATION'S VALHALLA.

BY ALMA J. HERBERT.

The National Hall of Statuary in the south wing of the capitol, the former hall of the House of Representatives, is said to have been modeled after the theater at Athens. It is a fine semi-circle of 95 or 96 feet chord, and 60 feet height, with floor of blue and white marbles, in octagons. It is surrounded by a line of 26 columns of the beautiful variegated breccia, or pudding-stone, called Potomac marble (from the now exhausted quarry at the great falls of that river, some 20 miles above Washington), 28 feet high, in three sections; 8 feet 4 inches in circumference, resting on bases of sandstone, capitals of Carrara marble, cut in Italy, making the height 32 feet. Eight of these noble columns form a loggia under the south gallery, with two windows on each side the corridor; high up on the north are small square and circular windows that lighted the gallery which it is proposed soon to remove; but the hall is lighted from above, by the south dome, or rather,

the cupola above the fine dome painted in caissons, or panels, with long, leaf patterns between in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. Above the south corridor, where once was the Speaker's chair, in the tympanum of an arch sweeping from east to west is a colossal plaster of the Goddess of Liberty modeled to be executed in marble by Causici, a pupil of Canova, in 1829, an eagle at her right hand and the frustum of a column on the left, and entwined about it several times, the head toward the west, is the serpent—emblem of wisdom. Below on the entablature is an eagle with outspread wings.

Over the north entrance is an exquisite marble design and work by Cha's Franzoni, in 1830, at a cost of \$16,000.

The lovely Muse of History, a slight graceful figure, stands in the winged car of Time [his skeleton form with extended wings and scythe, at the prow in relief—the lamina of seven yards long feathers visible in front] that rests in its course over the globe, on which are carved the signs of the Zodiac, the wheel of the car forming the face of the clock. Her head is held one side in listening attitude as she looks on the proceedings beneath, one foot is on the deck to raise the knee to support the large volume, the right hand yet in suspense what record to make on the waiting page. The fair face was dusty from travel, the hair in puffs of curls on each side braided, and the back hair in the Grecian coil, the drapery blown by the wind floating behind from the fair arms, the robe looped on top of the shoulder and girdled in at the waist.

The House of Representatives occupied this beautiful hall 32 years.

In the early days of the Rebellion soldiers were quartered here, and the readers of the Atlantic Monthly will remember Theodore Winthrop's narrative of its occupancy by the 7th New York Regiment. Then it was baptized and forever consecrated by use as a hospital for the wounded and sick soldiery.

At the suggestion of Hon. Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, then in the House, a paragraph in an appropriation bill—a "rider," but an honest, honorable "rider"—no political sneak—culminated July 2, 1864, in the appropriation of the Hall to its present use, each state being invited to send two statues, either in marble or bronze. Rhode Island was first to act, New York and Massachusetts closely followed, and other states have taken preliminary action. In this year of grace, 1880, May, the Hall contains fourteen statues, three of bronze, the others in marble; and the plaster copy of Virginia's Washington. There are six or eight oil portraits on the walls, that of Lincoln in gold mosaic sent from Venice. On the west side of the south corridor is Mrs. Ames' bust of Lincoln, on the east that of Pulaski, the Polish patriot, and of Crawford, the sculptor.

There are several curious echoes to which the attention of visitors is often called, that the lover of art could wish elsewhere.

Massachusetts occupies the first place on each side of the entrance from the rotunda. On the right is the beautiful statue familiar to visitors at Mt. Auburn, of her first Governor John Winthrop "landing with the charter 1630" as inserted on the east side, the name of the state on the west, and "John Winthrop" on the panel of the swelled front of the highly polished base. The well-poised, youthful figure—Hope looking afar—the right foot on shore, the left yet on the landing plank, the ship's cable coiled around a tree-trunk on the right, seems caught in the very act of walking exactly rendered.

The left hand [the arm covered by an outer round thick collared cloak falling behind] clasps a Bible to his heart, the right falls carelessly to the side holding a long thin roll and a round engraved and rather embossed disk, the charter and seal of the Colony.

The face is beautiful, serene, illuminated, the brow broad, the lower face narrow, the eyes full and remarkably expressive, Roman nose, lips clean, but

encircled with close-clipped beard, that covers the chin and throat to the ears. The hair drawn back on top, parted on each side, falls in curls behind, over the immense double ruff, three inches wide and as thick, fluted in double flutes.

The costume—for the outer cloak shows in front only over the arm—is a short, close frock scarcely coming to the knees, belted in by a wide belt fastened by a triangular buckle, the point down; the sleeves have narrow caps at the shoulders, wide cuffs at the wrists, which seem of some corded or finely tucked material, turned back and trimmed with an inch wide edging, laid in folds. The full bag-breeches garter the long hose below the knees with wide ribbons tied in bow-knots with long ends on the outside; high-heeled, narrow-toed shoes with large puffed rosettes, a puff in the center, on top of the foot.

"Richard S. Greenough, Sculpsit, 1875." The execution to the minutest detail is very fine, the block snowy white, the pedestal softly veined.

THE NATION'S MARTYR.

Near the center of the Hall, on the west side, is Vinnie Ream's (now Mrs. Hoxie) statue of Lincoln. Very much criticism has been lavished upon it. The subject was statuesque only in soul and in idiosyncrasies. Some western men who knew him, and such should decide rather than the artistic, say it is as good as the average; and a few praise it, aside even from the fact that it is the work of a woman. The head droops forward, the hair thrown up on top parted each side, clipped beard on chin and throat to the ears, the face with deep care-lines on the forehead—is sadder and rougher than Mrs. Ames' fine bust, and has a dreaminess about it—as if not out of his brown study though risen to propose the Act of Emancipation,—that must often have been his mood. The right hand holds the wide, flat roll—held rather low as if not yet presented; the left gathers up the outer cloak half fallen

off, a mass of it tucked under the arm is held by the elbow, covering also the right arm to the wrist though showing the coat sleeve without cuff and the inside linen. The cravat is close with a low collar turning over it, plain linen front, vest and frock-coat with buttons down each side; the pantaloons much wrinkled over the instep of the boots. The pedestal of veined marble polished, bears the name in front—the honored and revered name, Abraham Lincoln, 1870.

Next on the west stand the New York bronzes, life size—that last winter exchanged cambric-covered boxes for fine bases of the rich, dark chocolate Tennessee marble that adorns the Capitol—the faces of the pedestals bearing the inscription "From the State of New York."

Robert R. Livingston, first Chancellor of the state, who as such had the honor to administer the oath of office to Washington, a resident minister to France and negotiator for the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, stands in an attitude of calm repose, and in the rich, dark bronze, looks the meditative sage. The right arm in the coat sleeve with narrow line of embroidery along the edge, falls naturally at the side, with the Act on a roller with ornamented tip or knob, the end unrolled to show the inscription "Cession of La. 1803," in the hand. The hair crowning the wide, but not very high, lined forehead, is parted in the middle, thrown up at each side and tied behind in a "club." The deep caverned eyes, very friendly, long, thin nostrils, close compressed lips with lines at the angles—except Trumbull's—the oldest face there, is one that grows upon you. The necktie is close with pendent artistic laces, and the closed vest shows half-a-dozen buttons; below the left hand, like the other with deep, full laces at wrist, draws together the surplice or chancellor's robe of office that drapes all the figure to the narrow buckles of the shoes in a most effective manner. The name is on the bronze plinth, "Robert R. Livingston,

1746-1811." Cast at Paris, 1874. E. Palmer.

George Clinton, of New York, died in Washington in 1810, while Vice President of the United States. A native of Ulster county, and Member of Congress in '76, he voted for the Declaration of Independence, but his duties as Brigadier-General called him away ere its signature; for eighteen consecutive years governor of his native state. Those forming years of its history are the story of his life. After retiring to private life he was again reelected to the same office.

In color the bronze effigy is light and brassy, but bronze improves with age. The pose is an easy military rest, the right hand on the hilt of the narrow, sheathed sword, from which cord and tassels are pendent; the left drops to the side holding the gloves. The face, turned slightly toward the right shoulder, as all its features, is well rounded rather than full; the hair puffed over and cut to cover the ears, drawn back on top and tied with a small string at the tip of the cue, and a wide ribbon bow at the nape of the neck. There are epaulets on the shoulders, a wide cravat, double ruffles at the breast as at the wrists where the rounded sleeve cuff has three buttons. The high-collared military coat to the knees, is closed over the chest by two buttons, falls back to show the long vest with small, figured buttons, one on the pocket-welt, the skirt cut away at the sides; seal and watch-key pendent against a wide short ribbon below the vest on the right side, tight breeches to the knees, with five buttons on the outer sides above the oval buckle of the garter; low shoes with short buckles. The plinth bears the name: H. R. Brown. Rolt, Wood & Co., Philadelphia.

We may call the next Toleration—representing Roger Williams as a well-formed, youthful figure, the left foot advanced, a small heap of stones the relief. A book, the cover inscribed "Soul Liberty, 1630," is pressed to the heart by the left hand; the extended right hand falls with open palm as if in

the act of speaking. The somewhat narrow, beardless face, sad though determined, has a suggestion of immaturity, though seen from the loggia there is a well-befitting dreaminess about it. The nose is large and prominent, abundant hair, parted in the middle, brushed upward, curling on the shoulders, crowns the retreating brow. About the neck the linen collar, pointed at the corners and some three inches wide, lies flat, tied with a cord and small tassels. The waistcoat is closed by small buttons set on a bar down the front and is extended by a flounce slightly pulled on, as if a careful mother or wife had hidden the worn front edges and eked out the length.

The outer garment is loose, with a rounded flat collar, a sort of cap at the top of the sleeves, and turn-over cuffs with pointed corners at the wrists, and falls to the ribbon garters tying the full bag-breeches, with bows at the sides. The shoes are low-heeled, square-toed, laced through two holes in each lap, with—you are sure—a leather cord, tied in a long loop on top of the high instep. The name is on the entablature, that of Rhode Island on the fine pedestal of red granite—Franklin Simons, Sculpt. 1870.

A MAJOR GENERAL.

Rhode Island's Quaker-born Greene, the man who, next to Washington, did most to secure the independence of the Nation, stands last on the right or west side of the Hall,—life size—not so tall as Roger Williams—the shortest of all save Baker—a very beau among the grave marbles—the pose of the fine plump figure being considered the most graceful of all. The head turns toward the right side, the left arm bearing a cloak [as shown by the line of embroidery on the bend of the neck] that falls to the feet, the forefinger in the tasseled hilt of the sword held nearly to the shoulder, and slanting back; the right arm "akimbo," the hand resting on the hip. The clean full face with rather prominent eyes and large nose, is intelligent and pleasing, the clipped

hair is parted on each side, puffed over but not entirely concealing the ears and braided in a cue and tied in the back. The epaulets are large, collar high, cravat close and wide, large buttons on the sleeve, cuffs with full frills as at the bosom, the coat closed across the chest by two buttons falling back from the lower one, turned, showing elegant silk facings carried behind and attached to the skirt swallow-tail wise—short vest with very narrow lapst though provided with a safety button, seals and keys pendent from a wide chain, "tights" with four buttons, small as in those on the vest, the buckle of the narrow garter showing on the right limb above the square-toed, turn-over top-boots, with tassels on the outer sides. Both marbles are slightly veined and the bases are of a Rhode Island red granite, taking good polish though rather lighter in color than the Scotch. Simmons, Sculpt.

East of the south corridor stands Vermont's colossal Ethan Allen, the artist being another of her sons, Larkin G. Mead. The well-knit figure, instinct with life, is that of a hardy mountaineer in the proud strength of young manhood, the sword in the right hand drawn from the scabbard, yet for the moment trailing its point on the ground, the left fist clenched emphatically against the chest demanding the surrender of Ticonderoga, "In the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress." It is the only covered head in the sacred presence. The high flaps of the three-cornered military cocked hat, with cockade on the right side and without plume, as the official head-gear of revolutionary times, is well worth preservation, but the forehead would be sacrificed to it. It comes in here without loss, as no portrait existed, and the deep eyes flashing under the short thick curls and the firm lips are ideal. The epaulets, leathern straps crossed on the back, silken sash tied at the left side with immense knobbed tassels, laces, long vest, oblong seal and wide watch-chain, the silk-faced coat-skirt turned back and buttoned behind, the

buttons highly polished, the short clothes and high wide-topped square-toed boots much wrinkled at the instep, are the costume of the day. We have questioned whether it were in accordance with the principles of correct taste to lower the pedestal in order that the colossal figure might correspond in height with the others!

Continuing around the hall, at the south-east corner Connecticut has encribed her name on pedestals of black and white finely mottled Vermont marble, presenting in semi-heroic two of her sons, grand men of substance—sculptured by "C. B. Ives, Romæ." Trumbull, in 1869, and Sherman, 1870. Jonathan Trumbull, father of the painter, friend and secretary of Washington, who called him "Brother Jonathan," in Congress as delegate and Speaker of the House, and Senator and Governor of his state, a majestic, tall, but not over-portly frame, stands reading a bill on foolscap, many sheets joined by a band, on the back of which is inscribed in red—"To the Honorable Council and House of Representatives, in General Court convened, 1783," the paper held at length, nor yet folded or rolled, by both hands, the right below. The forehead of the serene face is very high, a long head and cheeks, sunken lips and double chin; hair full over the ears and clubbed. The coat to the knees has a very low collar, cravat close, full ruffles at neck, narrower at wrists; the long waistcoat has very wide pocket-covers close buttoned at the ends and middle buttons on the sleeve-cuff, the breeches have four large buttons, garter buckle square, those on the shoes long and flat. A neat, square-collared cloak with cape nearly to the elbows, from which the lower left arm is free, and tucked up under the other arm, covers most of the person to the feet.

Roger Sherman, shoemaker, lawyer, judge, one of the committee of five to draft the Declaration of Independence, and a signer of the document, stands in stately dignity with right arm extended before the person, the forefinger and thumb advanced, the other

fingers closed, gracefully declaiming. The head and face, with noble domed brow, is beautiful; the expression serene, almost radiant, and the hair, though clubbed behind, does not cover the ears. The costume seems more modern, though the coat appears to have no collar at all, only the seam guarding the edge carried around, yet large buttons button back the sleeve-cuffs, cravat close, with a neat knot in front and pendent ends folded and edged or fringed, but no bosom-frills. A cloak, with square collar, covering the left arm that holds it up to the fingers, drapes the figure to the ankles.

The next three statues belong to the United States.

The semi-heroic statue of Alexander Hamilton was modeled by Dr. Horatio Stone, of the city of Washington, and executed in Rome in 1868. It represents him in earnest debate, with a short closed roll in or under the right hand, the fingers of the left just touching an oblong case of rolls or lictor's fasces. The head is large and square, crowned with curling hair not wholly covering the ears and tied behind; forehead high, eyes deep-set, nose sharp, lips full. There is a slight variation from the oft described costume—upright collar to the frock coat reaching to the knees, buttons on the cuffs and big lappets over the vest pockets, frills perhaps narrower at the wrists, the breeches much wrinkled over the limbs, long hose, and low heels to the buckled shoes. The front face of the pedestal is covered with a large crowded intaglio, in black lines, of Washington taking the oath of office.

Hamilton, 1757-1804, was the peerless intellect—the bright particular star—in the early dawn of our nation; a man in the estimation of many far superior to the august Father, or any other of the heroes of "the great days" of that formative period. A rare genius, with level head, the foreign orphan-boy of fifteen acquired large store of knowledge, and excelled first in sound, practical common sense and executive ability; then as versatile as

the needs of the time, in conversation; in oratory; in military tactics, succeeding Washington as commander-in-chief; in statesmanship in its highest form, with insight into principles that Talleyrand called a divination; in law, molding the constitution, that but for his greatness had been other than the power it is—to the people and the people to the constitution—writing sixty-three of the eighty-five wonderful papers of *The Federalist*; in finance, as first Treasurer, from an utterly empty chest providing for the payment of a national debt of about \$60,000,000; the only clay in the gold, the manner of his death, since he had lost his eldest son in a duel, and disapproved of the code, but accepted the challenge as a public man. The one failure to act up to his convictions and scorn the evil fashion cost the nation his invaluable life at the age of 47. In November last New York unveiled a memorial statue of Hamilton, presented to the city by the last of his six sons, now nearly 90 years of age, a man richly dowered with great talents and of rare attainments, who in his address on the occasion modestly hoped that: "Time having developed the utility of his public services and of the reasons of his polity, this memorial may aid in their being recalled and usefully appreciated."

The bronze Jefferson holds in his left hand, at the side, a sheet of bronze as large as the original parchment, bearing in legible printed letters the Declaration of Independence, which coming to the base serves as relief. The right arm is held across the person with fingers raised. The long thin face is almost sharp. The hair covers the ears and ties behind. The upper lappel of the long coat-collar seems drawn up as if to shield from cold. The skirts are cut away at the sides. The long waistcoat, breeches and long buckles. No heels to the shoes. Behind lie a couple of old volumes with a civic wreath on top, "Presented by Uriah Phillips Levy, of the U. S.

Navy, to his Fellow-citizens." The pedestal is the richest in the hall, being a combination of four varieties of very rich colored marbles, by Struther, of Philadelphia. The design was by P. J. David, d'Angers, a French sculptor,* and was cast in Paris, "Par Honore Gouon, et ses deux fils." Though presented to the United States in 1833, it was not accepted in form till 1874, and after a move from the Rotunda to the grounds in front of the White House, found place here through a suggestion of Charles Sumner.

The Father of his Country as yet is presented in our Valhalla only in stained and marred plaster, a copy of Houdon's life-size statue at Richmond, Va., made by Hubbard, and does not impress us as a great work, though the original should be, since Houdon, who came to America in 1785 with Franklin, spent some weeks at Mt. Vernon in study. Visitors think the head small [we want him to look the most God-like], and it is rather thrown upward, nose in the air, and too old. The right hand leans on the cane with cord and tassels, though held rather slanting; the left rests on a bundle of licitor's rods, on which are thrown cloak and sword. The guide books say "in civic attire," which differs little, as these are flat epaulets and top-boots with spurs. The left limb is advanced, and the handles of a small rude plow are seen, that extend back. The high base bears the well-known inscription in black lettering.

Next, like a young son from a state the Father never dreamed of, is the statue of Col. E. D. Baker, senator from Illinois and Oregon, whose clarion voice that was inspiration to the Californi regiment he commanded, was forever hushed beneath the pine tree on Ball's Bluff, October 22, 1861. It is the pose of the orator; the closed roll in the left hand sloping down; as do the

fingers of the right arm held somewhat advanced in graceful gesture in front of the chest; the left foot advanced, the other resting on the toes. It is a pleasing genial face, full high forehead, double chin, hair over the ears, but the round head is slightly bald on top. The costume is modern, the corners of the collar turn a little over the knotted neck-tie; linen bosom in folds; coat buttoned, pantaloons and boots. A cloak, one had said Roman toga, but for a scrap of collar visible behind the right shoulder, a portion drawn up and pendent over the left arm, is hoisted below the right elbow across the form so closely as to lose grace, to the heel of the left boot. The soft felt hat with wide brim, tassels and cord, and rich ostrich feather falling behind, lies on a large book, and the sword on the pedestal—the face bearing the name "Baker." This was the last work of Dr. Horatio Stone, who died in Italy in 1875. Col. Edward D. Baker was of English origin, brought to America when a boy, and working with his father at weaving, secured an honorable self education; was an effective orator and greatly beloved.

Two years ago Maine unveiled her statue of King. Franklin Simmons, fecit, 1877. A large frame, the left arm with hand poised on the hip, wholly concealed under the vast cloak, drawing it somewhat aside, the other showing part of the coat-cuff, and the inch wide full fills at wrists (as also on bosom) draws it together, the hand clasping to the breast a scroll slightly unrolled. The high retreating forehead beetles over the full eyes deep set. The large nose is the prominent feature of the grave face. The hair is upped in a point on top, and clipped close about the ears and back of the well-formed head. The first thought was that the subject lived too late for wear of breeches; but they still obtain, and high boots cut down in a point in front, with a tassel pendent and much bewrinkled at the instep. The cloak, with square collar, buttons and loops

*Piere Jean David, of Angers, often called "The Republican Sculptor of France," who had designed forty-six large, and many more small, statues, was honored by a memorial statue unveiled in his birth place October 24, 1880.

finger of the right arm, the
who advanced in graceful
front of the chest; the left
vacated, the other resting on
it is a pleasing general view
faintly, double chin, but
care, but the round head is
on top. The costume is
contrast of the color from a
the moulted necktie; the
fold; coat buttoned, narrow
boots. A clock, one had and
lost, but for a strip of cloth
behind the right shoulder, a
drawn up and pendant over
arm is hoisted below the right
across the torso so closely as
space to the back of the head.
The left foot, but with a slight
and now, and left outside the
ing behind, lies on a large
the sword on the pedestal—
between the arms "better."
the last work of the American
who died in 1845 in 1845
Edward D. Baker was an
origin brought to America
boy, and working with his
nearly secured an honest
education; was an effective or
greatly beloved.

Two years ago Maine gave
statue of King, Franklin D.
born 1817. A huge figure the
with hand poised on the hip,
concealed under the wide cloak
ing it somewhat aside, the left
top part of the coat cut, and the
white fall like at waist (as
bosom) shows in together, the
clinging to the breast a well
narrowed. The high revers
head buttoned over the fall over
The large nose is the prominent
of the grave face. The hair is
in a point on top, and clipped
about the ears and back of the
formed head. The first thing
that the subject needs for the
of headgear; but they will also
high boots can show in a
front, with a tall pointed and
provided at the instep. The

Navy, to his fellow-citizens. The
pedestal is the richest in the hall, being
a combination of four varieties of
very rich colored marbles, by Gardner,
of Philadelphia. The design was by
P. J. David, of Boston, a French sculptor,
and was cast in Paris. "For
Honore Gibson, et regis domus
Though presented to the United States
in 1875, it was not accepted in form
all 1874, and after a move from the
Kaulbach to the grounds in front of
the White House, found place here
through a suggestion of Charles Sum-
ner.

The father of his Country as yet is
presented in our Valhalla only in statu-
ed and marred pictures, a work of
Hudson's life-size statue at Kaulbach,
Va., made by Hildebrand, and the statue in
front of us as a great work, though the
original should be from Hudson, who
came to America in 1773 with Franklin,
about some weeks at the young in
study. I know that the head and
[we want to see the work of the
life] with a rather broad upward
nose in the ear, and two tall. The
right hand, arms on the side and hand
and hands, though held rather stiffly
ing; the left hand on a handle of
historical sword, on which are three close
and sword. The statue looks ex-
"in civic action," which dates this
as there are the epaulettes and cap-bow
with space. The left hand is advanced,
and the handles of a sword, with the
are seen, they extend back. The right
hand bears the well-known inscription
in black lettering.

Next, like a young man bent a statue
the father never dreamed of is the
statue of Col. E. D. Baker, removed
from Illinois and Oregon, whose statue
was that was in position in the Capitol
management recommended Washington
placed beneath the pine tree on this
thru, October 23, 1881. It is the
pose of the order; the closed roll in
the left hand, hanging down; as do the

*This Iron Horse of America, often called
"The locomotive engine of Freedom," was
designed by the late Mr. E. D. Baker, and
was erected in 1875 in honor of the
centennial of the birth of the late Mr. E. D. Baker.

oneach side, drapes nearly to the ankles.

INDEPENDENCE.

We have passed around the hall and come to the last by the entrance. Massachusetts' Samuel Adams, who has been called "The Father of the Revolution." Standing with folded arms, the right hand under the left elbow clinching a short roll so closely that the ends are tunnel shaped, in the act of protesting against the soldiery in Boston, March 6, 1770. "Night is approaching, an immediate answer is expected. Both regiments or none," is inscribed on the east face of the base. Both figure and face are instinct with intense but repressed emotion and sublime resolution. The calm eyes are caverned under the upright high dome of forehead; the protuberent nose; the lower lip thrown out. How grandly a woman—for the artist is Anne Whitney—has caught and fixed the spirit of the hour! The hair a little thrown up on top is parted each side, covers the ears, rolls under and ties behind with a very nice bow. The costume, that of the times, a wide collar turns over the cravat tied in a bow-knot; long close-buttoned vest with wide covers to the pockets, and cut off corners, the left wrist shows the full undersleeve gathered into a ruffled band; the long strait coat with wide—three inch—button holes on each side; breeches with five buttons; square buckle on the garter, and high insteped, low-heeled buckled shoes. In relief on the left the claw foot of a low stand is seen, over which falls the mantle. The face of the base bears the name, the west side, "Presented by Massachusetts, 1876," and on the back the artist's name. Samuel Adams, a cousin of the second president of the Republic, was born in Boston September 22, 1722; died October 2, 1803.

New Hampshire is the only New England state without representation in the National Hall of Statuary, and as yet she has taken no action tending toward such honor. She has

enough sons worthy of the tribute, and the difficulty of selection may be the reason of the neglect; but so many of them found recognition elsewhere, that their names are inseparably entwined with the fame of their adopted states. Wm. Pitt Fessenden, Henry Wilson, Horace Greeley, Lewis Cass, Salmon P. Chase, James Grimes, Zach. Chandler, and John A. Dix; who thinks of either as a New Hampshire man. They were upbuilders of states other than that of their birth; yet giving all these away she has sons of fame. Who shall she select? In asking the question of some scores of people—natives of our state,—scarcely one has failed to offer the name of Daniel Webster—for the other no two agree—the range extending from Martin Pring, the discoverer in 1603, and Capt. John Smith, 1614, to Dudley Leavitt, almanac maker, John P. Hale and Nathaniel White. It may be said Massachusetts could claim Webster, but his service to the nation as the great expounder of the Constitution far outweighs any such claim, and he retained his ancestral patrimony and yearly visited his native hills. Franklin Pierce filled the highest office in the nation; but there is no need to select him, as probably ere long the new White House of the future, or some better place, will gather the statues of all the presidents in one group. Who? a son of the soil we say, though neither Winthrop, Roger Williams, Roger Sherman, or Ethan Allen, were born in the states that honor them.

We have Meshech Weare, first president of the state under the constitution of 1784; Josiah Bartlett, first governor under that of 1792; Matthew Thornton, president of the convention formed on the withdrawal of the royal governor Wentworth, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose life's history is given in his epitaph "the honest man"; or farther back, Cutt, the first provincial governor, 1680. Were it a picture, it might be the removal of the powder from Fort Inde-

pendence by night, by Sullivan and Langdon, the hundred barrels that did service on Bunker's Hill, or the last detail of the Revolution, Gen. Poor with his New Hampshire men directed by Washington to remain and rake up the coals and quench the embers of the camp-fires of war at Yorktown, or either hero in marble.

Stark has been mentioned, with the supposition added that were he selected, probably his grand-daughter, Miss Charlotte, would willingly present such statue to the state or nation.

What would we honor? There were giants later in law and on the bench, Mason, Smith, George Sullivan. The voices of those best conversant with the history of the state, in this informal vote, were for John Langdon, one of the framers of the constitution, United States senator, and four several times elected governor of New Hampshire. The offer of all his wealth,

three thousand dollars in gold and as much in plate, with other goods, in the darkest hour of the Revolutionary struggle, is a gem of patriotism on the crown of New Hampshire that will never fade.

Our voice is for Langdon and Webster. It were creditable to the state to take action in this matter at once, and now that the legislature meets but once in two years, to ignore the subject next session is to wait long. It is a matter for much reflection, for most deliberate consideration, nor less important is it that the commission be given to a true as well as competent artist, and fit material secured, than that the right person be selected for the honor.

We present the subject to the citizens of New Hampshire, and leave it for their candid enlightened thought and calm decision.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY JOSIAH EMERY.

There is one incident in Daniel Webster's life that I have never seen published or heard mentioned since it happened. In 1819, I think it was that year, the U. S. Supreme Court gave its decision in the famous Dartmouth College case. At the Commencement in 1820, Mr. Webster was present and addressed the students. At a meeting of the Trustees and Faculty a draft of five hundred dollars was drawn in favor of Mr. Webster. Our President, Dr. Francis Brown, was very much out of health, and Mr. Webster urged him strongly to go south. Dr. Brown replied that perhaps it would be better to

do so, but that he was poor and unable to bear the expense. Mr. Webster, without saying a word in reply, stepped to a desk in the room, took from his pocket the draft of \$500 that had been given, indorsed it over to Mr. Brown, saying "that will help you, sir." On Mr. Brown's attempting to reply, "not a word, my dear sir, not a word, but go south and thank God for the means," said he, certainly then, "God-like Daniel." Mr. Brown did go south, but died the same year, in the autumn of 1820. This one act will balance all that the Ghouls are trying to dig up of faults in his character.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

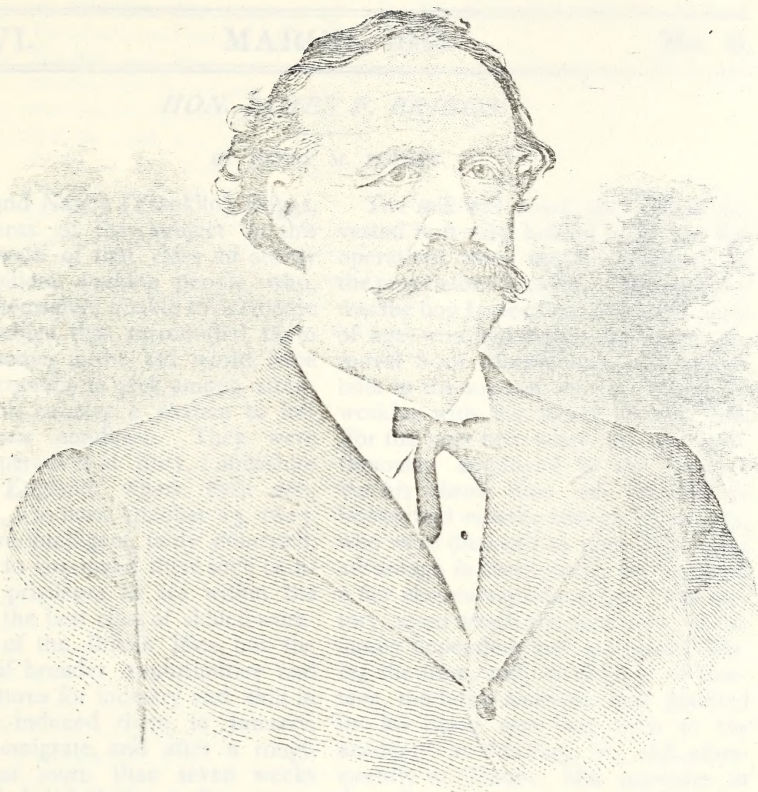
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1880



Yours truly
J. D. Briggs

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VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1883.

No. 6.

HON. JAMES F. BRIGGS.

BY HENRY M. PUTNEY.

John and Nancy (Franklin) Briggs, the parents of the subject of this sketch, were of that class of sturdy and ambitious working people, who, finding themselves unable to overcome the difficulties that surrounded them in their homes in the old world, have had the courage to seek among strangers in this country a chance to improve their condition. They were factory operatives at Bury, Lancashire county, England, where their son, James F., was born, October 23, 1827. They were intelligent, fairly educated, and able to command there such comforts and privileges as are within the reach of the best class of skilled working men of the British Isles, but the reports of broader opportunities and better returns for industry and skill in America, induced them, in January, 1829, to emigrate, and after a rough voyage of more than seven weeks they landed with their small property and son in Boston, March 4. Going direct to Andover, Mass., the father found employment in a woolen factory there; but soon after accepted a better position in Saugus, and a few months later removed to Amesbury, where the family lived until 1836. In the fall of that year Mr. Briggs, in company with two brothers, purchased a woolen mill at Holderness, now Ashland, N. H., and having established his home near by, commenced business on his own account in the manufacture of woolen cloths.

The mill was small, the capital invested in it very limited, and the few operatives were mostly members of the proprietors' families. Among them was the boy James, then a lad nine years of age, who had begun, before the removal from Massachusetts, to contribute to the support of the family by working with his father in the mill. For the next five years he was continuously employed in the factory; but his leisure time was devoted to books, and with the help of his parents, who were disposed to give him every advantage in their power, he acquired a fair elementary education. The factory, upon which the resources of the family depended, had prospered during the time, and, at the age of fourteen, the boy's ambition was gratified by his being sent one term to the academy at Newbury, Vt., and subsequently to Tilton. His expenses at these institutions were paid from his earnings in the mill; but being an expert operative, able to take the wool from the fleece and convert it into finished cloth, he earned enough to meet his bills one or more terms every year until 1848, when he arranged to take another important step toward the goal of his youthful ambition (which was to become a member of the bar), by entering the law office of Hon. William C. Thompson, at Plymouth, as a student. But before this plan could be carried out great afflictions, which would have forever dis-

couraged most young men, fell upon the family. Business reverses overtook the partners in the mill, and in February the boy's father died suddenly, leaving a widow and eight children, six of whom were younger than James, in destitute circumstances. This threw the care of the others largely upon him, and compelled him to abandon his purpose of going to Plymouth and return to cloth making. He did not however lose sight for a moment of the object he had in view, and procuring books from Mr. Thompson, he read law for a year at such times as he was not compelled to work at home, when he entered the office of Hon. Joseph Burrows, then a practicing lawyer at Holderness.

In 1849 the family moved to Fisherville, in order that the younger children might have employment, and he completed his studies in the office of Judge Butler, from which he was admitted to the bar in 1851. A few months later he commenced practice at Hillsborough Bridge, whither he went a perfect stranger without reputation, money or business. But he had courage, self-reliance, energy, and ability. He knew how to live within a small income until he could make a larger. He had learned how to wait, and he was willing to work, and little by little he gained acquaintances, friends, and clients, who gave him a lucrative practice, sought his counsel, followed his leadership, and established his reputation as the most popular and influential man in the town, and one of the best lawyers in the state.

In 1856, 1857, and 1858, he was chosen by an almost unanimous vote to represent Hillsborough in the legislature, where he, from the first, occupied the position of leader of his party. In each of these years he was a member of the judiciary committee, and in the last received his party's nomination for the speakership. At this time he acted with the democracy, and continued to do so until the war of the rebellion, when he felt that all loyal men should unite to save the

union and maintain the national authority; and having been nominated for councillor by the democracy of his district upon a peace at any price platform, he declined the position, and improved the opportunity to sever his connection with the party to whose doctrines he could not assent, and from that time he has been an ardent, active, reliable republican.

When the eleventh regiment was being recruited, he tendered his services to the governor of the state, and was assigned to duty as quartermaster on the staff of Col. Harriman.

In this capacity he served through the battles about Fredericksburg, the military operations in Kentucky, and the Mississippi river expeditions for about a year, when he was prostrated by the malaria of the southern swamps, and compelled to resign and return to his home in Hillsborough. During his absence in the field and the illness succeeding his return, his business had drifted to other hands, and on recovering his health he decided to begin anew in a wider field, in Manchester, to which city he removed in 1871, and formed a partnership with Hon. Henry H. Huse, which still exists.

Manchester gave him a cordial welcome. Her mill operatives and other mechanics greeted him as an honored graduate of their school, who in his after triumphs had never forgotten the hard road by which he had journeyed to success. Her lawyers and clients were well acquainted with his professional abilities. Her soldiers recognized him as an old companion in arms, and her politicians as an earnest republican who could and would be a tower of strength in every campaign. Under these circumstances he did not have to wait for business or political preferment. Soon after opening his office he was appointed city solicitor, and in 1874 he was elected to the legislature from Ward 3. Two years later he was chosen senator from the Manchester district, and in the same year was elected to the Constitutional Convention. In all these posi-

tions he acquitted himself so as to win friends and admirers, and in 1877 he was nominated for congress without substantial opposition, and elected by a large majority. At the expiration of his first term he was unanimously renominated, and after an exciting campaign was reelected by a majority of eight hundred and forty-nine over the combined greenback and democratic vote. Two years afterward it became a question whether he should be returned. The traditions and prejudices of the district were strongly against a third term. Four other able, ambitious and popular men were anxious to succeed him, and he declined to push for the nomination; but he accepted a call to take the stump in Maine, leaving it for the party to determine whether it was wise to place his name upon the ticket. To one of his friends who wrote him that he ought to return and attend to the canvass, he replied, "I am assured that I can be of considerable service here, and as it is of vastly more importance that the cause shall triumph in this state next Monday than that I shall be renominated, I must remain and trust to you and others to decide whether it is best to send me back to Washington. Whatever that decision may be, I shall be satisfied."

The convention met just after the disastrous defeat of the party in Maine, and when it appeared that there was only a desperate chance for its nominee to be elected. It decided that if any man could succeed he could, and a few days after he took the stump. Manchester, which was counted a doubtful city, when the convention assembled, gave him more than eight hundred majority, and the rest of the district swelled this to fourteen hundred and eighty. In 1882, Mr. Briggs was strongly urged by many of the leading men of the district to accept a renomination, but he judged that the party would be stronger with a new candidate, and declined to allow his name to be used. He however accepted a nomination to the

state legislature from his ward in Manchester, and will be a member of the House that assembles in June.

In congress Mr. Briggs has from the first been a faithful, hard-working member, and during the last four years has wielded a great influence. He is always ready to do his share of the committee work, always present to vote and sure to vote right; is tireless in serving his constituents, especially the veteran soldiers, and conscientiously and zealously devoted to the discharge of all his duties. In the forty-fifth congress he was a member of the committee on patents; in the forty-sixth, of that on naval affairs, and in the present, the forty-seventh, is chairman of the committee on expenditures in the war department, and a member of the judiciary, civil service reform, and several special committees. He succeeds in Washington as he did at home, by quiet, patient, persistent work, which brings about substantial results rather than momentary sensations. No member of the House commands more perfectly the confidence of his associates, and few if any have more influence upon legislation.

Committee reports bearing his name have generally been accepted as determining the questions involved, and his few speeches have been extensively republished as complete justifications of the parties whose views he has defended. This was notably true of his speeches on the Southern Election Frauds, the National Banking System, and the Knit Goods bill. His tribute to the memory of his colleague in the House and tent-mate in the army, the late Major Farr, attracted wide attention as a model of graceful eulogy. During the present session, he has been prominent as a leader of those who have insisted upon the abolition or material reduction of the tax on sugar.

Mr. Briggs is a man of splendid physique, tall, broad-shouldered and well-proportioned. In his boyhood he was too poor and too busy to indulge in any of the dissipations which

often undermine the constitutions of more favored youths, and the temperate habits he then formed have greatly augmented and preserved his capacity for work. At fifty-five he has the vigor, the endurance, and the strength of forty. He is a ready writer, and his success at the bar, upon the stump, and in the halls of legislation, attest his great power as a speaker. He does not delight in rhetorical outbursts, but he has the faculty of holding the attention of an audience for hours, and his speeches bear reading and reproduction. He owns a large and well selected library, with whose pages he is familiar, and every occasion finds him well-equipped for the defense of his opinions.

His wife was Roxana Smith, daughter of Obadiah and Eliza M. Smith, of New Hampton, who still presides over his attractive home. To her unwearying devotion, quiet courage and never-failing good sense, he doubtless owes much of his success in life. They have three children, a son who was educated at West Point, and was for several years a lieutenant in the regular army, but is now engaged in mercantile business in New Jersey; and two daughters, one of whom is Mrs. George Tewksbury, of Topeka, Kansas, and the other a student at Vassar college. In concluding this brief sketch it may not be out of place for the author, who has known Mr. Briggs long and intimately, to make some direct reference to the qualities of head and heart which characterize him in every relation in life. Prominent among these are his perfect fidelity, industry, courage, and thoroughness. It is natural for him to be true,

impossible for him to be false. He is ambitious, and few prize more highly the honors they win; but he is incapable of the duplicity and trickery by which some men succeed. His faithfulness to his convictions does not count cost or query about consequences to himself. He is a staunch and true friend as ever lived, and he never cheats those whom he dislikes or despises. His devotion to his family is far-reaching and untiring. He is a public-spirited citizen, a kind neighbor and a pleasant companion. He is always approachable, patient and considerate. In every cause in which he enlists he is a hard worker and a free giver. He knows how to wait and how to look beyond temporary reverses to the complete triumph which he believes will crown and establish the right. He never frets and never rests until the result is secure. His private life is without a stain, and the fierce light of the hottest campaigns has disclosed no shadow of a blot upon his public record. His sympathies are with the people, and his head and hands are controlled by his heart. These qualities, directing and supporting his great natural strength of mind and body, have made James F. Briggs what he is.

They have supplied the place of early advantages, influential friends and fortune. They have carried him from the woolen mill, working for a few cents a day, to the national house of representatives, commissioned to speak and act for the largest and richest district in New Hampshire. They have made him successful at the bar, popular at the polls, and influential in congress.

LUCRECIA.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY F. W. R.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER IV.

One evening, while taking a walk, she entered the church of Santa Croce. It seemed to her that in the midst of the remains of the great men of her country she would find inspiration, light and peace; but she became lost in a deep reverie, and found only chaos in her mind and heart. Suddenly, on turning around one of the arches, near a basin of holy water, she saw Marcel in an attitude of profound thought. He saw her at the same moment, their eyes met, and they stood as if fascinated by an apparition. At this time the church was almost empty; a few stragglers were finishing their prayers, crossing themselves and putting on their sandals upon the lettered marble, where each ray of light shone upon the name of some celebrated man. The candles added their feeble glimmer to the twilight, and the hour was propitious for avowals, questions and imprudent words. Both had them upon their lips. He passionate words of love; she questions of himself, his object and his aims. They hesitated, and their eyes revealed their hesitation. Lucrecia had a presentiment of danger; still she did not distrust her strength, having never been tempted; but in the presence of Marcel's love, she was instinctively afraid. She lowered her head and moved away a few steps. Marcel did not dare to follow her. Meanwhile he stretched out his hand to offer her the holy water. Lucrecia returned and dipped her fingers. Their hands met, and for a brief moment were clasped; but by an enegetic movement she drew her's away, and bowing, rapidly left the church.

That evening she was more agitated than usual, and she decided not to go to the house of Monsieur D.; but the resolution cost her a strong effort, and the whole evening was spent in thinking of Capellani.

"What was he doing at Santa Croce? Did he follow me there? No; his astonishment was too real. Was he praying? Was he searching for some inscription? Is he a Christian? Is he a scholar, an antiquary, or an artist?" She could not get out of this circle of thought.

The next day she dined with the Marquise Malespini, and was surprised at meeting Marcel there. But on noticing that the guests were few, she could not suppress a feeling of pleasure. She could now talk to this man freely, and solve the problem without danger. The conversation was animated, lively, and every way charming. A thousand subjects were introduced which were interdicted in larger gatherings. Lucrecia became very bold. She spoke of Napoleon, and asked of the minister how he had won his cross?

"They say Napoleon gave it to you himself. Is it true?" added the Marquise.

"Yes, madame, at Austerlitz," he replied.

"It is a fine thing, Monsieur, to have won this cross upon the field of battle," replied Lucrecia. "To be noticed by such a commander as Napoleon one must be courageous indeed!"

Marcel smiled and shrugged his shoulders as if it had been a small affair for him. "I was eighteen years old then," said he; "at that age, when one is born in a country without laws; where each has his own destiny to

carve out, and when one has been brought up in the midst of a revolution, the watchword of which is 'audacity!' one doubts nothing and does prodigies. In moments of political excitement, if a young man wishes to distinguish himself, he can astonish the world. This is the reign of enthusiasm and the era of heroes; but at forty, one looks at these things in a different light."

"At forty, one is no longer capable of heroic acts of devotion then?"

"At forty, one knows too much. Heroism comes only from two sources, the healthy ignorance of youth, or the supreme forgetfulness of all human interests. In order to sacrifice at one blow all earthly joys, one must either not know them or despise them, be a child or a Christian."

After this reply Lucrecia did not dare to descend from the high plane to which he had carried the conversation, to personal questions. In place of finding this man out, the more she searched the more undecided she became whether to admire or condemn him. He was unlike any type which her imagination had ever created. Meanwhile he had made an impression so deep that all the ideal characters to whom for twenty years she had been faithful were effaced.

At this moment her curiosity was excited to the highest degree. She felt a terrible fever of excitement in her veins. With a sudden and involuntary gesture she motioned Marcel to follow her into a neighboring room.

"What! monsieur," she cried in an angry tone, as if to protest against the dizziness which was overcoming her, "what! is there nothing true, nothing beautiful, nothing good in the world! Nobility of heart, you say, is a question of age! Devotion belongs only to youth or old age! But there are Frenchmen who were at Saint Helena—"

She interrupted herself, and did not finish this burning torrent; but her audacity quickly returned.

"What do you think of the insurgents?" she asked brusquely.

"Madame, greatness is no longer where you seek it. You are many centuries behind our civilization. The people who are killed are useless to others. Life quickly teaches that to one who will open his eyes."

A sudden and violent anger, a hatred, and a terrible desire for revenge came over Lucrecia, who lost all control of herself.

"Yes, you are right! It is easier to let others be killed, and to use their dead bodies as stepping stones to power, is it not so?" replied she in a trembling voice. "Monsieur Capellani, I see you have passed the age when one has a heart, and that you understand, only too well, our modern civilization!" And with a swift movement she pulled out the red ribbon which decorated his button-hole. Scarcely had she done this rude act than the minister clasped her passionately in his arms.

How did it happen that Lucrecia did not tear herself away, indignant and furious? How did it happen that she did not cry out in terrible anger? But with a ringing in her brain and a mist before her eyes, she allowed herself to fall into Capellani's arms, and received his ardent kisses without an effort to get away. A minute passed there, a minute which seemed like a dream, when an hour later she found herself alone in her chamber.

Never had the idea of such a weakness occurred to her; never had she thought that she could, in an instant, forget all her promises, and losing all control of herself, fall under the power of an unknown force. When they used to speak of the power of the passions over our feeble hearts, she would smile contemptuously; but this evening an abyss yawned before her, and the terror which seized her was so much the greater as the cause of it was new.

The night which followed was one of agony. While she accused and cursed herself, and could not find

words to express her hatred and contempt for Marcel, she was overcome by the fury of her passion as by a terrible storm. With bare feet and trembling lips, she walked up and down her chamber with rapid steps, unable to find repose, or to calm her agitation by fatigue. She was beautiful and yet frightful, like Eumenides of old; but right in the midst of an imprecation, a gleam of happiness would come into her eyes and a sweet smile to her lips. One would have said she had lost her reason.

The morning air calmed her a little, and her features again took their severe expression, when she looked over the situation. She immediately aroused her servants and gave orders to prepare for departure; wrote a parting letter to the marquise, and a few hours later the heavy doors of her palace at Pistoja closed behind her.

Monsieur Rospigliosi called upon her in the evening. He noticed that she spoke of her affairs with much more detail than usual; of the life at Florence and a thousand unimportant things, and he was astonished at this vivacity; at the pains which she evidently took to forget herself. She was distracted and preoccupied. The bishop had never seen her thus, and he tried to probe this mind whose strange powers and grandeur he well knew; but Lucrecia, after some vague words upon the mistakes of the human heart, and curious follies of the imagination, shut herself up in an impenetrable silence.

Since she had reached home, and was far from the danger, she tried to forget even the temptation. Her pride was thoroughly aroused, and she feared to avow her fall. During the first few days Lucrecia expected the arrival of Marcel at Pistoja, and gave strict orders not to admit him to the house; but he did not come. At first she felt a great relief, but as the days passed a strange anger crept over her.

"So!" she cried, "this man did not love me! It was but a passing fancy; the caprice of an evening. Because I

forgot myself, he has punished me by an insulting kiss, and that caused the passion which filled my entire being, and does still. Oh! shame! shame! eternal shame!"

Meanwhile, her excitement did not go away. It filled her heart, it charmed and fascinated her. With all her will power, and all her strength of character, she could not resist it. She passed from one extreme to the other, from strength to weakness. The Marquise Malespini returned to Pistoja. At the announcement of her arrival, Lucrecia could not control her emotion. "She will come to see me! Will she speak of him?" This question haunted her. But she resolved not to speak his name, and to use every effort to avoid saying any thing which would lead the marquise to speak of him.

This struggle lasted five days, during which she suffered agony; but at last the marquise uttered the terrible name. Lucrecia devoured every word, and learned that Marcel had left Florence two days after her own departure. Strange enough, this news instead of calming her, only added fuel to the flame, and her passion became stronger than before. It was because she no longer had any choice, and could not succumb to the temptation if she wished. Before, she had said "If I wish, I can be at Florence in a few hours, and see him again, but I will not give up to this folly. I will be as faithful as a Roman matron. I will wait for Palandra if I die at my post!" Now that she knew he had gone, and that she loved but a memory, she was filled with passionate regret. "This opportunity which was presented me I did not seize," she thought, "and now I have lost happiness forever!" As soon as she regained control of herself she spurned with horror all thoughts of regret; but they returned ceaselessly, and each time more bitterly. In fact she could no longer remain at Pistoja, for even the name of Capellani, which frequently came

into the conversation, threw her into a transport of sadness.

She went to her country house in the mountains, and shut herself up there. She read her old authors, and in searching for the strong and healthy impressions of her childhood, evoked all her ideas of duty and of honor. In order to overcome this love, she thought of her husband, of the dangers he had gone through, the martyrdom he was suffering, the nobility of his character; she gave him a thousand and brilliant and poetical qualities. Her imagination made him a hero, and she wrote two or three enthusiastic letters, which were almost loving. But hardly had she begun to triumph over her dangerous feelings, than a longing more ardent than the previous ones seized her, and she threw to the wind all her good resolutions, and fell back once more into the torment of an unsatisfied love.

"Yes," she said after innumerable failures, "I am a coward! I am ruined! and I, who despised such weakness. Where is my courage! The wife of an hero, of a martyr! I have allowed a stranger, a courtier, to gain all my love; but when I think of this man, I ask myself if it is love or hate I feel for him. Of what weakness am I capable? But I will do my duty! I will stifle this feeling, whatever it is, and then I will go and join the insurgents. It is idleness which has caused my fall."

A somber fire shone in her deep black eyes, and she trembled violently as she walked with rapid steps up and down the vast halls where the echoes repeated her anguished cries. Suddenly she stopped in her furious walk and made a terrible oath, as if to bind herself forever, and to place an insurmountable barrier in the way of her rebellious heart.

Hardly had she done this when the door opened and a young peasant walked in, bringing her a bouquet of flowers. She took them and looked thoughtfully at the boy while thanking him.

"Do you know that you are quite large?" she said. "You are nearly as tall as I am, and"——

She broke off abruptly; an idea came to her like a flash. "If I could borrow his clothes? If I could go alone, disguised, to Florence, or to Lucca, I could follow Capellani, and find out what sort of a life he leads, what his object is, and what he is thinking of."

She overcame the temptation, but this insane desire to see him would not leave her. She even found sophisms to excuse her folly.

"No doubt if I were near him, I should learn to hate him," she said to herself, "perhaps I should then get rid of this odious passion."

Toward evening Lucrecia went into her vineyard. Her agitation was so intense that she could not rest. It was one of those beautiful Italian evenings of which a Neapolitan ambassador at London has said:

"You have beautiful sunlight here; it is much like the light of the moon in my country."

She descended, one by one, the terraces of her garden, which was on the slope of the mountain; among the trees loaded with olives, pomegranates and peaches, among the vines and figs. Now and then she sat down upon the low terrace walls, and plucked the great white lilies which climbed among the bushes, or the roses which grew in tangled masses all over the terraced ground. Then she would get up and continue her walk, trying to repress her tumultuous thoughts, and praying for peace. When she reached the last terrace she stopped, undecided whether to go into the country or return. There was a lane between her vineyard and a great forest of olive trees, and as she stood thinking, two lovers passed, their arms encircling each other. Lucrecia stepped back as though she had seen a Gorgon.

"There are two who love each other," she murmured, and her voice trembled with anguish.

She turned out of the path and tore through the trees at random, breaking the low branches, crushing the flowers under her feet, and scratching herself on the thorns. She cursed life, virtue, Palandra and Marcel in the same breath.

"What! am I condemned to live and die thus?" she cried in an imperious voice. "Is there not one hour of happiness for me? My youth has passed like a dream. It seems to me I have not lived, and meanwhile I see old age coming on; days, months, years roll by, and the time will soon be past in which I can choose; but what am I saying? can I choose? am I loved? No! no! I am not! I have not even the merit of having resisted! It was not my strength which saved me, but his abandonment; for, if he had followed me, if he would come now——"

At this moment she thought she saw Marcel not three paces away, and the apparition, as she believed it to be, recalled her to herself, and she fled as fast as her feet would carry her.

"Have I come to this?" she cried. "I! I! wish to have him return? Have I fallen so low?"

She returned to her house and went to bed, wishing she might fall asleep and never wake again. "If I could only die," she thought, "the question would be settled, and I should be faithful to my vows. But she could not close her eyes, and after long feverish hours, she got up and went down into the garden again to cool her heated brow. While the most strenuous resolutions occupied her mind, her steps turned mechanically toward the path where she had seen the lovers; she followed it, urged on by a blind desire to see them, to put her feet in the same tracks they had trod in, as if to gain a little of their happiness.

Then she turned among the olive trees. This was one of those vast forests which are so common in this part of Tuscany; a forest the branches of which hung low under the weight of millions of olives. The ground

was covered with thick grass like a carpet; here and there the moon penetrated in little diamonds and odd shapes, and silvered the gray leaves of the trees; the fire-flies filled the air, and seemed in the darkness like dancing stars. Not a sound disturbed the deep and majestic silence.

After walking a long time she sat down on the roots of an old tree and looked around her. Little by little a profound melancholy took the place of despair; an infinite sadness filled her heart; her nerves gave way and she wept. She wept, and thought as the warm tears fell on her hand, that these were the first she had ever shed. She wept for her lost youth. The days spent at Florence were the only ones in which she had really lived, and she had not been conscious of it. "Those happy hours are gone," she thought, "those hours during which I lived the life of one beloved, and I did not appreciate them then. I was astonished and did not understand. I did not know that they were to be the only ones in my life, and that the next day I would give my life for their return."

Low sobs shook her frame, and her head dropped into her hands, and she said to herself, "what does it matter? I never shall see him again, I must stifle his very memory. Oh! how cowardly I am!"

A movement near her caused her to look up quickly, and there at her feet was Marcel. She cried out in surprise and fright.

"It is I!" said he; "Lucrecia, do not be afraid!"

She sprang up and cried "Monsieur!" But her voice died in her throat, and she fell without resistance into his arms. Their eyes met and it seemed as though she would read his soul in his eyes, but neither uttered a word.

After a blissful silence of some moments, Capellani said, "This is not a childish folly. I am too old for such things; this is the last love of my life and the only one. From the first I have loved you with the most

complete love, and I have felt you would love me. I have looked over my past and my future, and compared the happiness of power with that of love. At thirty I should have chosen power; to-day I prefer love, such as you and I can feel. I know all human joys, and there is but one of them real."

"I thought," ventured Lucrecia, "that you had a political mission."

"I had one, but have none now," replied he. "Europe is to-day definitely constructed. The Duke of Reichstadt will never be any thing except the son of the archduchess of Austria. I love power and that was why I stayed at Florence. It was a luxury for me to feel myself stronger than the liberals who died in the name of an impracticable idea, and who, in their enthusiasm suffered more slavery in order to conquer a chimerical liberty. I have reached that age when one must seize the opportunities as they pass, for they do not return next day. I wish to realize true happiness—that which exists by itself, outside of all conventionalities, and without caring for the opinions of others. I wish to devote to this happiness what remains to me of youth and faith, and that is why I am here. That is why I wished to see you alone, and far from all that could call you to pretended duties. Lucrecia, I have spoken thus to you because the bonds which bound me to the world are severed, and I am free, and am yours forever."

Lucrecia still struggled, but she had long been conquered. Honor, respect for her oath, both protested in her heart against the victorious passion; but she could find no means of resistance, and perhaps if she had found them she would have rejected them, because of all the thoughts which filled her agitated mind, the most terrible was the fear of losing him a second time.

They abandoned themselves to a delicious intoxication, while the hours rolled by, one by one, and while the twinkling stars disappeared in the blue heavens. Now they walked slowly,

bending the low branches of the trees, the sound of their footsteps deadened by the thick grass, murmuring softly at intervals; now they hurried along the dusty road, tearing the flowers from the bushes and throwing them to the winds with joyous cries. They seemed in a sort of enchanted world.

"What a night! Is this not supreme happiness?" they exclaimed. "Ah! if it would only last for ever!"

But the first rays of the sun already shot through the thick branches, and a line of light in the horizon showed the silhouette of the mountains; it was day, and this was the end.

CHAPTER V.

After this there was no more struggle nor care. They did not separate, for theirs was a complete love, which sought neither for secrecy nor for indulgence. If her fall was great, it was proudly borne. Without change, without transition, they saw their austere Countess Palandra, whom they had admired at a distance as a heroine worthy of Rome, suddenly give herself up to a stranger, an ally of their oppressor, and ride out proudly with him in her carriage. It was a sad surprise for Pistoja—a sort of public bereavement. Not that in Italy opinion stigmatizes these faults as we do; but because the beautiful girl was surrounded by the prestige that the Italians accord to their illustrious citizens. She was the "Pistoian muse," and also the "goddess Lucrecia."

The Marquise Malespini and her friends did not fail to blame her, but they did not cry out against her, and all continued to receive Marcel as before. Monsieur Rospigliosi prayed for her, and all trembled when they thought of Palandra's return.

Meanwhile Lucrecia was happy; drinking with deep draughts the cup of love; forgetting the future, enjoying only the present, without regard for those around her. No one ever surprised a look of shame or remorse on her haughty brow; but if the priest who had scrutinized her thoughts from

childhood, had seen her, when, after her return from Pistoja, and when alone in her parlor, she stopped before Palandra's portrait, he would have comprehended from the somber expression of her eyes, the clinching of her hands, and the broken words which escaped her, that she had taken a terrible resolution.

But she kept on, adrift in life, and enjoying it to its full, with an abandonment of which she had had no conception, even in the passionate dreams of her childhood. This was one of those loves which time binds together with chains of happiness, to which each day rivets a year more. By what mysterious affinity were these two souls so indissolubly bound? How had these two minds, apparently so opposite, been joined together? Was this one of those loves born of hate which are stronger than all others? Who knows?

Since she had found Marcel, Lucrecia stayed less at Pistoja; sometimes she lived at Florence, the city more indulgent to errors like hers, where lovers expose their wrongful happiness without a blush. Capellani had purchased a palace at Florence and a villa in the mountains of Pistoja, and more than once this humble cottage, hidden by running vines and olive trees, received the lovers, and saw the proud Lucrecia, with the Etruscan face and the bearing of a goddess, throw off her lace covering and bearing her beautiful shoulders to the night wind, tie the purple clusters in her black hair; bite, with her white teeth the hard pomegranates and give the fruit she had tasted to Marcel, while laughing like a child.

One morning, when she awoke at dawn, she had an insane desire to go and surprise Marcel; to appear like an apparition at his door. These strange fancies seized her now and then with irresistible power. This was her youth, so long held in bonds, which broke forth suddenly in loving transports. She got up and dressed hurriedly, and went down over the

terraces, ran across the fields through the grass, her feet catching in her dress, and bending her head to avoid the low branches. It was not far to his villa, and she soon reached the steps which led to his chamber. She went up slowly, singing like a bird let loose from paradise; opened his door, and threw a handful of dewy roses in his face. He awoke in time to see her throw off her hat and run toward him, her eyes shining with pleasure, and her cheeks and lips glowing from the fresh air.

"Come! let us go!" said she. "Get up quickly, lazy one! How can you sleep? The sun is high; the air is pure and fresh, and the flowers fill it with sweet perfume; the trees hang low with fruit, and the birds are singing in the branches. This is the most beautiful season of the year, and this the most perfect day. Let us go and run over the fields. Come! come! our days of happiness are numbered; we are alone and we are free!"

They breakfasted under the trees in front of the house, on figs and wine; while the sun peeped laughingly at them through the vines, and the birds overhead sang their morning song. Then they went into the fields like children let loose from school, running until out of breath, and then throwing themselves down to enjoy their happiness.

"*Grand dieu!* what happiness!" cried Marcel. "Do we have to pay for such joy? And I have gray hair. What a situation for one of Napoleon's old captains, for an old minister! Have I lost my head? Perhaps so—but heaven grant I may never find it!"

It became warm, and they searched for a deeper and cooler shade than that of the olive trees; and found, half hidden by running vines, a cavern or grotto in the side of the mountain. They welcomed it with shouts of gladness and merriment, and spent the warm hours of the day in delicious happiness in its cool shadows.

Before leaving, they looked around the cavern as if to fasten every feature

of it indelibly in their minds. The walls were in places discolored by smoke, and they read some Latin and Italian lines, roughly cut in the stone. Some were pious sentences, others republican couplets; verses from Dante, breathing love in every word, mingled with the words of Brutus. A few attracted their attention, and cast a cloud over their happiness.

"God alone is great!" said one line. While Marcel was lost in thought before this line, which seemed like an aerolite from heaven, Lucrecia trembled while reading a maxim of Jean Paul Richter's.

"Do you believe that the rock of Saint Marin is the smallest of republics? There is a smaller one still, where liberty reigns, and you carry it with you, if you have no heart."

They walked slowly and thoughtfully down the mountain side, but the sun was too bright and their hearts too full of love to remain sad for long, and before they reached the bottom they had regained their happiness.

Should they return to Capellani's villa? or should they go farther? They did not know, and did not care. Their souls flew on tireless wings in the ether of happiness, and beside the warm hours of the day had passed; the sun had dipped below the horizon, and the shadows lengthened across the little lakes whose surfaces were gilded by the last soft rays. They followed the road, stopping now and then to pick a flower or a pomegranate, to gather a cluster of tempting grapes, or explore some dark nook. What vows of faith and fidelity! What sweet kisses under wide spreading boughs!

"What a day! what a day!" they often exclaimed. Joy overflowed in their hearts, and they would have made all the world happy had they the power. Toward evening, after the *angelus*, they stopped for a moment in a little village to watch the crowd coming out of a church, singing the last lines of a chant, and dispersing in all directions.

Soon the groups disappeared, and all was quiet. It was the hour of twilight, neither day nor night; the sun, which had disappeared behind the mountains, left the clouds in great billowy masses of gold and scarlet; but the moon was rising, and the last glimmer of day scarcely struggled against its rays.

They approached the little church and looked curiously around. Under the porch there were tombs, and mechanically they read the inscriptions.

GUISEPPE VERACI.

Thirty years of age.

He lived a life of love.

"What a beautiful epitaph!" said Lucrecia.

"But who wrote it?" replied Marcel, sadly. "Guiseppe's betrothed, perhaps?"

He added, in an agitated voice, "Ah! Lucrecia, does death then separate lovers like you and me? I pray heaven I may never have to write your epitaph!"

Lucrecia shuddered, and looking at Marcel with loving eyes, replied:

"What does it matter if you can write 'she lived a life of love!'"

Night had now fallen and they felt fatigued, but were ignorant of their whereabouts. They went on, and finally came to a poor little inn, where they asked for supper, and were served with one which their sharp appetites alone rendered palatable. Often, afterward, they recalled this supper, eaten so merrily in this village inn. They said a thousand absurd things; sat long at the table, continually repeating, "what a day! what a day!"

During the next two years their cup of joy was filled to the brim. They lived at Florence and at Pistoja; lived a life such as is vouchsafed to few mortals—a life devoted to love.

Whenever she returned to Pistoja, her admirers hurried to see her. They loved her so much that they did not dare regret, seeing her so happy, that she had fallen from the pedestal where

they had placed her. They either forgot it or got used to it; they even loved Capellani, because here, intellectual power commands respect and admiration. Beside, the love which filled Lucrecia's heart had completely transformed her; she appeared in all the splendor of her radiant beauty, all the verve of her powerful mind, all the maturity of her talents, and all the luxury for which her large fortune gave her the materials.

Her palace, with its marble floors, its vestibule filled by liveried valets, its parlors paved with mosaics, its ceilings painted by Vasan, its walls ornamented with stucco work and gold, opened its doors each evening to the aristocracy of Pistoja. Dressed in velvets, cashmeres or silks, she looked like a queen; and never had she spoken with so much eloquence, nor sung with so much enthusiasm. She was no longer a noble and cold statue, with ample and severe clothing; she was a living, palpitating woman, whose eyes shone with joy, and from whose red lips fell, with divine tones, the words and songs of love. She covered herself with thread lace and twisted pearls and gold in her beautiful black hair; and when she heard murmurs of admiration around her, she trembled with pleasure, saying to herself, "Marcel is there, and he will see and hear me admired."

Her parlors were filled, as of old, by titled ladies and learned men, only too happy to exchange, under the influence of such a radiant patron, their discoveries or their ideas; of lovers, who could never lose sight of her; some resigned to their fate, and others hurrying on to meet theirs; but all waiting for Capellani's fall, as a signal for their triumph. Among others, the sad face of Tosinghi, who seemed to haunt this brilliant circle like a reproachful phantom.

One day, on the occasion of one of the great festivals, Lucrecia was requested to play the organ at San Spirito. She had often played this celebrated organ in her youth, and her

splendid touch brought out all the sweetness of its tones, and they came from far and near to hear her. Then, she despised in her heart the harmonious chords of the sacred chants, and the religious ceremonies of the faithful; but now she found an unknown beauty in them, which she accepted.

On this day, in spite of the attractions elsewhere, the crowd pressed toward the church of San Spirito. While Lucrecia was playing the prelude to the celebrated mass of Palestrina, Capellani came in with the Marquise Malespini, and knelt near her. He was moved, and trembled as if he were about to perceive Lucrecia in a new character. Around him he heard her name pass from mouth to mouth, and the first notes of the organ mingled with the incense in the air. He looked at the brilliant spectacle; the costumes, the clergy; he breathed the delicious perfumes; he listened to the rustle of the silks as the ladies knelt and rose; the low chant of the choir; the sweet voices of children, and when, in the midst of it all, he heard the vibrating notes of the grand old organ, he closed his eyes to gain a more intense pleasure. A sort of intoxication, half physical, half moral, overcame him. Never had his soul been thus opened to religious emotions. He prayed, without being conscious of it, an ardent sincere prayer, in which all his faculties joined.

Every one around him was praying. The music rose to heaven, now in solemn notes, plaintive as the cries which mount from this sad earth to God; now soft, pure, ravishing in their sweetness, like those of a choir of angels. It seemed as though the organ had a soul within it. Never had Lucrecia played like this; the crowd listened breathlessly, and many wept. Marcel felt like giving way himself, and he wondered if Lucrecia was praying, she who knew so well how to make others pray.

The mass was finished; the last notes of the organ filled the church with their deep sonorous tones, and the

audience rose to go out ; but suddenly it began again, and all stopped and listened. It was an improvisation, a triumphal chant, a grand alleluia, in which it seemed as if all the choirs of heaven took part. Enthusiasm overcame this Italian audience, who no longer prayed, and they clapped their hands and filled the church with their "Bravos !"

Capellani trembled with emotionary pride and enthusiasm ; but the face of the marquise clouded slightly, and taking Marcel's arm she drew him quickly out of the church.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILL HIS ROBES BE PURPLE ?

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

Two world-weary spirits were winging their flight
To God's glorious haven of rest ;
Unto one life had been - ll shadow and night,
To the other had fallen life's choicest and best.

'T was soft hush of midnight as upward they flew,
And the misty clouds shone silver-lined ;
The man gained in courage the nearer they drew,
But the woman was sad, and fell shyly behind.

As they went they conversed : " Pray how shall we know
Which is Jesus, the Christ ? " the man said ;
" Will his robes be purple, his linen like snow ?
Will he wear a bright jeweled crown on his head ? "

The woman looked up with a smile on her face,
And with bright, beaming joy in her eyes ;
" I 'll know my dear Lord by his beauty and grace,
By his meekness and love, which for us never dies. "

The haven was reached, and the portals flew wide ;
With assurance the rich man stepped in,
Nor noticed the *Porter* who stood by his side,
With water and blessing to cleanse him of sin.

" I seek the Lord Jesus, " he loudly did cry—
" Lead me straight to the foot of the Throne : "
The woman fell meekly and low with a sigh,
With the *Porter's* kind hand closely clasping her own.

Still lower she sank, and embraced the dear feet,
With the print of the cruel " nails " still.
" My Saviour, " she murmured, " I 've longed thee to meet,
And I always have gloried to do thy sweet will. "

" Rise, sister, " he cried, " by thy faith thou art sure
Of a place at my Father's right hand ;
Though thy life hath been dark and hard to endure,
Thou hast faithfully filled every trying command. "

The rich man, ashamed, turned again to the door,
And now lowly he bended his knee :
" Thy pardon, dear Lord, *but thy robes were so poor,*
I am surely excused, for no one could blame me. "

" I blame thee not, brother, the glitter and dross
Of the life which till now was thine own,
Hath cast into shadow the Light of the Cross,
Which the brighter for this trembling woman has shone. "

MISS ANN ORR—A REMINISCENCE.

BY CLARA CLAYTON.

The subject of this sketch was a "schoolmistress" well-known in many towns of New Hampshire more than thirty years ago; her fame as a faithful teacher and successful manager of unruly scholars was somewhat extensive, and I am sure there must be, among the readers of this magazine, more than one man or woman who could furnish many interesting and profitable facts in regard to her life and work. From what I am able to learn of her history I am led to believe that she was born in Bedford, N. H., and was a descendant of John and Margaret Orr, who were among the very early settlers of that place.

What I have to say is said more for the purpose of calling out more upon the same subject from those better qualified to furnish it, than from any hope of doing justice to it in the least degree myself.

My acquaintance with Miss Orr was not extensive, being limited to a few weeks' pupilage in a village school of which she was the winter teacher. I was a little girl, not over eight years old, but if I should live to be eighty, probably "among the pictures that hang on memory's wall" Miss Orr and her school in the old brick school-house would still stand out in bold relief.

On the first day of school I associated her in my mind with the bible verse which I had recited to my Sunday-school teacher the Sunday before: "Stand in awe and sin not;" and from that day to this, a vague relation between this person and the text has always existed in my mind. Even now I find myself inclined to write her name *Awe*. Surely in her presence the offender had reason to "stand in awe," and he soon learned that his

only safe course was to "sin not" against her.

Her physique was masculine, medium height, broad-chested, a countenance that could face any emergency, and a voice tuned to the requirements of the occasion.

Dressed in a black bombazine gown, with a round cape of the same material, just reaching to the bottom of the waist, where hung, suspended from her apron-belt, always, a pair of scissors, the sight of which, accompanied by her gestures and warning words, often made little ears tingle with fear. She was not a young woman, as I remember her, but, I should say, considerably past the meridian of life.

School was opened every morning with reading a chapter in the bible (and prayer, I think, but I am not positive about the latter), each scholar reading a verse in turn, all remaining in their seats. When one dullard read in the parable of the vineyard "*This is the hair-comb, let us kill him,*" the burst of merriment which followed was suddenly and instantly squelched by the stentorian command "Silence!" emphasized by a stamp of the foot which threatened the very foundations of that ancient educational structure. Not a face dared to wrinkle after that.

She had a frequent habit of sneezing, and her sneeze, like her whole nature, was broad, generous, decided and emphatic; consequently the first impulse of every boy and girl in the room was to respond to it with a smile at least, which, if encouraged, would easily have widened into a roar; but no such opportunity was ever given. The sneeze always contained a codicil. All in the same breath with it, like a percussive attachment, followed the explosive "Silence!" accompanied, always, by an emphatic stamp of the

tutorial foot. The tone, the manner, the face, were not to be trifled with, and it *was* silence,—we sat in awe and smiled not.

A row of little faces from the front seats turned up to hers all the day with watching, wondering eyes, as she promenade the floor of her little kingdom. Proud and happy the little one on whose head her hand rested unrepvingly for a moment in passing. There seemed to exist a magnetic sympathy between her and the very little ones, which drew them to her notwithstanding the brusqueness of her manner,—not so much because of spoken tenderness on her part, as for unlooked-for acts of gentleness toward them,—a soft stroke upon the hair, a pat or kiss upon the cheek, made them all feel safe and confident in her sheltering shadow. The abecedarians always stood leaning against her lap as she sat in her chair in the middle of the room, to hear them read their letters. She would carefully part the tangled locks of one, and apply the corner of her handkerchief to the nose of another, while the scissors did alternate service as a pointer and an instrument for removing slivers from little hands, or the paring of overgrown little finger-nails, while she admonished them not to lip or drawl their words; her eyes at the same time taking full and constant survey of all in the room. If, by chance, they should light upon an offender, she would rise from her little brood, and, with a broad, flat ruler in her hand, swoop down upon him with "Woe to you!" or, "I'll flog you!" brandishing her ruler close over his head and ears, just brushing his hair, till he would think he had been be-headed, or, to say the least, deserved to be, and that it was only by the most dexterous methods of dodging and winking and blinking that he had escaped annihilation. Then quietly returning to her chair, the little ones would again fall into their old places against the folds of her broad calico apron, and continue their explorations through the mysterious columns of

black and white, on the first pages of Leonard's spelling-book. Before returning to their seats they stood up in line and repeated in concert some little hymn or poem,—as,

"How doth the little, busy bee
Improve each shining hour
In gathering honey all the day
From every opening flower?"

or,

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite.
For God hath made them so:
Let bears and lions growl and fight.
For 't is their nature to:
But children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes (etc.)."

This was an exercise that the children enjoyed exceedingly, and the teacher as well. She took great interest, and exercised considerable taste, in selecting and arranging rhetorical exercises for the whole school, to which one afternoon in every week was devoted with pleasure and profit. It was not an easy matter in those days, to find, in books or papers, just the thing for a boy or girl to recite as a declamatory exercise in the school-room. The floods of papers and magazines for young folks that abound in such things in these days, were all unheard of then, and we were mostly confined to the exercises found in the school readers then in use. But Miss Orr had a large calico bag, the size of a pillow-case, nearly filled with "pieces" which she had cut from papers and magazines, and as a special indulgence we were, at times, allowed to rummage in that bag to select something to "speak." Some of them had become so worn that they were pasted upon bits of cloth, and so defaced that we could scarcely read them; but all enjoyed the "speaking days," and the dullest scholar would do his best to acquit himself well on that day.

I have no doubt that many a public speaker, in or out of New Hampshire to-day, owes his success as an orator, or, perhaps, his ability to speak

at all in public, to the early training and inspiration which he received in that direction as Miss Orr's pupil.

My first attempt at "speaking a piece" was in her school. Long and hard I labored to commit to memory the little poem in *The Young Reader*, commencing :

"Mamma! I've lost my thimble,
My spool has rolled away.
My arms are aching dreadfully,
I want to go and play!"

When the hour arrived for my *debut*, I walked out tremblingly before the school, and, standing with my back close against the door, and my hands behind me, rattled it off as fast as I could speak the words, swaying my body from side to side, keeping time to the metrical movement of my recitation, and scratching the door at every movement back and forth with the buttons on the back of my pinafore. Miss Orr's uplifted ruler, as she stood facing the school, prevented the burst of laughter which doubtless was struggling beneath the jacket of many an unsympathizing "big boy," over my awkward performance; and when I had finished she smiled (I think) and said, "very well," which sent me to my seat flushed from chin to ear with the pride of conscious success. She afterward told me kindly that I had better take the same piece next week; and then she gave me the same advice for the next week and the next, and each time she drilled me, and trained me in emphasis, accent, position, gesture, etc., etc., until the result was, that at the end of the term this had been my only piece, and she had drilled me every week upon it without letting me know that I had made a miserable failure of it in the first place, and she had been all that time trying to work me up to a respectable degree of success. I was to recite it on the "last day," before the committee and other visitors; for it was to be a grand exhibition-day all that we had been learning during the winter.

She particularly tried to make me assume, in this piece, a discontented, half-crying tone and manner. In this I came far short of satisfying her at any of its recitals. But on examination-day, when I stood before all those strange faces, my voice began to tremble, and then seeing a boy on the back seat laughing at me, my throat filled, and the very voice and manner which she had so much desired, had come irresistibly upon me. I drew my sleeve across my eyes at the close of the first verse, and commenced the second. As my eyes continued to fill with tears, I wiped them on the corner of my apron and struggled on through the many verses to the end, and hurried to my seat to cry in real earnest. Quietly passing through the rows of seats, she came and stood by mine, and when the minister was making his speech she stooped down, and putting her hand on my head, said, "You spoke it just right. Don't cry."

That was enough. I was satisfied. If *she* said it was "just right," I would cry no more, and I was happy. The long speeches came to a close, the minister made a prayer, the school closed, and I crowded with the others to kiss the teacher good-by, and have my little woolen tippet tied close under my chin by her warm hands; and I never saw Miss Orr afterward; though I think she continued to follow her vocation as a teacher for some years after.

I have written my own recollections of her as a teacher. I have drawn a somewhat austere picture, perhaps,—so she seemed to me; but I believe she was a kind and faithful teacher, notwithstanding. She had rough elements to deal with, and she believed with Aaron Hill, and practiced what she believed :

"Tender handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures,
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well."

Only evil-doers were ever thus roughly handled by her. No little child was allowed to leave the school-house, on a rough winter day, until she had seen that its cap, hood, tip-pet and mittens, were all properly adjusted and fastened. She was kind as a mother to them, and faithful, I

believe, in the discharge of all her duties as a teacher. She was a somewhat strange woman—a remarkable woman—a useful woman. Her life was long and well-filled with good, strong work; and in her death New Hampshire lost a daughter worthy of an honorable place in her history.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE ASSOCIATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY WM. H. GARDINER.

"The association is composed of *alumni* of Dartmouth College and those who have been students at, received degrees from, or made donations to, that institution, in any of its departments, resident in Washington. Its objects are literary, social, and historical, and, through such an association, to keep alive an interest in our *alma mater*, and in each other.

"Each member is urged to be present at the reunion, and all 'Dartmouth men' in the city, or within convenient distance, are cordially invited to join with its members in the pleasures of the occasion."—*Annual Circular*.

HISTORY OF THE DARTMOUTH ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

The first thing ever done was the issuing of a circular of the date of February 18, 1876, calling for a preliminary meeting, which meeting was held at the rooms of the Commissioner of Education, February 21, 1876, when twenty were present. The organization took place Feb. 28, 1876, and the following officers were elected: President, Gen. John Eaton, '54; vice-presidents, Rev. Royal Parkinson, '42, and Dr. N. S. Lincoln, '50; secretary, S. R. Bond, Esq., '55; historian, Gen. R. D. Mussey. This same set of officers has been reelected at each annual dinner since the organization of the association.

The first dinner was held March 27, 1876, at Gray's, and thirty were present; the second, March 6, 1877, at Gray's,

and twenty-seven present; the third, Feb. 11, 1878, at Gray's, and forty-nine present; the fourth, Feb. 6, 1879, at Abner's, and thirty-three present; the fifth, Feb. 3, 1880, at Abner's, and thirty-nine present; the sixth, Feb. 16, 1881, at Gray's, and thirty-nine present; the seventh, Jan. 18, 1882, the anniversary of Daniel Webster's birthday, at the Hamilton, and thirty-eight present; the eighth, Feb. 6, 1883, at Willard's, and fifty-three present, the largest gathering since the organization.

At the last reunion and supper a new set of officers was elected, and they are:—President, Prof. J. R. Eastman, '62, C. S. D.; vice-presidents, Col. George Kent, '14, and Sup't J. O. Wilson, '50; secretary and treasurer, F. R. Lane, '81; historian, William H. Gardiner, '76; chorister, A. F. Andrews, '78.

The following is the list of members (and those entitled to become such) resident in Washington:

Class. Names.

- 1804. *Hon. Isarel P. Richardson, Lawyer.
- 1814. Col. Geo. Kent, Treasury Department.
- 1825. *J. M. Brodhead, M. D. (Med. Dept.) late 2d Compt. Treasury.
- 1835. Rev. Cyrus S. Richards, Professor Howard University.
- 1835. †Isaac N. Goodhue (partial course), Lawyer.
- 1836. Daniel F. Merrill, Second Auditor's Office.

*Deceased.

†These members are not now in the city.

1837. W. D. Moore, Third Auditor's Office.
 1838. S. M. Bartlett, M. D. (Med. Dep't), Second Auditor's Office.
 1841. Hon. Gardner G. Hubbard, Lawyer.
 1842. *Rev. Royal Parkinson.
 1842. Otis C. Wight, Principal Rittenhouse Academy.
 1843. Moses Kelley (partial course), late Cashier Nat. Met. Bank.
 1844. Hon. A. A. Ranney, M. C. from Mass.
 1844. Col. J. W. Drew, Post Office Dep't.
 1846. Asa Weeks, Lawyer.
 1847. H. E. Woodbury, M. D., Practicing Physician.
 1847. S. M. Wilcox, Pension Office.
 1848. J. Sullivan Brown, Patent Solicitor.
 1849. Emerson Hodges, Second Auditor's Office.
 1849. Rev. C. Spencer Marsh, Congressional Library.
 1850. N. S. Lincoln, M. D., Practicing Physician.
 1850. Rev. David Bremner, Librarian Ag'l Department.
 1850. J. Ormond Wilson, Sup't of Public Schools.
 1851. Hon. Joshua G. Hall, M. C. from N. H.
 1852. Gen. Charles E. Hovey, Lawyer.
 1853. W. M. French (Med. Dep't), Treasury Dep't.
 1854. W. W. Godding, M. D., Sup't Gov't Asylum for Insane.
 1854. Gen. John Eaton, U. S. Commissioner of Education.
 1854. Gen. R. D. Mussey, Lawyer.
 1854. J. P. Folsom, Lawyer.
 1855. †Hon. Walbridge A. Field, Judge Supreme Court, Mass.
 1855. Hon. Nelson Dingley, jr., M. C. from Maine.
 1855. S. R. Bon I, Lawyer.
 1855. †John B. Sanborn (partial course), Lawyer.
 1856. W. L. Peabody, Pension Office.
 1857. Henry A. Blood, State Dep't.
 1857. F. H. Goodall (Scientific Dep't), Second Auditor's Office.
 1857. T. A. Cushing, Internal Revenue Bureau.
 1858. George A. Lyon, Paymaster U. S. Navy.
 1858. Capt. A. W. Fisher, Chief Clerk Pension Office.
 1859. J. H. Hobbs, Pension Office.
 1861. M. L. Baxter, M. D. (Med. Dep't), Surgeon-Gen.'s Office.
 1862. J. R. Eastman (Scientific Dep't), Prof. Naval Observatory.
 1862. N. P. Gage, Teacher.
 1862. Rev. Geo. B. Patch, Second Auditor's Office, and Pastor.
 1862. †J. J. Sanborn (partial course), Department of Justice.
 1862. Horace S. Cummings, Lawyer.
 1862. James F. Allen, General Land Office.
 1862. †Stephen W. Rand, Paymaster U. S. Navy.
 1862. C. S. Brown, General Land Office.
 1863. Henry M. Baker, Lawyer.
 1864. W. F. Harvey, M. D., Physician.
 1864. I. G. Hobbs, Paymaster U. S. Navy.
 1864. E. E. Meriam, M. D., Physician.
 1868. †Henry C. Bliss, Lawyer.
 1871. Henry A. Hazen, Signal Office.
 1871. Lewis W. Holmes, Pension Office.
 1873. †Henry M. Paul, Prof. University of Tokio, Japan.
 1873. †H. D. Lawrence, U. S. Consul at Sherbrooke.
 1874. James R. Freeman, M. D.
 1876. William H. Gardiner, Chief Clerk Bureau of Education.
 1876. E. A. Paul, Principal of High School.
 1876. William Twombly, Lawyer.
 1878. Addison F. Andrews, Surgeon-Gen.'s Office.
 1878. Winfield S. Montgomery, Supervisor of Colored Schools.
 1878. Charles Parkhurst, Pension Office.
 1878. †William D. Parkinson.
 1878. A. C. Paul (partial course), Ass't Examiner Patent Office.
 1878. †George F. Wingate (Scientific Department).
 1878. E. H. Fowler, Coast Survey.
 1879. Leonard K. Graves, Surgeon-General's Office.
 1880. William E. Barrett, Correspondent Boston Advertiser.
 1880. L. A. Smith, Bureau of Education.
 1880. †Charles S. Sloane (Scientific Department).
 1881. Arthur Sullivan Brown, Law Student.
 1881. Nathan D. Cram, Teacher.
 1881. Ephraim G. Kimball, Teacher.
 1881. Frank R. Lane, Teacher.
 1881. Francis W. Lane, Patent Solicitor.
 1881. †Edward N. Pearson, Editor.
 1882. †Joseph G. Chandler.
 1882. George A. Loveland (Agricultural Department), Signal Office.
 1882. Harlan A. Nichols, Signal Office.
 1882. C. S. Clark, Teacher.
 1883. Walter B. Patterson.
 1883. Benjamin Phillips.
 1885. Richard Hovey.
 1885. H. C. Bryan.
 1885. John F. Clark.
 1885. Charles E. Thomas.
 1885. Herbert C. White (Scientific Department).
 1885. Samuel M. Wilcox, jr. (Scientific Department).

Recipients of honorary degrees from Dartmouth:

Hon. Noah H. Swayne, Late Associate Justice U. S. Supreme Court.

Hon. Henry W. Blair, U. S. Senator from N. H.

Hon. E. H. Rollins, U. S. Senator from N. H.

Hon. Justin S. Morrill, U. S. Senator from Vermont.

Hon. Henry F. French, Asst Secretary of the Treasury.

Hon. William E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy.

Gen. William T. Sherman, General U. S. Army.

Hon. Amasa Norcross, M. C. from Mass.

Hon. Ossian Ray, M. C. from N. H.

J. G. Parkinson (now of Cincinnati, O.), Patent Solicitor.

J. R. Dodge, Statistician Agricultural Department.

Ten away from the city are usually invited to attend.

There are one hundred and nine different persons who are entitled to come to the meetings of the Alumni Association, of whom eighty-seven are members, ten are *alumni* residing near Washington, eleven are recipients of honorary degrees from Dartmouth, and one is an honorary member. There are classes of thirty-eight different years represented by the members, of which the class of '62 has the largest number, while the class of 1814 heads the list.

There are sixty-six graduates in the city. Of this number thirty are natives of New Hampshire, twelve each of Massachusetts and Vermont, three of Maine, two of Mississippi, one each of Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, Washington, Province of Quebec, India, and Scotland.

The following items concern the sixty-six graduates in this city, biographical sketches of whom have been prepared by the writer, and sixty-five of which appeared in the *Boston Journal*, Feb. 8, 1883.

In preparing for college five attended Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, N. H.; four each the academies at Andover, Mass., and Exeter, N. H.; three each the academies at Pembroke, N. H., Thetford, Vt., and Townsend, Vt.; two each at the academies at

Dover, N. H., Gilmanton, N. H., New London, N. H., Sanbornton, N. H., Tilton, N. H., Norwich, Vt., Washington, D. C.; one each at the academies at Waterville, Me., Ashburnham, Mass., Byfield, Mass., Easthampton, Mass., Groton, Mass., Leicester, Mass., Bath, N. H., Boscawen, N. H., Concord, N. H., Derry, N. H., Hampton, N. H., Hanover, N. H., Haverhill, N. H., Hopkinton, N. H., Laconia, N. H., New London, N. H., Wakefield, N. H., Canton, N. Y., Lima, N. Y., Erie, Penn., Barre, Vt., Bradford, Vt., Brandon, Vt., Danville, Vt., Derby, Vt., Ludlow, Vt., Newbury, Vt.; one each at the high schools at Chicago, Ill., Lawrence, Mass., Lowell, Mass., Claremont, N. H., Manchester, N. H., Nashua, N. H., Portsmouth, N. H., Columbia Grammar School, New York City. These represent forty-eight different fitting schools, and eight different states and territories.

Forty-four taught while in college; thirty-three taught after leaving college; and eight are teaching now. Thirty-four have taught in New Hampshire, twenty-two in Massachusetts, sixteen in Vermont, thirteen in Washington, four each in New York, Tennessee, and Virginia, three each in Alabama, Connecticut, Illinois, and Maine, two in Ohio, one each in Indian Territory, Indiana, Iowa, Maryland, Mississippi, and Wisconsin.

Thirty-eight are married now, one having been married thrice; twenty-two are not married; five are widowers, and of one it is unknown whether he is married or not. It is not known whether five have children or not; thirty-three have not any children, while twenty-eight have seventy-four children in all.

Thirteen formerly were clerks in the various Departments, of whom seven were in the Treasury; two each in the Pension Office and War Department, and one each in the Land Office and Attorney-General's Office; twenty-seven are now clerks in the Departments, distributed as follows: Treasury, eight; Pension Office, five; Sig-

nal Office and Surgeon-General's Office, three each; Bureau of Education, two; Agricultural Department, Indian Office, Land Office, Patent Office, Postmaster-General's Office, and U. S. Coast Survey, one each.

During the late war thirteen served in the army and one in the navy. Nine have been connected with the House of Representatives in various state legislatures, while four have been connected with the Senate. Previous to their present occupations one was an Adjutant and Quarter-master General; one an appointment clerk in the Department of the Interior; two are cashiers of banks; one a centennial commissioner; one a chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; one chief clerk of the Interior Department; one chief clerk of the Pension Office; two city solicitors; one Deputy Collector of Customs; one Commissioner of Sinking Fund; one county solicitor; one disbursing clerk of the Interior Department; two in drug store business; eight editors, or connected with newspapers; three farmers; one one of the founders of the N. H. Historical Society; one a governor of Maine; one principal of the Illinois Normal School; one inspector of Boston Custom House; sixteen lawyers; one manager of a manufacturing company; two mayors; three ministers; one a Paymaster in the U. S. Army; four physicians; one Probate Judge; five professors in colleges; one register; one Sanitary Inspector; one Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives; one superintendent of copper mines; one superintendent of freedmen; three superintendents of schools; one surgeon; two assistant surgeons; three trustees of institutions of learning, one of them being Dartmouth; one U. S. Commissioner; one U. S. Consul; one U. S. District Attorney; one Deputy U. S. Marshal; one water registrar.

The present professions are classed as follows, some performing double

duty: One chief clerk in Bureau of Education; one chief clerk in the pension office; twenty-seven clerks in the various departments; one Commissioner of Education; one Dean of the preparatory department at Howard University; three editors, or newspaper correspondents; ten lawyers; one a retired lawyer; three members of Congress; two ministers; two in Government libraries; two paymasters in the navy; two physicians; one principal of Washington high school; one professor at the Naval Observatory; three solicitors of patents; one superintendent of the Government Asylum for Insane; one superintendent of schools; two supervisors of schools; eight teachers.

At the recent reunion and dinner, Col. George Kent, '14, replied to the toast: "Early and later examples of the rhyming art in connection with Dartmouth," by reading a hymn and ode composed by him for the 4th of July celebration at Hanover, N. H., in 1814; "A Song of Degrees," written for the centennial celebration of Dartmouth in July, 1869, but not delivered, owing to a great storm interrupting Judge Barrett just as he commenced to read it, and it has never been published before; a monody, in remembrance of Daniel Webster, the great expounder of the constitution, and Dartmouth's most honored son, and written for the observance of Webster's centennial birth-day anniversary at Dartmouth College, June 28, 1882.

The following extract from a letter written to Col. Kent by Fred. Chase, Esq., treasurer of the college, will explain how the hymn and ode came to light:

"My Dear Sir:

I take pleasure in sending herewith the copy you desired of the Hymn and Ode written by you for the 4th of July celebration, 1814. I take it from a newspaper fragment, which I suppose to be the *Concord Gazette*, &c."

[Col. Kent's contributions will appear in the April number of *GRANITE MONTHLY*.—ED.]

CHARLES DUDLEY WARDE.

When the allotted span of three score years and ten has rounded out the life of man, he has accomplished his life's work and has made his mark upon his generation. It is hard to reconcile ourselves to the loss of a young life, just on the threshold of man's estate, when gifted and full of promise. We have to accept the inevitable, and to have faith that what is our loss is his gain.

Charles Dudley Warde, known to his many friends as Charlie Warde, son of the late Hon. David A. and Martha (Cleaves) Warde, was born in Concord, July 2, 1858. The genealogy of his father's family may be found in Cogswell's history of Henniker. He received his education in the public schools of Concord, and commenced the study of law with the firm of Leach and Stevens. In the fall of 1882 he entered the senior class of the law school of Boston University. The following January he returned to his home sick, and died February 15, 1883, in his twenty-fifth year.

He was a son of whom any mother might be proud, loving and true in his nature, fond and proud of his family and home. In person he was tall, of graceful carriage, with a striking, if not handsome face, every line indicating character, intellect, and soul. His tastes were cultivated and refined; in his heart was harbored no mean, or petty, or jealous thought. He entered heartily into manly sports, and was the life of social assemblies. Of fruits and flowers, and of their culture, he was fond; his appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art was innate, yet highly cultivated. He was well-balanced and temperate in all things. Possessed of a sound judgment, he was the soul of honor, thoroughly trusted and respected by all. In his intercourse with the world he was gay, light-hearted, affable, polite, friendly,

popular. Contact with his sunny nature made chance comrades his friends—and no act of his ever alienated a friend. He was fond of books, and it was a pet scheme of his to prepare and illustrate a book delineating the beauties of the Merrimack valley. Of history, poetry, and biography, he was a diligent reader, and he entered upon his legal studies with an enlightened mind, strong to overcome the many difficulties of the profession. His love for his native city was strong, and her material interests were very dear to him. His future was closely interwoven with the future of Concord.

Poor boy, his hopes, lofty and noble, his ambition, his plans, are over now. His family grieve and mourn for him; his friends lament his loss; the world wonders again at the inscrutable dispensations of Providence. Had he lived he must have made his mark high upon the roll of honor and usefulness. We were friends, and this slight tribute is offered to his memory.

Stricken down in the battle our friend is
at rest.
Far removed from the conflict, the turmoil of life,
And at peace the great heart which beat true in his breast.
His ennobled endeavors withdrawn from the strife,
He has joined the grand army of those gone before;—
In the pride of young manhood and vigorous youth,
He has crossed the dark stream to the opposite shore.
A young knight, undismayed, a brave champion of truth.
His exalted ambition, each grandly drawn plan,
Laid aside, with a sigh for his hopes unfulfilled;—
Did he have no regrets, he were more than a man—
He accepted the fate which the great Father willed.
Will his friends left behind consolation receive
From the promise of life unto all who believe!

TO PASTURES GREEN.

BY ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

I find in an old history the following paragraph: "The colonization of this country originated either in religious persecution carried on in England against the Puritans and other denominations of Christians, or in visionary schemes of adventurers, who set out for the new world in quest of settlements, or in pursuit of gain. It was the former cause which peopled the colonies of New England; it was to the latter that the colonies of Virginia and New York owe their origin."

But, succeeding Raleigh's disastrous early attempts to found settlements in what is now North Carolina, there penetrated to the northwestern part of that state a few families who sought religious freedom like their prototypes of Plymouth. Of these colonists the greater number were French Huguenots, the remainder being Scotch Presbyterians and Irish Protestants. Many of the men were cadets of noble families, and with them, as with the heads of families, came a handful of retainers faithful to their masters.

The fortunes common to all colonial settlements were borne by these people; their men fought, governed and died, their women endured, as has been the fashion of the world since time began, but still the children thrived and grew to the stature of their fathers, and their widening lands were tilled by their increasing families of slaves. The descendants of those in service who came from the mother countries straggled over the slowly growing villages and passed at last into the class familiarly known as "Redjohns," or poor whites. The soft climate and productive soil fostered habits of improvidence, and languid though ardent temperaments, and it is not strange that an old inhabitant may find it in his heart to doff his hat with exquisite courtesy, you may be sure,

to the hurrying world, while he prefers to stand still and only see it hasten through the years.

This region, then, is The Land of Nod, the country where stoves are an innovation, and wide-throated fireplaces, with veritable hearth-stones, rule the roast; where people send produce to market in great road-wagons that are often out for weeks; where farmers carry or send their grain to mill on horseback if they may, but if they may not, on any other thing that can be induced to bear the burden, with small regard to gender or style; where the tenderest beef is sold for six cents a pound, and the most respectable mutton for eight cents; where eggs are always ten cents a dozen, and chickens fifteen cents apiece; where cattle wander at will, and pigs wax fat on the mast; where graceful deer, clumsy bear, and lithe panther still range in the forest primeval; where poverty is purely pictorial of costume, and exploded notions of caste still smolder among the natives; where simple religious faith holds prestige, and hymns are still deaconed out; where smoke from the chimneys of hospitable homes soars skyward unfrightened by screaming steam-eagles, and where there is a post-office yclept Lovelady.

But sparkling streams smile adown broad fertile fields, and the austere grandeur of guarding mountain peaks gives majesty to the picture, while over all the soft deep blue of the southern sky holds the glowing "Heart of Day." The Land of Nod has been rarely explored by pleasure seekers; a few artists, whose eyes have drawn beauty from these wild haunts of the dryads, to charm blasé citizens, having been almost their only frequenters, aside from their scattered inhabitants. Down the east stretches the beautiful

valley of the Yadkin, whose terraces are adorned by the picturesque homes of planters formerly owning hundreds of slaves. Whether, in order to be picturesque, one may be trim, or not, one must leave an open question, but it is true that things are not altogether "shipshape" in the Land of Nod; and the prevailing lack of trimness is not to be attributed wholly to the disturbances of the late civil war, since even in the best of the old times, to which regretful reference is sometimes made, the tendency of the population was not progressive. The people cling to the customs of their Scotch, English, and French ancestors, and while a refreshing minority give evidence of having been born in the morning, the majority seem to have preferred the post-prandial season, as would certainly be natural in the Land of Nod.

City-bred Yankees might be surprised at the many old-fashioned ways common in this section of the country, and once practiced in New Hampshire. Imagine water, for the use of a large household, brought from springs in pump-logs, or on the head of some lithe, straight negro, and nobody seeming to regard such an arrangement as inconvenient. Dishes must be washed on the table, and the water therefrom flung wherever the flinger listeth. Fortunately the houses are usually well drained in the natural and safe way of setting the buildings on high land, which is easily done, since there are so many gentle slopes whose feet give fields excellent for cultivation, and whose summits afford sites for dwellings. Nodites first, however, hunt a spring of good water; then they proceed to erect the many buildings necessary to comfortable southern life, in the neighborhood of the spring. The Nodding housekeepers do not buy enticing and ornamental little boxes of what purports to be ground spice, *et cetera*; they buy, for instance, peppercorns, and somebody must grind them in a ponderous iron mortar with a correspondingly heavy pestle; many other articles, which innocent Yankees

are prone to purchase at the grocer's, are quite disdained by the ladies of Nod who will not tolerate adulteration in their ample store-rooms.

Kerosene is believed by many Nodites to be an invention of the devil, so old-fashioned lamps, filled with oil or lard, assist candles in placidly making darkness visible, while in the families of quality their great silver candlesticks of ancestral value give nearly as much radiance to a supper-table as do the lights which they support. I regret to say that many an old piece of silver went to help support "our army."

Negro servants are necessarily hired to a large extent, but many good house-servants have been evolved, so to speak, from the class known as poor whites. The evolution has been accomplished through the patient care of the mistresses, who are almost without exception gentlewomen and sincere Christians. Indeed it would be hard to find a community where earnest faith in some creed is so much the rule as in the country of which we speak.

Of the blacks not in service many have fallen into the idle and improvident ways natural to the race. Perhaps one out of fifty keeps his cabin tolerably free from leaks, his rail or brush fences up, and his cattle in fair working condition, while his wife and children assist him to cultivate the land which he has hired from his old master, and which he hopes to buy sometime. Of those who have attempted a course of study their teachers agree in saying that up to a certain point they are promising scholars; but, beyond that stage progress seems barred to them, save in occasional instances. Undoubtedly the negro does as well as would the white man who had emerged from the same condition with the same precession of circumstances.

There is a class in the Land of Nod somewhat like the farmers of the north living far from railroads. Absence of northern school system has caused, I think, in a measure, a lack in this

class for the thirst for reading, the craving for knowledge, which is characteristic of its fellow in New England; but the Southerner is nevertheless sharp in a bargain, and industrious, and many have acquired a competency. Speaking of a bargain reminds me of an incident; waiting for the mail one day, in a post-office at the foot of a spur of the Blue Ridge, I amused myself, as women will, by observing whatever there was to be seen; a peculiarly pert-looking mule appeared at the doorway, and a mountain woman alighted therefrom; among sundry articles with which the mule was laden there came to view a monstrous cheese of yellow beeswax. The postmaster, who was also the storekeeper, lifted the wax, indented it with his thumb-nail, smelled it, and finally weighed it, then coolly broke it in two. Rage filled the woman's hard face and choked her speech; the cheese was filled with ashes! Perhaps justice should oblige me to say that the storekeeper was so nearly a Yankee as to have been born in Pennsylvania.

Although the traditional Yankee, without doubt, is to be found in New England, it was never my fortune to behold him until he appeared to me in the mountains of North Carolina. He whittles and whistles, wears remarkable trousers and as remarkable a hat, a queer coat, untied or half-tied shoes, and has the face narrow, long and sharp-featured, with the quick, keen eyes, crowned by lank, light hair; he is as sharp as he looks, but is still somewhat opposed to railroads, thinking that with them his dozen mules, with great road-wagons to match, would be at a discount; but if a railway were extended from Yadkin valley through Patterson to Boone (the county seat of Watauga), thence across the boundary to meet a line in East Tennessee, then indeed he might find his strong teams thoroughly useful in carrying, to meet an eager demand, his butter, cheese, luscious fruits, sweet and healthy grains, his young and well broken horses and cattle, his

mutton and beef, his poultry, his soft furs, and his magnificent lumber to the waiting steam-car. For lack of such facility of transportation this marvelously fine country awaits its destiny. Both physical and social atmospheres are eminently congenial to the habits of those young northern families who go out, now-a-days, from their birth-places to seek new homes. Here is a charming and excellent climate, free from agues, excellent water, the most productive of soil, unsurpassed scenery, no trouble of consequence from insects, and no political disturbance.

Its botanical possessions are peculiarly rich, and one would be surprised at the amount of its medical exportations. There is hardly a known mineral but may be found here in profitable quantity, and from the presence of flexible sandstone it is inferred that diamonds may lie *perdu* among these mountains as well as in those of Georgia.

It must be admitted that, in default of diamonds, glittering drops are manufactured in the mountains, as fatal to the brain as is said to be the moonshine which has given them a name, and while the moonshiners would ordinarily be peaceable folk enough, the thought of a revenue officer is to them like flint to powder.

Only the strictest sense of duty sworn to would lead the United States soldier in search of the mysteries of the mountains. The service, looked at outside of its unmistakable duty, seems almost as mean as the sin, and only too often results in crippling and death. When the government can prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors, then indeed their manufacture will easily cease.

We visited one morning a warehouse in Caldwell county, to which the smaller produce of the Boone road is brought, and whence it is shipped to Raleigh. The agent of the firm controlling the business took us first to the top story of the building, where were monstrous bins of grain from which funnel shaped passages allowed

the grain to slide into sacks tended and weighed by a young fellow of seventeen, who in old times would have been well on the way to "William and Mary's," or possibly Yale, it might even be Harvard, but who now was finding a way to go into business and make money.

Similar receptacles for live geese feathers filled an apartment, and were likewise emptied of their fluffy contents. The funny part of the plucking of the geese, by the way, was illustrated many years ago in *Harper's Magazine*, by Porte Crayon (Gen. D. H. Strother of Virginia).

On a floor below we found all manner of dried fruits about to be shipped north, seeds in countless variety, of which one of the most costly was lobelia, its price at that time being six dollars per pound; roots of all shapes ever devised, ginseng especially every where present; honey in abundance; hops, and the flowers of the white everlasting, from which Nodding women who dislike hops make yeast where-with to leaven their bread.

Another room held furs from all things that wear it, a comical contrast being shown by an enormous black bear-skin from the corner of which was suspended the skin of the tiniest of all moles, its hands being left on, and giving one a sudden painful sense of the helpless pathos of its morsel of life.

The cellar of the warehouse held a profusion of dairy produce, and all these things had been brought from the mountains in the most laborious manner.

If no wagon could come from "up Mulberry," the surest footed mule in the neighborhood might have brought its load; and where no mule could pass the hunter himself, in his fringed deerskins, the long rifle on his back, the pistol in his belt, and the knife in his boot-leg, might have brought to market the skin of the great bear he had fought and conquered.

"Can we ride to your place by the Purifoy Gap?" we asked an old hunter, one day. He hesitated a moment,

then said, "Well, yer mought, if yer an old rider and a moughty good un, and if yer horse war raised up yereabout." That meant that if he could do it we could try it. We asked, "How about Coffee Creek road?" "Thar, now thar's a moughty bad road; you uns musn't 'low to ride up Coffee Creek; if yer do, yer'll never come down." So, not being the crows that fly, we did not go. But to Watauga, and across the mountains into East Tennessee, there runs an old turnpike road, and on this ancient friend one may travel as he will, if only he be not too much inclined to haste, and if he be strong of loin as well of heart, with an ever present faith that the all-wise Father will not withdraw him from this world until his work therein is done. So one may cheerily ride, he may camp on top the Black, he may come down by way of the little church of Valle Crucis, and worship there, fortunate if he happen on a Sunday of the kindly Bishop's ministration, and fortunate, too, to see how his and his neighbors' ancestors went to church, since the good people here go to church in well appointed carriages, if may be; but, if needs must, mounted on a good horse or stout mule that can carry double or even treble, with soft lambs-wool for a seat, while, should a side-saddle not be available at the moment, any sort of a saddle, or none at all, will serve the lithe mountain girl who can spring from the ground to the back of her steed.

Still coming down, one may stop at Fairview where he can see the springs of six rivers which flow respectively into the Gulfs of St. Lawrence and Mexico, and into the Atlantic ocean, while twenty-seven mountain peaks surround him closely, and there lies a little way from him Blowing Rock Gap, a thousand feet deep and wonderful to see.

Down the valley one may spend an evening that will make him dream he is in the *salon* of a modern Madame Récamier, although he is simply in the manor house of a Davenport, a Gor-

John, a Graham, or a Lenoir, with, however, a brass lock on his bed-room door that came from France in the seventeenth century, and with a mantle in the room most curiously carved, high and narrow, oaken and black. Perhaps the clapboards outside are of oak and beaded at the edge laboriously by handiwork, and the great hinges of the door were beaten into shape by a stalwart arm two hundred years ago. On the verandah encircling the house a half-dozen couples may promenade abreast, and the many little buildings that cluster about make the place seem like a small village.

Careful serving and exquisite courtesy make the sojourner a happy soul, unless care follows him from the saddle, and he goes to his bed to find it piled high with soft blankets, fine linen and the downiest of pillows, while the room is enchanted by an open fire glowing behind the fretwork of the fender.

Caste is present in this country, but respectability is respected, and representatives of the first quality are seen gracious and kindly at the infarings of the farmers. With the advancing years the intelligence of both classes broadens and deepens until one may believe that they may sometime meet naturally on the common level of humanity and Christianity. One does not expect ignorance and education to assimilate, even though the mutual feeling be one of thorough kindness and of respect for abilities which are indisputable.

Wakened from morning sleep by the horn of the hunter and the baying of his hounds, one is reminded of the

novels of the late lamented Anthony Trollope, and in fact the whole tone of life in the Land of Nod is curiously like that depicted in the most soporific of those books. To hunt the deer and chase the fox is the unfailing amusement of Nodite gentlemen, down to the six year old boys, while an occasional bear hunt up the mountains adds an element of danger to spice the fascination. The late dinner and the lively evening conversation, varied by music and games, with—if I must tell it—a monstrous punch-bowl well filled, or great bowls of egg-nog, finish to his satisfaction the hunter's day.

But the fields are well watched in the season of growth, and it is only now and then that some ne'er-do-well leaves his crops to the careless supervision of the black people, who work well, as a rule, only under intelligent direction, just as is the case with the majority of white laborers.

The opening chapters of Miss Woolson's "For the Major," now being published in *Harper's Magazine*, give a charming revelation of a society startlingly like that in certain portions of the Land of Nod, the fair and peaceful country that awaits with quiet eagerness the coming of people who will make it blossom with homes for whose needs field, forest and stream are ready to give of their abundance, while the full earth shall open its vast stores of precious stones and pure gold. To develop the remarkable resources of the Rip Van Winkle state there are needed three things, i. e., money, electricity, and Yankees; the third being given imply the first and second.

FRAGMENTARY NOTES OF OLD STAGE DAYS.

BY CLARA CLAYTON.

The stage route known as the Forest Line, extended from Nashua to Charlestown, N. H., forming a connecting link in the line from Boston to

Saratoga, and was one of the most famous in the state for many years. It was founded in 1833, and continued unbroken till the scream of the steam

engine drove from the hills and valleys the crack of the stage-driver's whip. To most of the quiet towns along this line, the arrival and departure of the stage was the most interesting event of the day. To be at the post-office or tavern at that hour, was to know who had come to town, who was leaving, who had a letter, and, if you chose, where the letter came from,—matters of no small moment in those days of slow news-gathering, before shipwrecks and railroad accidents, murders, suicides, bank robberies and star-route trials had become every-day occurrences among us.

Well do I remember the childish enthusiasm with which we children were wont to proclaim to every body, within the reach of our voices, the tidings "*The stage is coming!*" at the first sound of the rattling wheels in the distance.

That was a day to date from, when, after a severe snow-storm, the stage tipped over just below our house, and some half dozen or more men and women came in to warm themselves, while the stage and horses were set right, and made ready to proceed to the tavern, a distance of a mile and a quarter. Nobody was hurt. We children received many pleasant words and some pennies from the good-natured passengers, and, altogether, it was the one interesting and thrilling event of *that* season at least.

At another time, when the snow lay so deep that the plows, in breaking out the roads, had cast up a ridge on each side some four or five feet high, so that turning out, by heavy teams, was quite out of the question, except in certain favorable spots where the snow lay thinner, or some previous track had been made, the stage suddenly stopped in the level road across the plain just above our house, then moved a few paces on and stopped again, proceeding in this way till quite beyond our sight, a distance of more than half a mile. This was such a fine piece of road that the horses generally struck into a brisk trot on

reaching it, and, therefore, their very slow and hesitating movements on that day, gave rise to many speculations and conjectures, among inquiring minds, until it was found that this traveling institution, of man's cunning device and invention, had been intercepted and impeded in its progress by a traveler of much more ancient origin. This was a small, fur-clad individual belonging to the genus *Mephitis Americana*. Complexion black, with two white stripes extending the length of his body; head terminating in a somewhat sharply-pointed nose, neither Roman nor Grecian in profile, and carrying above his back a graceful, bushy, black-and-white plume, as a signal of his strength. He took the middle of the road, marching in front of the United States mail with an air of conscious security, receiving every intimation of impatience from those in his rear with the coolest indifference. There was a stage-load of men—"lords of creation"—mighty to will and to do, and six horses beside; but this little creature, smaller than the fur-gloved hand of the driver, was mightier than they all! His *Mephitis*ship having, by virtue of possession, first right of way, thus deliberately maintained it at his own creeping pace, against the shivering and impatient travelers, until they reached a farmer's door-yard, where they found a chance to turn out and leave him at a properly safe and respectful distance.

Many years later I chanced to be a stage passenger on the day following a long snow-storm. The snow lay two feet deep on a level. The day dawned bright and keenly cold, with a wild north-west wind which filled the air with the newly-fallen flakes, piling them into miniature mountains across the road in some places, and leaving it bare for rods in others. The stage was well filled with passengers, and drawn by six stout horses. As the round-faced driver drew the lines over the backs of his ready roadsters, we had only a parting glimpse of the swiftly receding objects about us, for

we were literally flying over the road, diminishing in velocity, however, as the hills became more frequent, and the drifts larger and harder, until we reached a place where the road is flanked by a steep, ascending bank, forty or fifty feet high on one side, and on the other a declivity of a hundred feet or more descending almost perpendicularly to a river gulch below. A rail fence ran on the edge of the embankment, to protect teams from driving off. The snow had blown across this place, completely covering every mark of road or fence, making one steep slide from the top of the bank above, to the bottom of the precipice below.

The horses were walked slowly, for the stage tipped more and more to one side. The men, one by one, got out and walked by the sides to hold it in position—plunging, like the horses, deeper and deeper into the snow at every step. Then we heard bells from behind us, and a sleigh drawn by a poor, lame, dirty, white horse, and containing two men, both of whom had the appearance of having “tarried long at the —,” well, perhaps it was only Baldwin apples, or their juice, but *something* certainly had given a most exaggerated color to their noses, and size to their tongues.

The one who was driving called out with an oath, demanding a chance to go by. Our driver answered that we could not turn out till we had passed that drift, and advised him to be a little more patient. The man would not listen to reason, and, after indulging in more oaths, he hit his poor nag—already covered with frost and steam from over-driving—a sharp cut, and, shouting “Ye’re makin’ us late to a weddin’, and this ’ere ’s the feller that’s got to be there to be married,” attempted to pass us on the lower side.

This, of course, was impossible; for by this time every stage passenger, except three ladies, was wading through the snow, holding the stage to keep it right side up, so steep was the road at that place for a distance of sixty rods or more. The poor old horse, urged on by lash and tongue, gave a few desperate plunges alongside of us, and then, over went horse, sleigh, driver, and bridegroom, down the steep bank, rolling together—legs, arms, harness, buffalo robe, shafts, runners, hats, boots, and red noses—each in its turn, “above, below, betwixt or between”—as the revolving mass presented its alternating portions to our view. When almost at the bottom of the abyss they struck a small tree with such force as to sever the horse from the sleigh, and arrest the whole caravan in its progress, settling the two men firmly in the snow, bare-headed, some distance apart, in the attitude of “stump speakers,” and leaving the buffalo robe with a part of the harness on the tree, while the sleigh spread itself in different directions, and the old horse lay quietly on his side as if he enjoyed the pasture better than the road. Whether the poor creature ever arose from his snowy bed, I never knew, or whether the aforementioned wedding was seriously delayed on account of this untoward accident to the groom; for we were only able to pull ourselves through the drift with the greatest difficulty, and could do nothing for their relief.

It is to be hoped that both, the impetuous Jehu and the prospective bridegroom, profited by this most excellent opportunity for cool reflection, and that their precipitate plunge into the valley of humiliation had the effect to make them soberer if not wiser men.

JEREMIAH MASON'S LAW ARGUMENTS.

BY GEORGE W. NESMITH, LL. D.

Hon. Jeremiah Mason was a member of the House of Representatives in December, A. D., 1820, and while standing in the gallery, we heard him state the proposition that in his experience he knew of no *little law cases*. That all alike, whatever the amount involved might be, turned upon the same golden hinges of justice. And it was sometimes as difficult to ascertain the true merits of a case, or trace the accurate boundaries of right and wrong, where only five dollars might be involved, as where thousands were at stake. The question then pending before the House referred to the amount of litigated claims of which a certain court should by law have jurisdiction. Now at the January term of the superior court in Merrimack county, in A. D. 1824, Mr. Mason argued a cause with much ability, where only three dollars was claimed by his client, and the evidence presented difficulties he could not solve to the satisfaction of the jury. It was a just appeal, wherein one Crossman, an inn-holder in the town of Andover, was original plaintiff; and one Lowell, a schoolmaster of Salisbury, was defendant. Both sides prosecuted this case with much zeal. We state the facts as briefly as possible: In the winter, of 1822 Lowell was teaching school in his native school district on Raccoon hill in Salisbury. On one Saturday his neighbor, Kezar, who had some business to transact in West Andover, proposed to Lowell to convey him in his sleigh to the same place, together with another young man, about eighteen years of age, whose name we do not recollect. In the course of the afternoon the three called at the plaintiff's inn. Lowell, according to the custom of the times, being a passenger, felt bound to treat, and called for three drinks accordingly. In payment he delivered a bank bill to

the bar-keeper, and here commenced the dispute. The plaintiff's bar-keeper was a young man about twenty years of age, and testified in substance that it was a three dollar bill, and that he found himself unable to make the change, and returned it to Lowell with the request to get it changed; that soon afterward the plaintiff, Crossman, came into the room, and took the bill from Lowell, and returned the balance due him. He testified further, that after retaining the bill for six or ten days, it was ascertained the bill was counterfeit, and that within two weeks, in company with Crossman, they called upon Lowell and tendered the bad bill to him, demanding good money in return. Lowell refused to take it back, avowing he never had the bill, and that it was a good two dollar bill which he had let him have. Such was the plaintiff's testimony. The defendant's testimony was from Kezar and the aforesaid young man from Salisbury. Kezarsaid after the bar-keeper returned the bill to Lowell, he delivered it forthwith to him, requesting his aid. He, Kezar, examined his own money, and found himself unable to change it, and soon returned it to Lowell. He, was positive it was a *two dollar bill*. Could not tell of what bank. It looked like a good or genuine one, though he did not pretend to be a good judge of money. The other Salisbury boy said he did not have the bill in his hands, but then understood, from the conversation had in his presence between Kezar and Lowell, that the bill passed to Crossman by Lowell was a two dollar bill. He also stated that Crossman finally came into the room and took it from Lowell and took pay for his liquor, and gave back the *change* to Lowell.

At that time the law did not allow the parties to the suit to testify. Hon. Ezekiel Webster had commenced this

action, and assisted in its management. Parker Noyes conducted the defence. Mr. Mason complimented him for the ability of his argument. The case was submitted to a very intelligent jury, of which Hon. Isaac Hill was foreman, Jeremiah Pecker, Esq., of East Concord, was second on the panel, and Joshua Fifield, Esq., of Salisbury, was No. 3. Fifield knew the parties and witnesses. The verdict of the jury was for the defendant. The Exon. rendered on the verdict had the effect of breaking up Crossman, and he soon removed away from this part of the state. It was not a very profitable suit for Lowell. He remarked to us, in reference to this case, "that he fought against imposition in defence of his character and for victory."

At a later stage of this term we listened to one of the most able efforts of Mr. Mason which distinguished his long career at the bar. It was in behalf of two medical students, who were indicted by the grand jury for digging up the body of a young lady in the town of Northfield in this county. The case naturally gave rise to much excitement and public interest. On the part of the government the prosecution was managed by Geo. Sullivan, then attorney-general, with signal ability. "There were giants on the earth in those days." The facts disclosed by the evidence in the case did not show the body in the possession of the respondents, or that they had been recognized by any one as having been connected in digging up the body. The body was not actually removed, as the parties engaged in digging it up were actually frightened away by a person who happened to pass by the grave-yard at the time the digging was going on. The government relied upon the *tracks* of a horse and wagon traced on the highway some miles westerly of the grave-yard, and driven by the respondents. On this evidence of the state Mr. Mason strenuously contended that the offence charged was not fastened upon his clients with

sufficient legal certainty, and claimed that a strong *legal doubt* existed whether the respondents had in any way participated in the transaction, arguing that there was a total want of positive evidence in the case, and if the jury convicted at all their verdict must be founded upon weak circumstantial evidence. And here he launched forth his argument with great power and effect upon the impropriety and great danger of fixing crime upon a party by the proof of mere circumstances so vague, uncertain and disconnected, as were here relied on by the state. Mr. Mason's argument was earnest, cogent, eloquent, skillfully dissecting the evidence, and commanding the close attention of the jury and the large audience that filled the court room. He cited from memory a number of cases where the verdicts of juries had proved erroneous, and the innocent had suffered, when relying alone upon this *quality* of testimony. He referred to the Bourne case in Rutland, Vt., where the two Bournes had quarreled with a neighbor, and had in a severe conflict thrown him into a cellar and fled. The neighbor not appearing the next day, the inference was the Bournes had killed their victim and secreted his body. The Bournes were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung. But a short time before the execution was to take place, the supposed dead man appeared in Rutland alive.

Again to show the *danger* of resorting to this kind of testimony, he quoted the case in England where two men met, when excited by angry, malicious feelings, in a retired place and fought; one being armed with a pitchfork killed the other and left the dead body and the bloody pitchfork near it, and returned to his home. A third party passing that way, soon afterward, finds the dead body and pitchfork, and takes it away with him. He is found with the bloody pitchfork in his possession, is tried for the murder, convicted, and hung. The guilty man upon his death-bed confesses the crime, but too late.

With the statement of these and other similar cases, he pressed home the dangers of conviction, and warned the jury not to offend in like manner. His strong appeal had the effect to divide the jury, and no verdict was rendered at that term. We subsequently heard Mr. Mason argue a number of legal cases, both to the court and jury, but we never knew him to exhibit so much active passionate feeling and animation, so much energetic action, and such rapid utterance of keen logical argument as were shown by him on this occasion. A short time before he arose to address the jury, he had a lively encounter with the attorney-general, in which both sides indulged the use of severe language, such as was not often employed by these gentlemen. The dispute arose upon some question about the admission of evidence. It was under the influence of the warmth and excitement of this occasion, when his passions were roused to an uncommon extent, united with the great im-

portance felt in the case, when he arose and put forth his whole energies and his lion's strength into that defence. It is not singular or strange that he should have carried with him a number of the most intelligent jurymen.

Mr. Mason's personal appearance was very imposing. His height was over six feet and six inches. His weight about two hundred and seventy-five pounds. His uncommon size naturally attracted the wonder of beholders. His arguments to the jury were never tedious, always commanding their close attention, being remarkable specimens of plain, clear, direct, comprehensive, logical reasoning, generally addressed to the understanding rather than to the passions of the hearer. He presented clear ideas *aptly and forcibly expressed*. He managed well an unwilling, untruthful witness. In his quiet and easy way he would turn such a witness inside out without letting him know what he was about.

THE CLOUD.*

BY E. P. DOLE.

I saw a bright and solitary cloud,
Above the mountain peak, mid-way in heaven.
Within its coverlet of snow-white folds
A cherub lay.

The sun-beams, deathly cold,
In mocking splendor, played upon the cloud.
The sun went down; a fearful night came on;
The storm fiends raged in fury, and their king,
The mighty Sarsor, icy wind of death,
With all his hosts, assailed the cloud, and strove
To kiss the cherub's lips.

In vain! The cloud,
That seemed so frail a breath would dissipate,
Was stronger than the web of fate; it was
Divine; it was the mantle Innocence.

*The above verses are a re-publication, having been written in the author's school days.—ED.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE AFFAIRS

Vol. VI.

No. 1.



A. W. Blair

Wm. Lee Book No. 6, N.Y.

THE
GRANITE MONTHLY,
A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1883.

No. 7.

HON. HENRY WILLIAM BLAIR.

A citizen of the United States, native or foreign born, cannot help being proud and patriotic as he views the magnificence of the city of Washington. It is laid out for a regal city; its streets and avenues are wide and straight; its private residences are palatial; the public buildings are imposing, enduring, substantial, massive, beautiful. From every point of view the Capitol is grand; its dome is faultless in its proportions; its interior is perfect. Within its walls are congregated the representatives of fifty million people, the senators of thirty-eight states. There the laws for a great nation are enacted, affecting every citizen and every industry throughout our vast territory. Words uttered within those walls are heard around the world. The millions of Europe, from the prince to the peasant, read and ponder. India, China, and the distant islands of the ocean have a deep interest in the debates of our congress.

In the senate chamber are gathered the envoys or representatives of the sovereign states,—senators, men selected for their wisdom, eloquence, goodness, and ability, to guard the vast and varied interests of their constituents, to direct the expenditure of an immense revenue; to improve the condition of the American people, and protect all classes in liberty, freedom,

and equal rights. In that body have been gathered the intellectual giants of the century of America, who have had to meet and settle great constitutional questions affecting our national life. Therein have been assembled Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Benton, Chandler, Wilson, Conkling and Blaine, political Warwicks. That wise and dignified body has ever been the bulwark of our government, giving strength to its councils and moderation to the enthusiasm of the more popular branch of congress. It has settled definitely the question of state rights, national unity, human slavery, manhood suffrage and equality.

There are great questions yet to be settled by the congress of the United States, questions which over-shadow the past and render gloomy the future; the disposal of the public lands of our national domain; the development of our great agricultural interests; the protection of labor; the education of the masses; the national care of wounded soldiers and the families of stricken heroes; the elevation of women to equal rights; the suppression of intemperance. These are the great questions of the future to be settled by statesmen. Politicians can attend to the privileges and elections, military, naval and Indian affairs, claims, patents, railroads, post-offices, territories, civil service and retrenchment;

bankers can control appropriations, foreign relations, finance, commerce, manufactures and mines; lawyers the judiciary;—the great departments of the government will run in a rut of their own momentum; the shoulder of a giant is needed to raise the wheels from the rut. There is needed in the halls of congress, the statesman, the philanthropist, the humanitarian, the reformer, the man with broad sympathies and tender nature, quick to respond to the wants of his countrymen.

Lately it was my privilege to occupy a seat in the gallery of the senate chamber and look down upon the senate of the United States. Conspicuous in that assembly for the dignity of his bearing, the courtesy of his manners, and the charm of his personality, was our honored senator, HENRY W. BLAIR, a sketch of whose struggle in life from humble beginnings to his present eminent position, it is my purpose to lay before the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

HENRY WILLIAM BLAIR, son of William Henry and Lois (Baker) Blair, was born in Campton, December 6, 1834. On his father's side he traces his descent from a Scotch-Irish emigrant ancestor, who first settled in Londonderry. The family, in company with the Coxes, Shepards and Livermores, were among the first settlers of the Pemigewasset valley. Mr. William H. Blair was born in Campton, was a teacher in his youth, married and settled in Campton, and died there December 8, 1836, from injuries received by the falling of the frame of a building. Mrs. Lois Blair was a descendant of the Bakers of Candia, of an influential family in Campton, a teacher before her marriage, a fine singer, "gifted with remarkable mental endowments and rare sweetness of disposition." She died in 1846. Four children blessed their union:

1. Hannah Palmer Blair, born 1830; died 1843.

2. Moses Baker Blair, born 1832; died 1857.

3. HENRY W. BLAIR, born Dec. 6, 1834.

4. Lois Esther Blair, born May 27, 1837; married John Henry Giles, of Chelsea, Mass.

The untimely death of the husband and father left his widow and family very poor; they were obliged to separate. At the early age of eight Henry was taken into the family of Richard Bartlett, of Campton, with whom he remained until he was seventeen years of age, laboring upon the farm and enjoying the usual privileges of country common schools. He had a home with the Bartletts until he came of age.

Mr. Blair often speaks of his home with the Bartletts, and always in terms of the highest respect, affection and gratitude. Mr. Bartlett was a nephew of William Bartlett, the merchant prince of Newburyport during the early years of the country, two of whose brothers, Ebenezer and David, emigrated to Campton and were among the most upright and honored of the earlier settlers of that town. Their descendants were numerous and influential in that vicinity and in every community where they have resided. Mr. Richard Bartlett died in 1860; Mrs. Bartlett, honored and beloved by everybody, is now the wife of Dea. Norris, of Meredith Village.

In the midst of the grand and sublime scenery of his native valley young Blair was maturing a noble character, a sound intellect, and a healthy body. He was a pupil of the Holmes academy, at Plymouth, two fall terms in 1851-52, and, under the instruction of the principal, Rev. James H. Shepard, made rapid progress in his studies. His ambition was aroused, his thirst for knowledge was insatiable, and he resolved to receive the benefits of a collegiate education, unaided save by his clear brain and active muscles. His struggle was heroic; early and late he toiled with head and hands to accomplish his chosen purpose. From the time he was seventeen, he labored, taught school, canvass-

ed and studied, until his health gave out and he was prostrated on a bed of sickness. For five years his indomitable will sustained him, and not without a pang did he relinquish his design. Upon the advice of his friend Samuel A. Burns, himself a distinguished teacher, he decided to enter upon the study of the legal profession with the preparation he had already acquired, and accordingly May 1, 1856, he entered the office of William Leverett, esquire, Plymouth, and for three years pursued his studies under the advice and tuition of that able lawyer. In 1859 he was admitted to the bar, and associated himself with his instructor in the practice of his profession. The next year he was appointed to his first office, county solicitor for Grafton county.

From the first Mr. Blair was a thorough-going Republican. An instinctive hatred of slavery and all its attendant iniquities inspired him as a boy to look eagerly forward to the time when he could join in the warfare against it, and when he reached his majority he lost no occasion to declare, by voice and vote, his convictions upon the subject. When the slaveholders raised the standard of revolt against the government he had just begun to reap the fruits of his early struggles and see the realization of his boyish dreams of success in his profession; but every call for men served to render him uncomfortable at home, and while the twelfth regiment was being recruited, he put away his books and briefs and tried to join it, but failed to pass the surgeon's examination. He then enlisted as a private in the fifteenth regiment, and was chosen captain of Company B. Before leaving the state he was commissioned major by Gov. Berry, in which capacity he went to Louisiana. Soon after his arrival there the disability of his superior officers left him in command of the regiment, and from that time the drill and discipline which made it one of the best in the service were his work. In the assault upon Port Hudson, in

May, 1863, he was severely wounded by a minie-ball in the right arm, and was carried to the hospital to recover; but, learning a few days later that another attack on that rebel stronghold was to be made, he insisted on disregarding the commands of the surgeons by joining his command, and, with his arm in a sling, led his men, who had the head of the column, in the ill-fated charge of June 14. Here he was shot again in the same arm by a bullet, which tore open the old wound; but he refused to leave his troops, and remained with them until he could take them from the field. About this time he was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, and, as such, brought it home when its term of service had expired. He reached Concord little more than a bodily wreck, and for some weeks his life hung by a thread; but careful nursing by his devoted wife and friends restored him to sufficient strength to warrant his removal to his old home on the banks of the Pemigewasset.

Chief Justice Doe put aside his judicial work, came to Concord, and for some days carefully watched and waited on his friend with the tenderness of a woman until the greatest danger was over. Hon. J. D. Sleeper was constant in his delicate and affectionate attentions to the wounded man. Mr. Blair has often said that to these two men he felt largely indebted for his life.

A long season of suffering and disability from wounds and disease contracted in the army followed his return; but he gradually regained his health sufficiently to resume the practice of law at Plymouth, in which the court records show him to have been remarkably successful. He had a legal mind, had fitted himself for the bar with great thoroughness, prepared his cases carefully and patiently, and managed them skillfully, seldom failing to obtain a verdict. The Grafton county bar was at that time noted for the ability and learning of its mem-

bers, and he was rapidly working his way to a prominent place among them, when he turned aside to enter political life,—a step which many of the eminent men with whom he was associated in the trial of causes, regard even now as a great mistake, his brilliant success in the field of politics failing, in their estimation, to compensate for what he was capable of achieving in the law. For several years he practiced alone; but in 1875 formed a partnership with Alvin Burleigh, which continued until his election to the U. S. Senate.

In 1866 Mr. Blair was elected a representative to the popular branch of the state legislature, and there began the political service which has since made him so widely known. The next year he was promoted to the state senate by the voters of the eleventh district, and in 1868 was re-elected. In 1872 the third district, composed of the counties of Coos, Grafton, Sullivan, and Cheshire, elected a Democrat to congress; and in 1874 the Republicans, looking about for a candidate under whose lead they could redeem it, found him in Mr. Blair, whose reputation as a soldier, clean record as a citizen, personal popularity, and indefatigable industry and zeal dictated his enthusiastic nomination, and after an exciting campaign secured his election to the forty-fourth congress. In 1876 he was again elected, and in 1878 declined a re-nomination. The next summer the term of United States Senator Wadleigh having expired, Mr. Blair came forward as a candidate for the succession. He was earnestly supported by the younger men of the party, by the temperance and soldier elements; and, though his competitors were the ablest men in the state, he bore away the great prize, and immediately entered upon the discharge of his duties at Washington, to which he has since devoted himself.

Mr. Blair's election to the national senate was largely due to the record he had made in the house, and to his

remarkable faculty of winning and retaining the hearty friendship of nearly all with whom he had ever been associated. From his youth up he had held radical views upon public questions; and the persistency and zeal with which he advanced and defended these under all circumstances convinced even his opponents of his entire sincerity, and bound to him his co-workers with locks of steel. Men liked him because he was cordial, frank, and earnest, and respected him because he had ability, industry, and courage; and so they rallied around him with a devotion and faith which overcame all opposition.

During the four years he represented the third district in the house, he served upon the committees on Railroads and Accounts, and several special committees. In the senate of the forty-sixth congress, upon the committees on Education and Labor, Agriculture, Transportation, Routes to the Seaboard, Election Frauds, Pensions, and Exodus of the Colored People: and in the present congress is chairman of the senate committee on Education and Labor, and a member of those on Pensions, Public Lands, Agriculture, and Woman Suffrage. In committees he is known as a working man.

Soon after entering the house he introduced and advocated with great ability a proposition to amend the national constitution so as to prohibit the manufacture or sale of distilled spirits in the United States after 1890, a measure which gave him a national reputation, and caused him to be recognized by the temperance people of the country as their leader and champion in the national capitol. They regard him also as the special promoter of the great movement to amend the constitutions of the several states so as to prohibit the manufacture of intoxicating liquors for other than medicinal, mechanical and chemical purposes. The woman suffragists have also found in him a vigorous and unwearrying defender. His speeches and

labors in behalf of education in the House and Senate and elsewhere show how carefully he would guard our liberties by the universal intelligence and virtue of the people. Over a hundred thousand copies of his speech in the House on Free Schools were printed and circulated by the Republican Congressional Committee. In the Senate his bill and speeches in behalf of national aid to education have awakened the greatest interest. He points to the perils of illiteracy, and urges an ample appropriation from the National Treasury, and makes conditions to render the aid safe and effective. His speeches have been called for and printed at the expense of friends of education by tens of thousands. When the financial policy of the country became a subject of discussion, and many of its strongest minds were carried from their moorings by the Greenback cyclone, Senator Blair stood sturdily for an honest currency and strict honesty in dealing with the government creditors, and by his speeches in congress and on the stump contributed in no small degree to the triumph of those principles and the incidental success of the Republican party. One of his speeches on this subject in the House was printed and circulated by the Republican Congressional Committee by the hundreds of thousands. The veteran soldier has always found in him a friend who lost no opportunity to speak and vote for the most liberal pension laws, and who never tired in responding to individual calls for assistance at the department. The representatives of many interests, like those of starch and knit goods, well know how untiring and effective were his efforts for their protection when imperilled by proposed legislation. His other service in Congress has been most conspicuous in his speeches and reports against the Texas Pacific Railroad Subsidies, upon Foreign Markets and Commerce, Election Frauds in the South, the Exodus of Colored People, the Japanese Indemnity Fund, the Public Land Bill, the

Commission of Inquiry into the Liquor Traffic, upon the Administration of the Pension Laws, Tariff Bill, and several other important measures; his eulogies upon Henry Wilson, Zachariah Chandler, and Evarts W. Farr; and his reports on numerous subjects which have claimed the attention of his committees. He is rarely absent from his seat, and when present never declines to vote. His first term expires March 3, 1885.

The inadequacy of these notes will be apparent when it is known that it takes nearly two pages of the *Record* to index the Senator's recorded efforts in a single session of Congress.

Mr. Blair is a citizen of Plymouth, and is very public spirited in local affairs. His neighbors claim that it was owing to his promptness and generosity that the Normal School was located in the town, and the Holderness School for Boys in the adjoining town. Through his efforts the old court house where Webster began his legal career was preserved from destruction, repaired, and devoted to the uses of a public library. His residence and most of its contents was destroyed by fire in 1870, and since then his home has been at the Pemigewasset House.

From this brief sketch it will be seen that Mr. Blair owes his exceptional success in life to no extraneous or accidental aids. His parents were poor, and their untimely death deprived him of their counsel and example. His boyhood was a struggle with poverty, of which his youth was only a continuance. All he had he earned. What he became he made himself. As a man he has shown great capacity for work and a disposition to do his best in every position. He is always intensely in earnest. He has indomitable perseverance and persistency, and never allows his abilities to rust in idleness. He is an outspoken and aggressive but practical reformer; a radical but sagacious Republican. Though his early advantages were few, he has been a voracious reader and a close student, and does not lack for the help

which familiarity with books gives. He is an easy writer and a fluent speaker. He is generous to a fault; and his most prominent weakness is a disposition to magnify his obligations to his friends.

Senator Blair married, Dec. 20, 1859, Eliza Nelson, the daughter of Rev. William Nelson, a Methodist clergyman, of Groton, and has one son,—Henry P. Blair,—born Dec. 8, 1867.

Mrs. Blair is a model wife and mother, beloved by all who know her. Her intellectual abilities are of a high

order. She possesses great strength of character. Every one familiar with the circles of Washington society, where she has moved for several years past, will bear witness to the universal esteem in which she is held by all. She devotes much of her time to benevolent work and is deeply interested in the establishment of the Garfield Memorial Hospital, a great national work, of which she is Corresponding Secretary.

The leading facts in this sketch are from *ST. CECILIA NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN.* John B. Clarke.

THE SONG OF THE FISHER WIVES.

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

On the shores of th' Adriatic as sunset's splendor dies,
From loving hearts and tuneful lips the sweetest anthems rise.
With songs the fisher's wife recalls her husband home to rest.
Soothing the while her slumb'ring babe upon her shelt'ring breast.
How sweet to the weary fisher, as shadows gather round,
Must be the echoing cadence of that most welcome sound;
But sweeter to those awaiting, what joy each bosom thrills,
As the song is echoed back and the wistful silence fills.
The maid awaits her lover with fond, impatient sigh;
The little child its father with a brightly beaming eye;
While the mother smiles serenely, when sea and sky are calm,
When tempests roar she prays her God to keep her loved from harm.
But, whether in calm or tempest, be weather foul or fair,
Surely as falls the twilight dim those love songs fill the air.
Ah! true, 't is amidst the lowly the sweetest customs thrills,
Binding together human hearts with purer links than gold.
'T is told a fair young maiden there lived in days of yore,
In a tiny, vine-wreathed cot on the Adriatic shore.
How she loved and was beloved by a fisher lad so gay,
And they were shortly to be wed—was set the bridal day.
But one eve arose a tempest, drowning those calls of love,
The waters raged, a seething mass, the lightnings glared above.
The anxious wives were forced to seek the welcome warmth of home,
The tender maid with aching heart kept weary watch alone.
The wild wind roared, the rain beat down upon her floating hair,
Yet still she watched and waited, breathing a fervent prayer.
And when the storm abated, at her feet her love lay—dead!
She laughed, and toyed with his ebon locks, her mind for ever fled.
And still she waits and watches; as the sunset splendors die,
Sings for awhile, then listens, awaiting his reply.
There is a sweet expectant look upon her aging face,
As she lists, in vain, the answ'ring sound upon the air to trace.
And often far into the night that sad, weird song is heard,
Pity is felt in many breasts seldom by pity stirred.
At last she turns, with mournful sighs, her heart with waiting numb,
Whispering softly to herself, "To-morrow my love *must* come."

LUCRECIA.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY F. W. R.

(CONCLUDED.)

One evening, several months later, while the Countess was awaiting her reception hour, carelessly reclining upon a divan, her eyes half closed, and her hand in that of her lover, a servant entered and handed her a large letter of official appearance. Lucrecia opened it and turned ghastly pale.

"What is it, darling? What is the matter?" cried Marcel.

"Nothing, merely a chill."

She grasped the letter and walked hurriedly several times up and down the room. Marcel, uneasy, followed her, without daring to question her a second time. Suddenly she threw herself into his arms, and pressed him to her heart with all her strength, covering his face with kisses. This excitement gave Marcel a presentiment of misfortune, but just as he was about to question her further the first guests arrived.

The Countess swept away all traces of agitation. She was more brilliant than ever; she sang songs of courage, and threw into them all her verve and talent. One would have said that she wished to enchant, once more, this court of which she was the queen, and give Capellani a full understanding of her worth.

She announced later that she left for her vineyard next morning, and as they were astonished at this, she added,—

"Oh! it is only for a few days, a very few days."

They wished her a pleasant trip, and each took his leave as usual. She pressed the hands of her old friends warmly and repeatedly, and she embraced the Marquise, saying, "Good by! good by!"

Tosinghi came among the others, but more sadly than usual; the brilliant gayety of Lucrecia had hurt him. As he was going he was struck by a deep, questioning glance which she threw at him.

"Come to-morrow at ten," said she in a courageous tone, "I have a service to ask of you."

Never had Capellani found her so tender and so passionate as the next morning, when she spoke to him of going to the country.

"Are you not tired of this noisy life?" she said. "Are you not wearied by these continual ovations? Oh! for our quiet love in the solitude of the mountains, our careless rambles in the fields! Come, let us make the most of the last days of autumn. Who knows if we shall ever see spring! Marcel, my well beloved, I want to drink again the long, deep draughts of love; I want to throw off these silks and diamonds which stifle me, and lean upon your arm dressed in muslin; to run through the grass in the olive fields; to feel the cool shade of our grotto in the mountains, where we passed the happiest days of our lives. My God! if we could never enjoy again such happiness! If some archangel, with sword of fire, were to appear before us, as before the gates of paradise! Come! come quickly! Let us not lose these days of liberty."

Marcel, delighted by these loving words, listened with beating heart. Once, a somber presentiment crossed his mind, but he rejected it; besides he did not dare mar this picture of happiness by a cruel thought.

He went first, with a single domestic, to his villa, for it was there, in the rustic cottage, where they had passed their first delicious days of love, that Lucrecia was to arrive that evening.

At three o'clock Tosinchi found the Countess Palandra dressed and ready to get into her carriage. She held out her hand to him and led him to a seat.

"Are you still my friend?"

"Have I changed since I devoted my heart and my life to you?"

She gave him the letter which she had received and added:

"The Count Palandra has been pardoned. This is the letter which announces it. It says he will leave Vienna and arrive at San Michele Murana on the 10th of November. This is the 15th. The Count has left the prison, thanks to the pardon. He will take a carriage from Padua to Boulogne, and the stage from Boulogne to Florence. In three days he will be here."

Tosinchi trembled and would not reply to this terrible announcement. He knew that these simple words were the prologue to an inevitable catastrophe. He knew the Count and he knew Lucrecia. Pale, with his eyes fixed upon those of the Countess, he waited: and as the silence continued he murmured in a trembling voice, "Well."

"I do not desire my husband," replied Lucrecia, with an expression which frightened Tosinchi still more, "to arrive here without knowing all. That would be a double treason. I count upon your friendship, upon this devotion which you have so often offered me, and I have dared to ask it. You must go to Florence and to Boulogne, if there is yet time, and—"

"What! you want me to go to Boulogne to tell Palandra of his misfortune?"

"You will have nothing to tell him. Here is a letter which you will give him. Only, when he has read it be near to offer him a friendly hand, and do what he requires."

Her voice trembled and faltered. Tosinchi took the letter, and mechanically read the inscription, examined

the coat-of-arms, and returned it with a vague feeling of terror.

"But," said he, "what do you intend to do?"

"What I ought."

"Lucrecia!"

"Have I presumed too much upon your strength and friendship?" added the Countess. "No," replied Tosinchi, "I will do it. I believe it is necessary to leave at once, is it not?"

"Immediately, if you can."

"Adieu, then, Lucrecia."

"Adieu," she replied, in a sad voice.

She gave him her hand again, and he seized it and pressed a passionate kiss upon it, and two great tears, which he could not hide, rolled down his wan cheeks.

Two hours later the Countess Palandra was with her lover, and took supper with him under the arbor, with its reddened leaves.

She had thrown off her traveling dress, unbound her hair, and folded over her shoulders a lace shawl. She ate a pomegranate, sipped a glass of wine, and pelted Marcel with purple grapes, laughing with wild, fresh laughter. At times she would run to her lover, throw her beautiful arms around his neck, and look at him with eyes filled with ineffable tenderness.

Night came on, and a large antique lamp was placed upon the table, Lucrecia drew a long gold pin from her hair, and called for oil to fill the lamp full. "I want it to burn for a long time," she said, "to give light to the happiest of nights." Then suddenly she blew it out.

"What!" she cried, "shall we measure the hours by seeing them fade away! No! no! let it be night, let the moon and stars hide themselves, and we will dream of eternity."

The next day she carried Marcel to every place to which any pleasant memory was attached; to her own villa; to the terraces; under the olive trees, and then farther away into the country to look once more at the grotto and the village inn. They went also to the tomb of Guiseppe and re-

read the touching epitaph. Lucrecia placed a bunch of autumn flowers, which she had gathered along the way, upon his grave, and then she sat down near it, and could not restrain her tears.

"What is it, darling?" said Marcel, wonderingly, "you are crying, Lucrecia."

"It is so sad to die when one is loved."

"Why speak of dying!"

She did not reply, but clasped his hand.

"Poor Guiseppe!"

This was her only moment of weakness during the two days which she spent alone with Marcel. The rest of the time she abandoned herself to the completeness of love. She was happy, with a feverish happiness which became more intense as the hours passed away.

"A day like this does not come often in a lifetime," she would say every time a sad thought came into her mind. Sometimes she would look at her watch, hiding a shudder at seeing how the time flew by, and she counted the moments which remained. "How short they are," she said to herself, "and nothing can prolong them, nothing! nothing! But I forget, in thinking of the end, that I am tasting the most perfect happiness. The minutes roll swiftly by; I speak and they are gone." Then she placed her head upon Marcel's shoulder and held him tightly as if she would lose herself in him; stopping his breath as if by so doing she could retain the present, this fleeting happiness, the false god, to which one sacrifices the future and eternity, and which, by the way, does not exist.

Why was it that Marcel did not divine these terrible thoughts? Why did he not read her awful resolve in her eyes? Why did he not hear the chant of the swan? Who knows! while one abandoned himself to love without fear; the other evidently drained the last drop from the cup of life, and said: "This day is my last, there will be no to-morrow."

The morning of the third day Lucrecia told him that she was going to Florence, on business for her husband. She said this in a calm voice, and very coldly, she had such perfect command of herself.

"I will go with you," cried Marcel.

"No," said she, "It is impossible." Then she added, "I have forgotten the Count Palandra long enough. The time for duty has come, and I must answer its call."

"What do you mean? The time for duty? Lucrecia, where are you going? What are you going to do?" For the first time the idea of danger presented itself to him; the blood left his heart, and Lucrecia heard a sound like an enraged lion.

"This is nothing of importance," she said in a reassuring voice, "Only some matters of business. Do not be uneasy, it will quickly be done."

"Know at least," he replied sternly, "That I can and shall protect you from all dangers."

"My darling! My well beloved!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck, and looking at him as if she would carry away with her every line of his countenance. She tore herself away to stifle the cry of despair that rose to her lips. By a supreme effort she repressed the heart broken words, and added simply: "Adieu!" She hurried to her carriage, and hardly had the horses taken a dozen steps when she burst into the most heart-breaking sobs. But suddenly they ceased, and she quickly dried her eyes. Marcel was following the carriage.

"If you are going first to Pistoja let me go with you," cried he. Suddenly, Lucrecia's face brightened as if the sun had broken forth from a stormy sky. "Come," said she; and while he was getting in she murmured with delirious passion: "An hour more of love."

How short this hour was; how quickly the carriage went; how rapidly the wheels traced their double track in the dusty road. They reached Pistoja. Lucrecia assumed her old severe expression, and went up to her

chamber, where she arranged her papers, and then called her servants, and told them she was going to Florence upon business for the Count. No one dared to question her, but she noticed on all faces an expression of constraint and terror. "The news has spread," she thought, "and Marcel will hear it." She hastened her preparations, said good by to all, and wrote two letters, which she placed in her bosom. Then she passed for the last time through the palace of her ancestors, of whom she was the last representative, and got into her carriage, which she had ordered.

A long kiss in the embrasure of the doorway, and a convulsive pressure of the hand, were her last adieux to this lover whom she was leaving forever, and who suspected nothing.

This time Capellani saw the carriage disappear at the bend in the road, and heard the last faint sound of the wheels as they died out in the distance. He went back into the palace, and walked through the silent halls. This was the first time they had been separated, and a terrible melancholy settled down upon him. In order to overcome this feeling he went out into the street. He met few persons whom he knew, and these seemed to avoid him. His sadness increased every minute, until at last, in spite of the early hour, he went to see the Marquise.

Ordinarily, Lucrecia's old friend accorded an affectionate welcome to Marcel, but to-day she received him with embarrassment, and hardly dared to pronounce Lucrecia's name. He told her of Lucrecia's departure, and the Marquise turned pale, and cried: "What! is she gone? My God! what does she mean to do?"

The old lady's fright, her cry of terror, were a revelation to Marcel. "What have they hidden from me?" he cried.

"What! you do not know? The Count Palandra is pardoned; he is on his way home."

Marcel sprang up, and rushed from the house, and an hour later his post

horses were flying along the road to Florence in pursuit of Lucrecia.

He held his head in his hands for his brain seemed ready to burst.

"What is she going to do? Fool! I have seen nothing; I, who can read men so well. What had she to fear?" And the poor fellow lost himself in wild conjectures. He thought of all the means of safety which his former power still rendered easy for him, but the blood boiled in his veins, and the minutes seemed hours, and he cried incessantly, "hurry! hurry!" At Prato, while the horses were being changed, he learned strange news. Lucrecia had asked the inn-keeper to send two letters by a swift messenger to Pistoja; then, instead of continuing on to Florence, she had gone off in another direction and no one knew whither.

A cry of anger escaped him. He did not know what to do, and he cursed God and man. For the first time in his life Napoleon's ex-captain felt that his courage was useless. He saw he must return to get the letter, and with a groan of despair he gave the order to do so, and his horses went tearing back over the same road.

He found a letter awaiting him, tore it open, and was obliged to lean against the wall for support, because, before reading a line, he knew a terrible blow was about to fall upon him.

"My friend, my darling, have courage. I depend upon you. Marcel, your friend is dead.

"The Count Palandra will return, I told him when he went to prison, where I sent him, you can depend upon me; and I have betrayed him. For whom? For one of his jailers, perhaps; but from the day on which I opened my arms to you, Marcel, I was resolved. I have drained the cup of love; I am intoxicated with such delight as angels might envy; but happiness here below is a debt which one contracts. The time for payment has come. I pay.

"Do not regret me, if you love me, for if it were necessary to choose between a long life of honor and a day

spent with you, I should choose the day. Marcel, it is these supreme joys which it is impossible to describe, that carry one above the world. These joys I have tasted. They are a hundred times more precious than life, and I throw mine down without a regret, and without complaint, as an empty cup, as a dead flower whose perfume is gone.

"As for you, my friend, have I made you happy? Then reproach me for nothing; you know I am not a coward; but be cautious! No one will know of my death. I have taken my precautions to disappear without a sign. The Count Palandra, Monsieur Rospigliosi and you, will alone know the truth. Three days ago I sent Tosinghi to the Count with this letter.

"Monsieur :

Do not return to Pistoja. I have failed in my duty; I have betrayed you; but I know what such an offence requires, and when you read this you will be avenged. The verdict, which my conscience alone has pronounced, my own hand will execute without noise or scandal. To all the world the Countess Palandra has gone to meet you at Florence; but the carriage which carries your unfaithful wife will stop at a turn of the road, and the guilty will die in an unknown cave, where no one will find her body. Adieu! "

"Marcel, my friend, you will know where to find my body. It is from you that I wish a last kiss, and a few shovelfuls of earth. Oh God! the idea that you will press me to your heart, that you will lay me in my grave, and cross my hands upon my breast, fills me still with a wild joy! I do not wish to tell you here the place where you will find my body, for I fear that in your first grief you may betray me. Go to Monsieur Rospigliosi. I have written to him.

"You must not die; it would be a weakness. As for me, to satisfy honor, I willingly lay down my life, when it is beautiful as Paradise, and when each day added more delight; but for you it would be to flee from sadness, you would desert the field of battle. Meet Palandra, if he seeks you, and then carry out your destiny which I have interrupted, and be noble and great in memory of me.

"Adieu! adieu! for the last time! May the breeze which passes as I expire carry to you all my love and not a regret."

At first Capellani stood like a statue. He believed himself insane, or a prey to a horrible nightmare, and he read her letter again. Then he felt a furious desire to know the truth, and had a vague hope of saving her still, and he rushed to the Bishop's. Monsieur Rospigliosi was kneeling in his oratory, and an envelope near him indicated the object of his prayers. He rose and took the poor fellow's hand, and the latter burst into suppressed sobs. At last he gave Marcel the letter.

"Monsieur:" said she, "pardon the guilty one who ought to see in you only a judge, but who dares address you as a friend. When you read this I shall be dead. I know that the Catholic religion regards suicide as an unpardonable crime; but I did not die as an atheist but as a stoic; my suicide is not an act of cowardly despair, it is an expiation. I am punishing myself for being too happy in a guilty love. But if you will bless my mortal body you will at least carry out my last prayer. Console Capellani, fortify him against despair, and tell him my body is hidden not far from Casade Dei, in a cavern which he knows, and where I desire to be buried. Perhaps you will see the Count Palandra. Say to him that I pray for pardon.

"I beg you, Monsieur, to second the efforts which I have used to disappear from the world without attracting notice, and accept the respectful adieux of the guilty one whom you always

honored by your fatherly care and affection."

Monsieur Rospigliosi's carriage was called. Both got in and drove toward Casade Dei.

Capellani knew the way to the cavern only too well. Around the entrance the bushes were not broken, and the earth showed no tracks. For a moment hope filled their hearts.

Alas ! at the back of the cave, upon a mass of autumn leaves, lay Lucrecia, a poniard in her breast. Marcel threw himself upon the still warm body with a horrible cry. He pressed her to his heart, and looked at her with terrible agony in every feature ; he kissed her and called to her by every endearing name.

In the presence of the dead the Bishop found his apostolic strength. He seized Marcel with a powerful hand and drew him away.

"Leave this body," he said sternly, "which needs nothing now but a little earth, and think of this soul which you have lost. Come ! cover her with her shawl, hide the entrance to the cave, and say a prayer."

Marcel could not reply, and hardly understood. He had not strength to resist, and fell upon his knees, stupefied with grief, but he handed the Bishop her letter, and while he read it a low moaning sound escaped from Marcel's lips.

"This woman was not a christian," said the Bishop severely, giving the letter back.

"She was a heroine," murmured Marcel.

"A pagan, a sophist, poor girl ; who knew no better than to try and repair a fault by a crime, and who mistook physical courage for the best of the virtues. Ask of religion, that is of eternal justice, what her duty was, and it will reply : to break a guilty bond, to expect of God alone her punishment, and to expiate by prayer her youth and folly ; but that would have been long, painful, and humiliating. It was easier to die and she did. Ah ! you have much to expiate for her. Pray ! my son, yes, pray long, pray always for her and yourself !"

The minister had spoken, but with this last thought the friend, the father, could no longer repress a deep sob, the sign of an aching heart. He crossed himself, and repeated a prayer. Then he went out.

Marcel raised a stone tomb in the grotto, and buried her there ; but he never left her. With a cross upon his breast and her tomb at his feet he spent his life in prayer.

Count Palandra did not return to Pistoja. Monsieur Rospigliosi sent word to the authorities, who kept him there.

One evening, ten years later, Marcel, with white hair and bent shoulders was saying his prayers at the setting of the sun, when suddenly from a neighboring thicket a stream of fire poured forth, a ball whistled through the quiet air of evening, and he fell dead.

EARLY AND LATE POEMS.*

[Read by Col. George Kent at the recent re-union of the Dartmouth College Association, Washington, D. C.]

HANOVER, N. H., 4th July, 1814.

Hymn composed by Mr. George Kent, and sung by the choir. (Tune—Denmark.)

Eternal God thy name we praise ;
To thee we humbly look for aid ;
And while to heaven our songs we raise,
The tribute of our hearts be paid.

Thy power and goodness, mighty God !
In all thy works of wonder shine ;
The heavens declare thy love abroad,
The earth proclaims thy power divine.

'Tis by thy power, from age to age,
Creation stands, and time endures ;
Thy voice can calm the whirlwind's
rage,
Thine arm the thunder's force secures.

*See GRANITE MONTHLY for March, page 181.

'Tis by thy goodness nature lives—
The seasons change,—and night and
day
Thy bounteous hand subsistence gives,
And shields creation from decay.

Of old thy mercy, Lord, was known;
Thine arm didst break the oppressor's
rod,
And led thine Israel to thy throne,
Through desert wild, and seas of blood.

Almighty God! in thee we trust;
We humbly bow, and own thy power
Which raised our country from the dust,
And saved us in a threat'ning hour.

Thy boundless goodness we adore,
Which still preserves our native land;
Though war's dark tempest ever roar,
Its fury turns at thy command.

Parent of All! to thee we turn
For blessings on this natal day,
Attune our hearts to love, and learn
Thy sovereign pleasure to obey.

Then followed an eloquent, spirited
and appropriate oration, in his usual el-
egant manner, by Josiah Dunham, Esq.

The following ode, composed by Mr. Kent, was sung by Col. Brewster in a mas-
terly style. (Tune—Anacreon in Heaven.)

Rise, sons of Columbia! and hail the glad day,
When your country triumphant beamed forth as a nation;
And shone from the mist that encircled her way,
Like the sun of the morning—the pride of Creation.

Let your praises arise,
And ascend to the skies

To unite with the prayers of the good and the wise,
That her sons may their virtue and freedom maintain,
Till the fires of Mount Etna are quenched in the main.

In the arms of oppression our nation had slept,
Till, shorn of her strength, she could make no resistance;
But a Washington's sword from its scabbard first leapt,
And shone in defiance to earth's farthest distance.

Let your praises ascend
To your Father and Friend.

And your eagle to bear them to earth's remote end;
May the spirit of Washington hover around,
While Benevolence listens to catch the first sound.

For his country he lived—but that hero is dead:
For his country, in Heaven is his spirit now singing,
The tears of affection remembrance has shed
In the breast of benevolence keep it from dying.

For his sons yet remain,
And their freedom maintain.

Which they never will barter for glory or gain,
Though the angry waves roar, and the thunders descend,
Their Liberty's Temple they'll ever defend.

His spirit now lights, with its holiest beams,
The dank mists of darkness which shadow creation;
The nations of Europe have felt its mild gleams—
The day-star of liberty's regeneration.

They awoke from their trance—
See the tyrant advance;

We fight for the world and the freedom of France,
By the fire of their domes they first conquered and bled,
By the eagle of Russia to victory led.

Then hail to the chief in whose name we appear!
As *Disciples of Washington* let us assemble;
And all hail the day, still to memory dear,
When Freedom, enchanted, bade tyrants to tremble.

May her sons of the West,
In smiles still be blest,

Till in peace, they retire with their fathers to rest;
While Columbia's Genius yet hovers around,
To defend from oppression such sanctified ground.

"A SONG OF DEGREES."

[For the Centennial Celebration of
Dartmouth College, July, 1869. By
GEORGE KENT, graduate of the class of
1814.]

A hundred years! what hopes and fears
Are crowded in its pages—
What seems to thrill, of good or ill,
In glancing down the ages!
So sang I once when Bedford's sons
Were gathered for re-union—
And so sing we, in joyous glee,
As Dartmouth claims communion.

An "Indian School," 'gainst rhyme or
rule.

Has grown beyond our knowledge,
And now presents, to sight and sense,
A well-established college.
Borne *by degrees*, through stormy seas,
To such commodious harbor.
Her frame displays, by length of days,
The real *vita arbor*.

Of knowledge good to those who've
stood

The test of manly training,
With pure desires, no after fires,
Of guilty passion staining.
An evil tree to those who see
The good, and follow scorning—
Whose later life, in worldly strife,
Belies their early morning.

As need might call, each stately hall
Has risen to the vision,
And Dartmouth Plain, a hope once vain,
Become almost Elysian.
These classic shades, by tasteful aids,
Exhibit sylvan graces—
And nature's wilds, in beauty's smiles,
No more are desert places.

With modern skill, and funds at will,
And every new appliance,
A union meet seems now complete,
Of blended Art and Science.
With Teachers true to ends in view,
Of progress and advancement,
Each rolling year will see most clear
Of happiness enchantment.

Of ancient fame, the WHEELOCK name
Is linked with classic rule;—
By *noble* aid thus early made
A college from a school.
With Christian trust, Wheelock, the first,
In rude and savage region,
Foundation laid, for Learning's aid,
To sons now numbered legion.

As years sped on the *Presy* JOHN
O'er Dartmouth boys bore sway—
Long favored he, in courtesy
Unrivalled for his day.

Thirty and six, if years we fix,

Denotes his term of rule—
His teaching found scarce as profound
As lore of modern school.

Of proud renown, the brilliant BROWN
Ruled but for little space—
In lore well skilled, the Chair he filled
With dignity and grace.
For a brief year a name still dear
To memory, graced the board.
And DANA came, of modest fame,
With fair requirements stored;

Of good repute, deemed fit to suit
The College in its need.
TYLER came next, well versed in text
Of Scripture, faith, and creed;
Faithful for years, as well appears,
To principle and right,
A classic fame he scarce could claim,
In learned critic's sight.

Of good record, the veteran LORD
Served faithfully his day—
Of judgment sound, if not profound,
In every modern way.
Linked to the past, his faith held fast
To ancient creeds long tried—
And deemed unjust to duty's trust—
Reform's advancing tide.

The name of SMITH, to us no myth,
Stands forth in proud revealing—
Though Holmes has said, as we have
read,
"T was given for concealing.
But no such dread *our* College head
Need have of fate's mischances—
What e'er the name, 't is all the same
While DARTMOUTH high advances.

*But time would fail to tell the tale
Of Dartmouth's fame and greatness,
With duties charged, when once enlarged
From College bounds of straitness.
WEBSTER and CHOATE, if put to vote.
The palm would bear away.—
While MARSH and CHASE survive to
grace.
The College in our day.

A further store of learned lore,
Grave men and brothers jolly,
We might recount to large amount,
But more to add were folly.
At home, abroad, we're on record
In states throughout the Union—
If proved by works, no quips or quirks
Will bar us full communion.

A century's round, this year has crowned
With blessings rich and rare—
An earnest true of good in view,
Vouchsafed to future care.

With friends to aid, as here displayed.
And hearts in union blending,
Will DARTMOUTH'S SONS, as Time's glass
runs,
Joy in next century's ending.

"Let us have peace!" will never cease
With glad acclaim to prove
Our watchword good of BROTHER-
HOOD—
Fit emblem of our love.
Th' electric chain, on land or main,
That binds our hearts together,
Shall firm abide old Ocean's tide,
Or Arctic's winter weather.

Then hail the Day whose natal ray
Lights up our happy faces!
To Freedom true we pledge our due,
Throughout all times and places.
To Brothers dear we send good cheer,
However wide their roaming—
In each full heart they'll find a part
At every evening gloaming.

*Since Century Day, in which my lay
Got strangled in its birth,
SMITH, well beloved, has been removed
From toils and scenes of earth.
Its duties done, as well begun,
His life, to service given,
Might well prepare his soul to share
The lasting bliss of heaven.

Well to succeed one, who the meed
Of praise so high attained,
Is no light task, strictly to ask
Of him the place who gained.
'T will, in these days, be no mean praise
The standing to attain
Which BARTLETT, true to end in view,
Is certain yet to gain.

Their names still live, and sanction give
To Learning's varied claim—
Showing their view of Science true
Above mere worldly fame.
Each man true *frater* to *Alma Mater*,
Or *filius* loyal-hearted—
Never of choice, with heart or voice,
From Dartmouth's interests parted.

A MONODY.

By George Kent, a graduate of 1814. In remembrance of Daniel Webster, the great expounder of the constitution, and Dartmouth's most honored son. Written for the observance of Mr. Webster's centennial birthday anniversary at Dartmouth College, June 28, 1882.

If ever form was of majestic mold—
If ever mind of native, massive power—
It surely need not now or here be told
'T was *his*, whose fame engrosses this choice hour;—

Here, where his early feet the path essayed,
By sure degrees, the vast Olympian height,
Was first, in consciousness of power, displayed
His after mastery of the True and Right.

Beginning humble, from his early choice
Of village life, as "to the manner born,"
Years passed before that deep-toned clarion voice
Rang far and wide, as rousing Alpine horn.

"Excelsior" was his motto from the first.
And DARTMOUTH early claimed his magic power
To such effect, that from his lips there burst
An eloquence remembered to this hour.

Not more remembered for its rich display
Of eloquence, than for its legal lore—
Assuring for all time—not for a day—
Rights never fully recognized before.

To this let Dartmouth sound its loud acclaim,
And other seats of Learning join the song,
That, greatly by impress of Webster's name,
Rights were secured that may to *them* belong.

But higher still the steps to which he rose,
In the great Forum of the Nation's view,
When in defence, 'mid early rebel throes,
He proved to Law and Constitution true.

Such his rare triumph; in our humble lay
 Is no attempt to utter all his praise;
 He rests in peace, awaiting the great day
 That small and great from death's repose may raise.

Webster "still lives"; to us of olden time
 Lives in our memory as a vision bright;
 His noble thoughts and style, in sense sublime,
 Furnish a fund of ever fresh delight.

"Lives" in the school-boy's theme, in manhood's page,
 On every leaf of time's best-lettered scroll;
 "Lives" in the record of his own rare age,
 In sons he gave his country's honored roll.

So rich in thought, so varied in his theme,
 On his ascent each age and sex may rise;
 As with the "ladder in the Patriarch's dream,"
 Its foot on earth, its height above the skies."

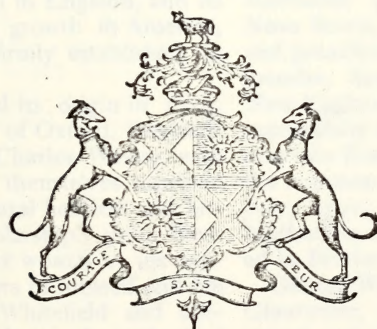
If to his memory I ascribe no fault,
 'Tis not that he, or any, is all pure;
 His known defects I bury in his vault—
 His noble deeds will with his God endure.

To him, all-wise, all merciful, and just—
 With whom a century's time is as a day—
 'Tis well to feel we safely can entrust
 Friends loved and honored who have passed away.

Marshfield may claim the venerated dust
 Of Webster, in his last august repose;
 The vital spark, that animated first
 The soul within, our Granite hills disclose.

The old "Bay State" with pride asserts her claim—
 Our wide-spread Union mourns him as her son;
 His pride and pleasure ever was to name
 NEW HAMPSHIRE as his first-loved, cherished one.

Washington, D. C., June, 1882.



Cage.

Quarterly, first and fourth party per saltier, azure and argent, a saltier gules, second, third azure, the sun in his glory proper—Crest, a Baron's coronet and helmet, a ram proper—Supporters, two greyhounds ppr, gorged with a ducal coronet.

METHODISM IN PORTSMOUTH.

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

In the Portsmouth Journal of November 3, 1866, appeared an article furnished by the author of this sketch, entitled "Rambles about Portsmouth," No. 167, being the History of Methodism in that City. The facts relating to the introduction of Methodism into Portsmouth were collected from Asbury's and Lee's Journals, Conference Minutes, from unpublished sources, mainly manuscripts, and from our own recollection of what we had seen and heard concerning it. We were particularly indebted to Rev. Dudley P. Leavitt for his sermon at the dedication of the new Chapel on Daniel street, Dec. 6, 1859, and also to a previous discourse by Rev. Samuel Kelley, concerning the early history of the denomination in Portsmouth. Both of these obtained considerable information from the oldest members of the Church, during their pastorates in that city.

The official record in relation to the introduction of Methodism in Portsmouth, and its subsequent history, is very meager and incomplete. Before presenting the history of the denomination in Portsmouth, we will briefly consider its origin in England, and its introduction and growth in America, until it became firmly established in New England.

Methodism had its origin in 1729, at the University of Oxford, England, when John and Charles Wesley, with others, associated themselves together to promote scriptural holiness and improvement in scholarship. John Wesley considered THE WORLD AS HIS PARISH; and the labors of himself and his contemporaries—Whitefield and others—exemplified the sentiment he had enunciated. The first Methodist conference convened in London, June 25, 1744, for the purpose of considering the best method of conducting the work. It was composed of ten per-

sons: John and Charles Wesley, four ordained ministers of the church of England, and four lay preachers. The first Methodist conference in this country, numbering ten persons, assembled in Philadelphia, July 14, 1773, and closed its session two days later. The first Methodist preacher in New England was Charles Wesley, who was invited as a minister of the Church of England to preach in King's Chapel, and Christ's church, the only Episcopal church then in Boston. He accepted the invitation and preached September 24, 1736. On the 25th of the following month he embarked for England. George Whitefield was in Boston four years later, in Sept., 1740. In 1772 or 1773, Richard Boardman, one of the first two missionaries whom John Wesley sent to America, was in Boston and preached there; but the mission did not long survive his departure, there being no one to organize or care for the converts. In 1784 William Black, while returning to Nova Scotia from a conference held in Baltimore, preached in Boston. In 1788 Freeborn Garrettson, a distinguished Methodist pioneer, returning from Nova Scotia, passed through Boston, and preached several sermons. The founder, however, of Methodism in New England was Jesse Lee. He first successfully introduced the denomination into Boston, when he preached on the common under the large elm tree, July, 1790; and through his labors Methodism was permanently established in Boston and its vicinity.

George Whitefield, who was born in Gloucester, England, Dec. 16, 1714, introduced the general "Methodistic movement" into America, and first visited Portsmouth in Nov., 1744. He was sick there for a short time, but sufficiently recovered to start for Boston on the 24th of Nov., 1744. He

again visited Portsmouth Feb. 25, 1745, and preached for Rev. William Shurtleff at the South church; on the following day (26th), for Rev. Jabez Fitch, at the North Parish, and subsequently, Sept. 23d to 29th, 1770, he preached again in Portsmouth and vicinity, once at Kittery, once at York, and the 29th at Exeter; on the 23d, 24th, and 25th, four times at Portsmouth, being the week previous to his death, which occurred at Newburyport, Sept. 30, 1770. Mr. Whitefield left Portsmouth for Exeter, where he preached on Saturday, for two hours in the open air, as none of the buildings in that town could accommodate the people who desired to hear him. This was his last sermon. In the afternoon he rode to Newburyport, where he intended to preach the next day; but he died suddenly, on Sunday morning, of asthma, and was buried under the pulpit of the Federal Street Congregationalist church. "No clergyman ever possessed the power of oratory in a higher degree." He was a Calvinistic Methodist,—not distinguished as an organizer—while Wesley was Arminian in sentiment, and eminently successful. Methodism proper, however, was not introduced into Portsmouth until 1790, when Jesse Lee, "the apostle of Methodism in New England," first visited that town. In 1787 Lee was stationed at Baltimore; in 1788 he labored in New Jersey; and in 1789 entered New England, spending considerable time in Connecticut, where he formed several societies. He was a Presiding Elder in 1790, and had the oversight of the ministers appointed at Boston, New Haven and Fairfield, but was stationed at Boston, where he had a colleague, being thus enabled to visit contiguous places, and finally to extend his travels to Salem, Ipswich, Newburyport, and thence to Portsmouth. His biographer informs us that "From Newburyport he proceeded to Portsmouth, which was then the metropolis of New Hampshire. Here he preached to a solemn and attentive congregation, and some were truly

thankful that he had visited the place. He then left Portsmouth and returned to Newburyport." This was, doubtless, the first sermon preached in Portsmouth by a properly accredited Methodist minister, and, indeed, the first in the State. It was delivered on or about the 11th of July, 1790; but the place and the subject are unknown; nor can it be ascertained where Mr. Lee was entertained. There are no records concerning either. He writes "We used to preach occasionally in that town (Portsmouth), from that time (1790), but we never made any particular stand until 1808, which was eighteen years from the time of our first beginning there. In the course of that year one of our preachers (George Pickering) took his station in that town and purchased an old meeting house that was formerly occupied by another denomination (Universalist), and he had a good congregation to hear him." In 1791 Mr. Lee was appointed Presiding Elder for New England, having under his supervision twelve preachers and seven circuits in Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. He labored most of the time in Lynn and adjacent towns. August 26 he stopped at Greenland, N. H., where he dined with Dr. Clement March, a well-known citizen of that town, and then proceeded to Portsmouth, where he was entertained by Rev. Joseph Walton. A meeting was first held in a private dwelling, and at the request of Mr. Walton, Mr. Lee preached in his church, on Pitt street, the text being from Psalms 1:6; "For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Lee writes: "I found it to be a time of much life and love, and some of the people seemed to be much affected. When the meeting ended, some blessed God for an interview, and when the minister asked them what they thought of shutting such preaching as that out of the meeting house, they replied, if they shut that man out, they did not know whom they would let in. All seemed very

friendly." He remained in Portsmouth and its vicinity about one week. Among Mr. Walton's papers was found a letter from Mr. Lee, written Dec. 8, 1791, which indicates there was a disturbance in Mr. Walton's congregation because he had encouraged Mr. Lee to occupy his pulpit. In 1792 Portsmouth was not visited by this "tireless itinerant." He had charge of the Lynn, Boston, Needham, and Providence circuits. In 1793 Rev. Ezekiel Cooper was appointed Elder for Boston, Mass., and Rhode Island, and Mr. Lee was assigned to the "Province of Maine and Lynn," a somewhat indefinite but evidently a very extensive field of labor. In September he started for Maine, and on the 7th dined with Dr. Clement March at Greenland; going thence to Portsmouth. He writes "I went to see Rev. Mr. Walton, but he did not appear to be so friendly as he did when I was here before; so I went and put up my horse at a tavern, and then went to a boarding-house to lodge. On Sunday I went to hear Mr. Walton, forenoon and afternoon. After he was done I went with some friends to the Old Court House; but the great men would not consent for me to go into the house to preach; so I got on the steps of the door of the Court House and began. When I commenced I had but about one dozen people, but they soon began to flock together, and I had some hundreds to hear me before I was done, standing in different parts of the streets. I had much freedom in speaking, and the word reached the hearts of many of the hearers, who were as solemn and attentive as though they had been in a meeting-house." He "lodged with a Samuel Tappan, a school-master," and on Monday left for Maine. The Court House, where Mr. Lee preached, was sometimes called the State House, where the General and County Courts were held, and formerly the Legislature convened there. The building was situated on the Parade, or Market square, between the North meeting-house and High street, and was remov-

ed in 1837, when the new Court House, which occupies the site of the old almshouse, on Jaffrey street, now Court, was finished. Samuel Tappan, who entertained Mr. Lee, was the son of Rev. Benjamin Tappan, of Manchester, Mass., and a brother of a former Professor of Divinity at Harvard. For several years he had the care of one of the public schools of Portsmouth, and was successful as a teacher. His leisure hours were devoted to visiting the sick and afflicted. He was active in assisting at private religious meetings. He died April 29, 1806, aged 47 years.

In 1794 Mr. Lee was appointed Presiding Elder of the New Hampshire, Maine, and Massachusetts Districts. Nov. 4, he was in Portsmouth. He writes: "I heard a discourse at night in a private house, preached by Mr. Walton, from Romans 5: 1, 2." No mention is made of other meetings; but it is quite probable they were held, as Mr. Lee remained in Portsmouth three days, and then continued his journey to Portland. Mr. Walton had the pastoral charge of the Independent Congregationalist Church, of which Rev. Samuel Drown, who died January 17, 1770, aged 50, had been pastor. The church was situated on Pitt, now Court street, and was purchased by the south parish, and used, mainly, for Sunday school purposes, after vacating their small chapel on Wentworth street, which was subsequently moved to Livermore street, and altered into a dwelling-house, but has since been moved to Water street. The site on Court street is now occupied by the new chapel of the South Parish, the old wooden structure having been taken down, and the present neat and convenient building erected in 1857. In 1789 Mr. Walton became the pastor of the "Independent Society," and was ordained on the 22d of September of that year. He had been one of the ruling elders since 1777, and, when the society was without a preacher, conducted the services. He was a native of Newcastle, a cooper by trade, and died January 10, 1822, aged 80 years. He was from

a very respectable family, one of his ancestors having been for many years the President of the Provincial Council. He was a very acceptable pastor, greatly beloved by the congregation to whom he preached, and highly respected by the ministers and churches of the other denominations. He was "a pious and useful minister, who discharged his parochial duties with uncommon diligence and faithfulness." The Calvinistic Baptist church on the corner of Middle and State streets was the outgrowth of this society.

In 1795 Mr. Lee was in charge of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut; and on his return from Maine, at the commencement of the year, Jan. 1, he stopped at Portsmouth and was hospitably entertained at his residence on Washington street, by Samuel Hutchings, the great-grandfather of the late Dr. Brackett Hutchings. The following record was made by Mr. Lee: "They collected a few of their neighbors together, to whom I preached with liberty and satisfaction; but religion is at a low ebb in this town at present." From other sources it has been ascertained that his congregation consisted of four persons, beside the family of Mr. Hutchings. There is no record that he stopped at Portsmouth on his next eastern tour, or visited the town in 1796. The minutes assign him to Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maine, and New Hampshire. In 1797 Mr. Lee was recommended by conference and became the traveling companion of Bishop Francis Asbury, who was then in feeble health. Rev. George Pickering was the Presiding Elder for New England generally, and also in the years 1798, 1799, and 1800, to districts designated as Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. In 1798 Bishop Asbury and Jesse Lee traveled in New England, and, according to "Asbury's Journal," on August 15, 1798, they "entered properly into New Hampshire." He says: "We passed Hampton Falls where the people and priests were about installing a minister into the deceased Dr. Langdon's

congregation. We had a dripping morning; however, we set out and rode twenty miles to Portsmouth, where is a fever somewhat malignant and mortal." [The yellow fever was then prevailing.] "This is a well fortified town against the Methodists. Mr. Hutchings and daughter received us with great Christian politeness. Being exceedingly outdone with heat and labor, I was easily persuaded to tarry till morning. We passed the Piscataqua river in a flat-bottom boat at the town of Portsmouth into Maine." (Rice's ferry, near the stone store on Market street.)

From 1798 to 1807 there is no record of Methodist preaching in Portsmouth; but the town was no doubt visited by the itinerants, as appointments were made by the conference to certain towns in the county of Rockingham. The late John Trundy, Esquire, a very intelligent and reliable citizen, a native of the town, and an active official member of the church for many years, and well acquainted with Methodism in Portsmouth, in its early struggle, informed us that class and prayer meetings were held in different parts of the town in 1805; that he attended a class-meeting in the winter of that year, on South street; that many houses, from 1800 to 1807, were noted as being used for social meetings by the people known as Methodists; and that prior to 1808 a regular organization of classes existed. During this period Jesse Lee was laboring in the South. He had charge of the Annapolis district, and was chaplain of Congress during six successive terms, which accounts for his disappearance from the records of Methodism in New England until 1808. He died Sept. 12, 1816, in Maryland. In 1807 Martin Ruter, the classic student and indefatigable laborer, was appointed to Portsmouth and Nottingham (the only reference to Nottingham in the minutes). We have no definite information concerning Martin Ruter's labors in Portsmouth during that year. In 1808 Rev. George Pickering was missionary of the Boston

district, and William Stevens, Alfred Metcalf, and Thomas Asbury, were appointed to Salisbury, Mass., Poplin, and Salem, N. H. This year is memorable in the history of Methodism in Portsmouth. Although no regular appointment was made, yet the society was organized in 1808. Classes had been formed previous to that time ; but they were not permanent. The church register makes 1809 the time of organization ; but it is believed to be incorrect, as it errs in some other historical particulars. Rev. Samuel Kelley, when preparing his historical discourse, had access to some who had been members of the first class, and they named 1808 as the year in which the church was formed ; and in 1859, when Rev. D. P. Leavitt preached his dedication sermon at the new chapel on Daniel street, it was the impression of the oldest members of the church, then living, that 1808 was the correct date. A class was probably organized by George Pickering in the house owned and occupied by Samuel Hutchings, No. 12, Washington street, situated on the East side, second house south from Jefferson street. Rev. Messrs. Pickering, Metcalf, and Stevens, preached in the town, interchanging their labors as was customary on the circuit system. The preachers and friends had been embarrassed for the want of a suitable place for public worship ; but during the year a house was secured. The Universalists, having erected their church on Pleasant street the year previous, vacated the one the society had occupied on Vaughan street, which was purchased by the Methodists in 1808. Rev. George Pickering was active in negotiating for the property, and finally secured it for \$2,000. Pews were reserved by the former owners to the value of \$500, so that the amount paid in cash was \$1,500. The following well-known citizens constituted the committee selected by the new society ; namely, Samuel Hutchings, Joshua Johnson, Benjamin Gardner, John Underwood, and Nathaniel S. Pierce. While the negotiations for the

purchase of the house were progressing, Jesse Lee was on his final visit to New England. He had been absent about eight years. July 29, 1808, he was in Portsmouth for the last time, and made this record in his Journal : " I put up at Mr. Hutchings', and at night preached in the old meeting house belonging to the Universalists. I had a crowded house, owing to a previous notice being given that one of our preachers on that night would preach on a particular subject. However, he gave place to me, and I found a good degree of freedom in speaking, and was glad to be there. Two of our preachers were in town ; they had just begun to preach in that place, and they intend to continue it every Sabbath, and withal they contemplate purchasing the old meeting house in which I preached, if they can. It has a bell and steeple, and is fitted up with pews." The next day Mr. Lee crossed the river into the province of Maine, returned to Boston by another route, and soon left New England for other fields of labor, where he remained until his earthly career was ended. " The first Methodist Episcopal society in Portsmouth" was incorporated by the New Hampshire Legislature in 1808, and Samuel Hutchings, Nathaniel S. Pierce, Joshua Johnson, John Underwood, Caleb Stearns, Benjamin Gardner, Samuel Hutchings, jr., Benjamin Hill, and Nathaniel Souther, are named in the act as corporators. From this period there was preaching on the Sabbath regularly, Portsmouth being connected with other towns on the circuit system until 1812, when it first became a station.

In 1809 John Brodhead, Alfred Metcalf, Isaac A. Scarritt, and Daniel Perry, were appointed to Portsmouth circuit, Rev. Messrs. Brodhead and Metcalf chiefly supplying the desk. In 1810 John Williamson, Orlando Hinds, and John Brodhead, were appointed to Portsmouth and Greenland ; Asa Kent, Benjamin Sabin, and John Jewett, to Salisbury, Poplin and Salem. Messrs. Williamson and Kent

preached mainly in Portsmouth; the latter, from December to June, receiving \$89.29. In 1811 John Brodhead and John Lindsey were appointed to Portsmouth, Newmarket, and Durham.—Mr. Lindsey preaching at Portsmouth most of the time. During these years the society relied on public collections at each meeting to defray current expenses, and the amount received was entered in the record book. The house was lighted with candles; and that item of expense for 1808 was \$14.56. In 1812 Portsmouth became a station; and Jordon Rexford was the first regularly appointed pastor. The table which accompanies this article will give all the subsequent appointments.

BOUNDARIES OF CONFERENCES AND DISTRICTS.

Portsmouth was included in the New England Conference, Boston District, until 1820; then in the New England Conference, New Hampshire District. At the session held at Portsmouth, June 10, 1829, the New England Conference was divided, and the "New Hampshire and Vermont" Conference formed. In 1830 it convened at Barre, Vt.; and Portsmouth was classed in the New Hampshire District. In 1832 the conference, embracing the same territory, was known as the "New Hampshire" Conference; and the District in which Portsmouth was included retained the name of New Hampshire District. In 1835 it was changed to Dover District; since which time the Conference and District have remained unchanged in name, but not in boundaries; for in 1844 the Vermont Conference was organized, and the Districts in that state connected with the New Hampshire were assigned to the new conference.

In 1773 the first annual conference in America assembled in Philadelphia. The first three conferences were held in that city, and subsequently annually at Baltimore until 1784, when the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States was duly constituted.

John Wesley, who had been consulted by the American Methodists, advised organization; and on the 25th of December, 1784, a special session having been called for that purpose, it was accomplished by the conference now historically known as the Christmas Conference, which assembled Dec. 24, 1784, and continued in session until January 2, 1785, Bishop Coke presiding. The first regular conference was, however, held in the monumental city, Nov. 1, 1792. Coke presided, Asbury assisting. Rev. Dr. Thomas Coke, a native of Wales (born Sept. 9, 1747, died at sea, near India, May 3, 1814), was the first elected Bishop or Superintendent; and Rev. Francis Asbury (born in England, Aug. 20, 1745, died in Virginia, March 31, 1816), was the second.

The annual conferences are composed of the itinerant preachers, including the effective, supernumeraries and superannuated. Their respective boundaries are prescribed by the General Conference. Annual conferences are divided into Presiding Elders' districts; and to each is assigned an Elder selected by the Presiding Bishop. The New Hampshire conference has three; namely, Dover, Concord and Claremont Districts. There were formerly four, the fourth being Haverhill. The first annual conference of the church was held in Philadelphia in July, 1773. In 1776, and during the Revolutionary war, they were generally held in Baltimore. In 1784 there were only three annual conferences in the United States. In 1796 the number was advanced to six, and has since been steadily increased until in July 1, 1882, they numbered 99, beside 13 Missions. The New England was one of the six which constituted the whole number of annual conferences in 1796, at which time the boundaries of each were defined. The *New England* embraced the territory bearing that name, and all that part of the State of New York east of the Hudson river. Its first session was held at Wilbraham, Mass., Sept. 19, 1797. Bishop Asbury being

sick and unable to be present, Rev. Jesse Lee presided. The Annual Conferences from 1773 to 1796 had no definite boundaries. Ministers attended such conferences as were most accessible, or elsewhere in pursuance of notices from the Bishop. Conferences held in the large Presiding Elders' districts were known as District conferences, the chief conference being at Baltimore. The New Hampshire Conference was severed from the New England at the conference held at Portsmouth, June 10, 1829, Bishop Hedding presiding. At this session the New England was divided, and the New Hampshire, embracing mainly the states of New Hampshire and Vermont, was formed. May 20, 1830, the New England convened at New Bedford. The New Hampshire and Vermont held its first session at Barre, Vt., June 23, 1830, and included all the State of New Hampshire, excepting that portion east of the White Mountains and north of Ossipee Lake,—Gorham, Bartlett and Conway being assigned to the Maine Conference, and also included that part of Vermont east of the Green Mountains, and all that portion of the state of Massachusetts northeast of the Merrimack river. In 1832 the name of the New Hampshire and Vermont Conference was changed to New Hampshire. The Maine Conference was organized in 1824, and its first session was held at Gardiner, July 7, 1825. In 1844 the New Hampshire Conference held its annual session at Portsmouth, commencing July 10, Bishop Hamline presiding. It was the first conference he attended as Bishop. It was at this conference that all that portion of the state of Vermont connected with the New Hampshire conference was separated from it, and was organized as the Vermont Conference with other territory assigned to it, leaving the New Hampshire conference as now defined, all the State excepting that portion east of the White Mountain range, as heretofore named, and all that part of Massachusetts northeast of the Merrimack river, which in-

cludes Lawrence, Haverhill, Amesbury, Methuen, and Salisbury; the Dover, Concord, Claremont, and Haverhill Districts, constituting the New Hampshire Conference; and the Montpelier, Danville and Springfield districts, the Vermont Conference. The New Hampshire Conference for the first session met at Winchester, N. H., May 28, 1845; the Vermont at Rochester, Vt., Jan. 18, 1845. The first Methodist society in New England was formed in Stamford, Conn., by Rev. Jesse Lee, Sept. 26, 1789. Rev. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, gave to the meetings of ministers associated with him in evangelistic labors, when convened to consider matters of discipline, doctrine, or the interests of the cause they represented, the name of *Conferences*, which designation has been retained. All organized bodies of Methodism, whenever assembled for ecclesiastical purposes, adopt the name. In this country we have "General Conferences," which meet quadrennially, and are composed of Ministerial delegates elected by the different annual conferences, and also a lay representation of two from each annual conference chosen by an electoral conference of laymen, at the place where the ministerial delegates are elected by the annual conference, excepting when a conference is only entitled to one delegate; then the same number is accorded to the electoral conference.

CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

The first meeting-house owned and occupied by the Methodists of Portsmouth was purchased in 1808, of the Universalist society, as formerly noticed, for two thousand dollars. It was situated on a short avenue or alley between Congress and Hanover streets, in the rear of the Pickering mansion, which was built by Edward Hart in 1780, and occupied by him until it became the property of Judge John Pickering, who removed there when his residence on Market street was destroyed by the fire of 1802. The church

was built in 1784, by the Universalist society; purchased by the Methodists in 1808; occupied by them nineteen years; and sold just after the dedication of the State street Methodist Episcopal church in 1828. It has since been altered several times, and used first as a theater; then by the Portsmouth Lyceum. Subsequently it was owned by the Portsmouth sacred musical society; and after being altered, was opened with appropriate exercises. Rev. Dr. Charles Burroughs, the beloved Rector of St. John's church for forty-nine years, delivered a dedicatory address, and called the building "The Cameneum." It was devoted to music, concerts, lectures, and similar unobjectionable purposes. A large organ, built in Portsmouth by Barton, Norwood and Cobb, was placed in the building. Since the society disbanded, the property has been sold, and the building converted into a public livery stable, for which purpose it is now used.

In 1827, during the pastorate of Rev. Shipley W. Wilson, the present church on State street was built, at a cost, including land, of nine thousand dollars. The church was dedicated Jan. 1, 1828, by Rev. Dr. Wilbur Fisk, his text being Hag. 2:9: "The glory of the latter house shall be greater than the former." A board of nine trustees was appointed to receive the deed of the new church; namely, John G. Pray, Jonathan Barker, Joshua Johnson, Samuel P. Wiggin, William Gibbs, Joshua Hubbard, Walter B. Hill, William Walker, and Joseph Sherburne. The only surviving trustee, Walter B. Hill, is now in the 88th year of his age, having been born June 29, 1795. The old house on Methodist Lane was probably sold in 1829. Joshua Hubbard, Francis Wingate, and William Gibbs, were the committee empowered to dispose of it. In 1828 Rev. John Newland Maffitt, the eloquent pulpit orator, was pastor. He was absent a considerable portion of the year soliciting aid from the large societies of the South, toward the payment of the debt

incurred in building the church, and was successful. During his absence, Rev. Squire B. Haskell, of Poplin, supplied the pulpit with ability. He was an admirer of General Jackson, and quite as active in the political field as in the Gospel vineyard. In 1837 Rev. Jared Perkins being the pastor, the vestry over the vestibule, not being of sufficient capacity, was vacated, and a room finished in the basement of the church, which was occupied for social meetings. The vestry over the vestibule was changed by removing the partitions, and was used by the choir. In it was placed the new organ. During the year 1851, Rev. Richard S. Rust being pastor, the vestry in the basement, under the southerly half of the main building, was improved by an outlay of four hundred dollars. In 1854 the church was thoroughly repaired, and the present cornices substituted for brick battlements, which were removed as insecure, having become weakened by the weather. In 1855 Rev. Sullivan Holman, pastor, was particularly active in collecting a sufficient amount (\$2,300), to pay the entire indebtedness of the church. He was an excellent financial manager, and very acceptable as a preacher and pastor. In 1859 the convenient chapel on Daniel street was erected on land leased from Captain William Stavers, at a cost of about fifteen hundred dollars. The land was subsequently bought, Dec. 11, 1875, for \$1,100. The building is used for the accommodation of the Sunday school and social meetings. The old basement vestry, which had been occupied for twenty-two years, was abandoned, being deemed somewhat damp, besides being inadequate for the wants of the society. Rev. Dudley P. Leavitt, who was pastor of the church, delivered a very interesting historical sermon at the dedication of the new chapel, Dec. 6, 1859, his text being Heb. 13:7, 8: "Remember them which have the rule over you," etc. The building committee consisted of John Trundy, Esq., Hon. John Henry Bailey, and Carpenter William Fernald

Laighton, U. S. Navy,—all deceased. During the early part of Rev. Mr. Humphriss' pastorate, in 1861, the old-time mahogany pulpit, high, capacious and of good workmanship, which had occupied the large niche or recess in the rear of the church, was reduced in height, and otherwise changed to please both the pastor and people. During the war of the rebellion the church was under the ministry of Rev. R. W. Humphriss and Rev. Sullivan Holman, both pronounced Union men, exceedingly patriotic and loyal. The first public funeral service in Portsmouth of a soldier of the war for the Union (Nathaniel F. Palmer, who died at the age of 19 years), was at State street M. E. Church. "The church was densely crowded by the large number of friends and citizens who desired to manifest, by their presence, their sympathy for the bereaved friends of the deceased, and respect for the memory of a patriot soldier. The procession was long and imposing. The Portsmouth Cornet Band volunteered their services, and with muffled drums beat the funeral march to the grave. The procession consisted of the Goodwin Guards, in full uniform,—volunteers for the war; Governor's Horse Guards, also in full uniform; the members of the Fire Department, all wearing crape upon the left arm; the Common Council and Board of Aldermen; the Mayor, Ex-Gov. Goodwin, etc. The exercises at the church were solemn and impressive. An address was delivered by the pastor of the church, Rev. R. W. Humphriss, in which the speaker most forcibly and beautifully presented the claims of patriotism. The flags of the city were displayed at half-mast during the day." This is a somewhat lengthy but deeply interesting account of the first public funeral in Portsmouth of a soldier of the war.

In 1869 the State street church was remodeled on the inside by removal of galleries, change of pews, pulpit and altar, and placing the organ in the rear of the pulpit. A second church, called

the Brodhead M. E. Church of Portsmouth, N. H., was organized in March, 1859, and occupied the Hanover street chapel (built and owned by the late John M. Lord, and used by him for Sunday-school purposes, and now for public schools), until their new Church on Court street, near Middle, was dedicated, April 30, 1860. The sermon was by Rev. Dr. Erastus O. Haven, of the New England conference, Editor of *Zion's Herald*, afterward elected Bishop, and deceased at Salem, Oregon, Aug. 2, 1881.

In Nov., 1861, the Brodhead M. E. Church was sold to the "Christian Baptist society," who first occupied it Dec. 22, 1861. The members of the Brodhead Church, generally, were transferred to the State street M. E. Church in April, 1862. In 1859 and 1860, Rev. Jonathan Hall was pastor; and in 1861, Rev. Henry H. Hartwell, who reported an average membership of 80 members and 10 probationers. Mr. Trundy, in his reminiscences, alludes to Rev. Daniel Fillmore, who was sent to Portsmouth in 1817, substantially as follows: The prosperity of the church, during the preceding appointments, had been somewhat fluctuating; a lack of stability existed among all classes, and also in the churches; but now a time of great religious interest prevailed, occasioned partly by the establishment of a Methodist society, and partly by the introduction of the Freewill Baptists, a newly organized denomination. Many persons experienced religion at both of these churches; but quite a number of the converts fell by the wayside. Soon after Mr. Fillmore began his labors, a reformation, almost universal, commenced, and was attended by the happiest results. The Methodist church could not accommodate the multitudes who assembled in the evenings. The pews, aisles and porch were crowded with patient listeners. Leave was granted to occupy Jefferson Hall for prayer meetings; and it was crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Fillmore was re-appointed in 1818, and the in-

terest continued until the close of his second year's pastorate, "when a gathering and winnowing took place" which gave strength and character to the Methodist society. Application was made to the conference to appoint Mr. Fillmore for the third year, as indispensable to the success of the church. The conference, not willing to violate the two years' rule, evaded it by appointing Mr. Fillmore to Newmarket, and Martin Ruter, who had charge of the academy at South Newmarket (the first Methodist seminary in New England), to Portsmouth, Mr. Fillmore virtually supplying the pulpit at Portsmouth. The arrangement was regarded by many as a mistake, and occasioned a somewhat unhappy division between the older members and the pastor. During these three years prayer and class-meetings were held weekly at private houses in every part of the town. The room over a store on Congress street,—the second building west from High street,—was celebrated for the lively prayer meetings held there. Quarterly conferences were held at private houses. It was during the pastorate of Mr. Fillmore, probably in 1818, that a Sabbath school was established. The society also commenced paying its preachers their disciplinary allowance, instead of leaving their compensation to uncertain and sometimes scanty collections. In July, 1820, Rev. Josiah A. Scarritt was appointed pastor. He enforced the discipline against unworthy members, and there was a rapid growth in grace and usefulness among the recent

converts. In 1821 the much beloved and successful Enoch Mudge was stationed in Portsmouth, and regulated the records of the church, and the manner of raising funds for its support. I have been informed that Rev. Mr. Maffitt was announced in the conference of 1828, as stationed at Newburyport, and Rev. Jotham Horton, a clergyman of good repute and ability, at Portsmouth. The society had petitioned for Mr. Maffitt, and when Mr. Horton reached Portsmouth he was waited upon by a committee at the stage tavern, on Congress street, where he had arrived, with his wife, and was informed that the church would not receive him; Mr. Maffitt was wanted, and no other minister would be accepted. Mr. Horton and wife left by the return stage. A change was, however, effected by an exchange of appointments, and all concerned were satisfied. July 29, 1835, the annual conference convened at Portsmouth for the second time, Bishop Emory presiding. It was an important session. The conference had become thus early *abolitionized*, and presented through its committee on slavery a radical report. Bishop Emory refused to entertain a motion for its adoption, whereupon the conference went into a committee of the whole, elected Rev. John G. Dow, chairman, and adopted the report. The action of Bishop Emory, on this occasion, convulsed the church with the great controversy on conference rights.

[*To be continued.*]

METHODISM IN PORTSMOUTH.

Year.	Conference.	District.	Presiding Elder.	Pastors.	Members.	Probationers.	Colored.	Conference held at	Date.	Presiding Bishop.	Secretary of Conference.
1789	*		Jesse Lee.					Connecticut.	July 23.		
1790	2		" "					Lynn, Mass.	Aug. 3.		
1791	3		Ezekiel Cooper.					" "	July 1.		
1792			Jesse Lee.					New London, Ct.	July 25.		
1793			" "					Thompson, Ct.	July 15.		
1794			" "					Willbraham, Mass.	Sept. 19.		
1795			" "					Readfield, Me.	"		
1796	New Engl'd 4		George Pickering.					Granville, Mass.	Aug. 29.	Asbury.	
1797	5		" "						"		
1798	6		" "						"		
1799	"		" "					Lynn, Mass.	July 18.	Asbury & Whatcoat.	R. Williston.
1800	"		" "					" "	" 17.	Whatcoat.	"
1801	"	Boston.	Joshua Taylor.					Monmouth, Me.	" 1.	Asbury & Whatcoat.	Joshua Taylor.
1802	7		" "					Boston, Mass.	June 8.	"	"
1803	8		George Pickering.					Buxton, Me.	July 14.	Francis Asbury.	R. Hubbard
1804	"		" "					Lynn, Mass.	July 12.	"	Joshua Taylor.
1805	"		" "					Canaan, N. H.	June 12.	"	Thomas Brauch
1806	"		" "					Boston, Mass.	June 2.	"	"
1807	"		John Brodhead.					New London, Ct.	April 17.	"	"
1808	"		" "					Monmouth, Me.	July 15.	Asbury & McKendree.	"
1809	9		George Pickering.					"	"	"	"
1810	10		" "					Winchester, N. H.	June 16.	"	"
1811	"		" "					Barnard, Vt.	" 29.	"	Zach Gibson.
1812	"		" "					Lynn, Mass.	"	"	"
1813	"		Charles Virgin.					New London, Ct.	"	"	Daniel Fillmore
1814	"		" "					Durham, Me.	June 2.	Wm. McKendree.	"
1815	"		" "					Unity, N. H.	June 1.	Francis Asbury.	Martin Ruter.
1816	"		" "					Bristol, R. I.	" 22.	McKendree & Roberts.	"
1817	"		George Pickering.					Concord, N. H.	May 16.	McKendree & George.	Daniel Fillmore
1818	"		" "					Hallowell, Me.	June 4.	Enoch George.	"
1819	13	N. H.	" "					Lynn, Mass.	June 2.	Robert R. Roberts.	"
1820	14	"	Jacob Sanborn.					Nantucket, Mass.	" 21.	Enoch George.	Tim. Merritt.

11 Newmarket, Durham and Portsmouth.

12 Newmarket and Portsmouth.

13 Portsmouth and Greenland.

14 Portsmouth and Greenland.

6 Two Conferences in N. E. in 1798.

7 N. E. Conference had only 2 districts.

8 N. E. Conference records date from 1803.

9 Portsmouth circuit.

10 Greenland and Portsmouth.

* In 1780 Jesse Lee first entered New England.

2 Nine persons present.

3 Jesse Lee and E. Cooper; 2 districts.

4 Only 6 Annual Conferences in the U. S.

5 Asbury detained by sickness. Jesse Lee presided in the absence of Asbury.

METHODISM IN PORTSMOUTH—Continued.

Year.	Conference.	District.	Presiding Elder.	Pastors.	Members.	Probationers.	Colored.	Conference held at.	Date.	Presiding Bishop.	Secretary of Conference.
1821	New Eng'd	N. H.	Jacob Sanborn.	Enoch Mudge.	195			1 Barre, Vt.	June 20.	Enoch George.	Daniel Fillmore
1822	"	"	"	"	195			1 Bath, Me.	" 20.	Robert R. Roberts.	"
1823	"	"	Benjamin R. Hoyt.	Ephraim Wiley.	195			1 Providence, R. I.	" 21.	Enoch George.	"
1824	"	"	"	"	191			1 Portland, Vt.	" 22.	Elijah Hedding.	"
1825	"	"	"	Jacob Sanborn.	157			2 Cambridge, Mass.	" 8.	Enoch George.	"
1826	"	"	"	Shirley W. Wilson.	136			2 Woburn, Mass.	" 7.	Elijah Hedding.	"
1827	"	"	John F. Adams.	"	130			1 Lisbon, N. H.	" 6.	Elijah Hedding.	"
1828	"	"	"	John Newland Muffitt.	115			1 Lynn, Mass.	July 23.	"	"
1829	"	"	"	"	89			1 Portsmouth, N. H.	June 10.	"	"
1830	N. H. & Vt.	"	"	Stephen Lovell.	101			1 Barre, Vt.	" 22.	"	"
1831	"	"	Jared Perkins.	George Storis.	101			1 Sandwich, N. H.	" 22.	Joshua Soule.	"
1832	New Hamp.	"	"	Thomas Gishman.	122			1 Lyndon, Vt.	Aug. 8.	Robert R. Roberts.	"
1833	"	"	John G. Dow.	Reuben H. Penning.	163			1 Northfield, N. H.	July 18.	Elijah Hedding.	"
1834	"	"	"	Eleanor Smith.	239			1 West Windsor, Vt.	Aug. 26.	John Emory.	"
1835	"	"	"	Schuyler Chamberlain.	212			2 Portsmouth, N. H.	July 29.	Elijah Hedding.	"
1836	"	Dover.	"	"	177			1 Montpelier, Vt.	Aug. 31.	"	"
1837	"	"	Schuyler Chamberlain.	Jared Perkins.	156			3 Great Falls, N. H.	July 6.	Thomas A. Morris.	"
1838	"	"	"	James G. Smith.	169			1 Danville, Vt.	" 4.	Elijah Hedding.	"
1839	"	"	John F. Adams.	Daniel L. Robinson.	163			1 Sandwich, N. H.	" 4.	Robert R. Roberts.	"
1840	"	"	"	"	209			1 Chelsea, Vt.	" 1.	Joshua Soule.	"
1841	"	"	"	Samuel Kelley.	202			1 Dover, N. H.	June 23.	Elijah Hedding.	"
1842	"	"	"	"	232			1 Newbury, Vt.	" 22.	Enoch George.	"
1843	"	"	William D. Cass.	Jacob Stevens.	238			1 Claremont, N. H.	" 21.	Beverly Waugh.	"
1844	"	"	"	Eliza Adams.	310			1 Portsmouth, N. H.	July 10.	L. L. Hamline.	"
1845	"	"	Osman C. Baker.	Daniel M. Rogers.	251			1 Winchester "	May 28.	B. S. James.	"
1846	"	"	Eliza Scott.	"	257			1 Lebanon "	" 20.	B. S. James.	"
1847	"	"	"	"	263			1 Northfield "	" 20.	Elijah Hedding.	"
1848	"	"	Eliza Adams.	James Thurston.	315			1 Manchester "	June 21.	"	"
1849	"	"	"	Samuel Kelley.	265			1 Lancaster "	May 9.	L. L. Hamline.	O. C. Baker.
1850	"	"	"	"	270			1 Newmarket "	" 8-9.	Thomas A. Morris.	Richard S. Rust
1851	"	"	"	Richard S. Rust.	277			1 Bristol "	" 7-13.	Beverly Waugh.	"
1852	"	"	"	"	280			1 Nashua "	June 19-15.	O. C. Baker.	"
1853	"	"	James Pike.	Justin Spaulding.	273			1 Newbury "	May 11-17.	B. S. James.	"
1854	"	"	"	"	199			1 Newport "	" 3-8.	O. C. Baker.	"
1855	"	"	James Thurston.	Sullivan Holman.	210			1 Rochester "	" 28-4.	B. S. James.	"
1856	"	"	"	"	210			1 Littleton, "	June 28-30.	O. C. Baker.	"
1857	"	"	"	Jonathan Hall.	216			2 Lawrence, Mass.	Apr. 30-May 9.	T. A. Morris.	"
1858	"	"	"	"	213			1 Great Falls, N. H.	May 29-31.	Levi Scott.	"
1859	"	"	Calvin Holman.	Dudley P. Leavitt.	230			1 Portsmouth, "	May 4-9.	Edward R. Ames.	J. W. Guernsey
1860	"	"	"	"	240			1 Manchester, "	April 4-9.	Matthew Simpson.	"

1851	New Hamp.	Dover.	Calvin Holman.	Richard W. Humphreys.	250	29	Concord, " "	April 10-15.	E. S. Jones.	Lewis Howard.
1852	"	"	Albert C. Manson.	Sullivan Holman.	249	29	Southport, N. H.	" 10-15.	O. C. Baker.	"
1853	"	"	"	"	300	29	Haverhill, Mass.	" 8-13.	"	"
1854	"	"	"	"	315	15	Haverhill, N. H.	" 8-13.	E. S. Jones.	"
1855	"	"	"	James Pike.	329	39	Dover, "	" 12-17.	E. R. Ames.	J. W. Guernsey
1856	"	"	"	"	329	39	Keene, "	" 11-16.	M. Simpson.	"
1857	"	"	James Pike.	Stiles G. Kellogg.	310	30	Keene, "	" 10-	Calvin Kingsley.	"
1858	"	"	"	Hiram L. Kelsey.	293	15	Lawrence, Mass.	" 1-6.	O. C. Baker.	"
1859	"	"	"	"	280	15	Lawrence, Mass.	" 7-	Davis W. Clark.	"
1860	"	"	"	Cadford M. Dinsmore.	273	6	Lisbon, N. H.	" 6-11.	M. Simpson.	R. S. Stubbs.
1861	"	"	Orlando H. Jasper.	"	296	69	Nashua, "	" 13-17.	E. S. Jones.	"
1862	"	"	"	"	325	18	Rochester, N. H.	" 3-8.	"	"
1863	"	"	"	"	315	12	Bristol, "	" 16-21.	M. Simpson.	John W. Adams
1864	"	"	Anthony C. Hardy.	"	225	12	Newport, "	" 22-27.	E. S. Jones.	"
1865	"	"	"	Nelson M. Batley.	250	19	Manchester, "	" 21-26.	Gilbert Haven.	"
1866	"	"	Lorenzo D. Barrows.	James Noyes.	219	19	Haverhill, Mass.	" 13-17.	M. Simpson.	"
1867	"	"	"	"	200	35	Lebanon, N. H.	" 18-23.	J. T. Peck.	"
1868	"	"	James Pike.	"	215	37	Dover, "	" 10-15.	S. M. Merrill.	S. E. Quimby.
1869	"	"	"	C. B. Pitblado.	170	38	Lancaster, "	" 9-14.	R. S. Foster.	"
1870	"	"	"	"	193	50	Plymouth, "	" 8-12.	E. G. Andrews.	"
1871	"	"	"	"	175	10	Great Falls, "	" 26-25.	Thomas Bowman.	"
1872	"	"	George J. Judkins.	Watson W. Smith.	162	12	Clarendon, Mass.	" 19-21.	Henry W. Warren.	"
1881	"	"	"	Joseph E. Robins.	137		Clarendon, Mass.			

BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, ELECTED IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER AND ORDAINED THE SAME YEAR.

Year.	Names.	Born, when and where.	En. Min. Conference.	Died, when and where.	Remarks.
1784	Thomas Coke.	Sept. 9, 1747. Brecon, Wales.	1778 British Wesleyan.	May 3, 1814. At sea.	Died at sea, near India.*
1800	Francis Asbury.	Aug. 20, 1736. Hindswarth, Eng.	1766 "	Mar. 31, 1816. Sportsylvania, Va.	Died on journey towards Baltimore.
1808	Richard W. Meade.	Feb. 27, 1736. Quinn, Eng.	1769 "	July 5, 1806. Dover, Del.	
1816	William McKendree.	July 6, 1758. King Wm. Co., Va.	1788 M. E. Church.	Mar. 23, 1825. Nashville, Tenn.	
	Robert R. Rogers.	Jan. 1, 1758. Lancaster, Va.	"	Mar. 23, 1825. Stanton, Va.	
1824	Richard R. Roberts.	Aug. 2, 1771. Frederick Co., Md.	1790 Baltimore.	Mar. 23, 1825. Nashville, Tenn.	Entered M. E. Church, South, 1845.
1824	Richard R. Roberts.	Aug. 2, 1771. Frederick Co., Md.	1790 New York.	Mar. 23, 1825. Nashville, Tenn.	
1822	James O. Andrews.	June 3, 1780. Driftless Co., N. Y.	1801 Newark.	Mar. 9, 1824. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Entered M. E. Church, South, 1845.
1822	John Emory.	May 3, 1780. Wilkes Co., Ga.	1812 New York.	Mar. 2, 1824. New Orleans, La.	Killed by falling from a carriage.
1826	Reverly Vaughn.	Oct. 23, 1780. Queen Ann Co., Md.	1816 Philadelphia.	Feb. 9, 1824. Baltimore, Md.	
1824	Thomas A. Morris.	Apr. 23, 1791. Fairfax Co., Va.	1816 Ohio.	Sept. 2, 1824. Springfield, O.	Resigned in 1852.
1824	Edmund S. Jones.	Apr. 27, 1807. Charleston, Conn.	1823 Ohio.	Mar. 22, 1852. Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.	Died where he was born.
1822	Levi Scott Simpson.	Oct. 11, 1801. Oakes, Del.	1826 Philadelphia.	July 13, 1852. Oleson, Del.	Residence, Philadelphia, Pa.
"	Samuel C. Baker.	June 20, 1813. Cadiz, Ohio.	1833 Pittsburgh.	Dec. 20, 1851. Concord, N. H.	Missionary Bishop.†
1828	Edward R. Aues.	July 30, 1804. Marlown, N. H.	1839 New Hampshire.	Apr. 25, 1870. Baltimore, Md.	
1828	Francis Burns.	May 26, 1806. Annesville, Ohio.	1839 Illinois.	Apr. 28, 1863. Cincinnati, O.	Died while en route to Conference.
1841	Davis W. Clark.	Dec. 6, 1809. Albany, N. Y.	1845 Liberia.	May 23, 1871. Liberia.	On return from mission in China and India.
1841	Edward Thompson.	Feb. 23, 1812. Mount Desert, Me.	1845 New York.	Mar. 22, 1870. Portland, Me.	Missionary Bishop only. Colored.
1841	Calvin Kingsley.	Oct. 12, 1810. Portsea, Eng.	1845 Ohio.	Apr. 6, 1870. Liberia.	
1846	John W. Roberts.	Sept. 8, 1812. Annesville, N. Y.	1847 Liberia.	Jan. 30, 1875. Liberia.	Residence, St. Louis, Mo.
1852	Thomas Bowman.	July 15, 1817. Petersburg, Va.	1858 Baltimore.		" Boston, Mass.
"	William L. Harris.	Nov. 14, 1817. Newark, Pa.	1857 Michigan.		" Cincinnati, O.
"	Randolph S. Foster.	Feb. 22, 1820. Mansfield, O.	1857 Philadelphia.		" Chicago, Ill.
"	Isaac W. Wiley.	Mar. 20, 1825. Lewistown, Pa.	1859 Ohio.		" Washington, D. C.
"	Stephen M. Merrill.	Sept. 16, 1825. Mount Pleasant, O.	1859 New England.	Jan. 3, 1880. Malden, Mass.	Died where born.
"	Edward G. Haven.	Aug. 7, 1825. New Hartford, N. Y.	1859 New York.		Residence, Syracuse, N. Y.
1880	Henry W. Warren.	Sept. 19, 1824. Malden, Mass.	1859 New England.		" Atlanta, Ga.
"	Cyrus D. Foss.	Jan. 4, 1831. Middlefield, N. Y.	1859 New York.		" Minneapolis, Minn.
"	John F. Hurst.	Jan. 17, 1834. Kingston, N. Y.	1858 Genesee.		" Des Moines, Iowa.
"	Erasmus O. Haven.	Aug. 17, 1834. Salem, Md.	1858 New York.		
"	Erasmus O. Haven.	Nov. 1, 1820. Boston, Mass.	1818 New York.	Aug. 2, 1881. Salem, Oregon.	

The two Missionary Bishops, Francis Burns and John W. Roberts, resided in the Conference where elected, and their Episcopal jurisdiction was restricted to that Conference. The plan has only been tried in Liberia. There are now none living.

* Previous to 1778, he was a clergyman in the Church of England.

† Died within three days after arriving at Baltimore from Liberia. Colored.

SKETCH OF A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SEAMEN'S
FRIEND SOCIETY, OF CONCORD, N. H., DEC. 13, 1882.

BY REV. W. V. GARNER.

*Mr. President, Ladies of the Seamen's
Friend Society, and Gentlemen :*

I esteem it a very great privilege to be here, and to participate with you in some humble measure in the exercises of this semi-centennial anniversary.

My deepest sympathies are with you in the work of the beneficent organization under whose auspices we are met.

When I recall how my early associations brought me largely in contact with the very class of men whom you seek to benefit, I should think it strange if my voice and influence were not enlisted in behalf of such a cause.

I was born by the sea. Its shores were the play-ground, and its wave-washed pebbles and shells the play things of my childhood.

I have frequently listened to its summer wavelets as they whispered of sunny climes beyond, and to the thunder of its wintry billows as they uttered their story of storm and disaster.

Frequently upon it; twice shipwrecked; an eye-witness of its hardships upon the poor sailor, and conversant in some measure with the *greater* perils of the sailor ashore,—with this experience and knowledge, it would be strange indeed if my heart did not respond most cheerfully and with alacrity to *any* call from *any* quarter to ameliorate, if possible, the hard condition of the “toilers of the sea.”

There surely can be no work more pleasing to the Divine Master, whose most intimate associates were the fishermen of Tiberias, than that in which you are engaged.

It is eminently unselfish and Christian; and it is a partial answer at least to the scornful question, “What is the Christian Church doing for the world?” No man whose eyes are open to see

what is going on in the world under the fostering care and influence of Christianity, will ever ask that question. It comes from the cynic and the scoffer who close their eyes, as their hearts are closed, to all that is good.

True christianity, wherever found, is active for the world's good,—not cloistered, not standing in sublime abstraction away from the multitude, but like its blessed author, mingling with the poor, and oppressed, and sinful, and lost, in order to lift them to a heavenly plane of life.

And do you know, friends, that the Christianity of our times is being measured more and more by our practical life, than by our mental conceptions of what may, or may not, constitute christian dogma. Our relations to Jesus Christ are being determined by our relations to humanity. The sublime teachings of the sermon on the mount are becoming more and more the regal standard of our real worth, and the criteria of our fellowship with God. If, on the human side, we are hard, selfish, unjust, unlovely, given to no charities, and excusing ourselves from plans of fraternal helpfulness, is it not evident, notwithstanding our professions and our creeds, our sabbath devoutness and our prayers, that the chords of our being have never been attuned to the sweet harmony which filled the life of the Son of God?

Only the man or the church whose life is fragrant with divine charity, and whose aim is to lift and save the race, is entitled to the distinctive name—*Christian*.

And I gladly hail every man, of whatever church, whose soul is thrilled with love to his fellows, and whose

lofty aim is to seek and to save men, as a christian brother.

I congratulate you, ladies, upon the success which has attended your society during its existence of fifty years. May the future be more abundant in good works, and the success commensurate therewith.

It is a tradition of the age of chivalry that a Scottish King, when dying, bequeathed his heart to one of his nobles to be carried to Palestine for burial.

After his decease the heart was enclosed in a silver casket, and the knight with his retinue started upon the jour-

ney. When passing through Spain they were hard pressed by the Moors, and one after another was stricken down. The conflict waxed hot and terrible; and at last the chief of the knights, in order to inspire his followers with more than human courage, if that were possible, took the case containing the precious relic, and throwing it into the ranks of the enemy, cried "Forth, heart of Bruce, and Douglass will follow thee or die."

The heart of God is leading you onward in this beneficent work. "Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children."

THE SOLITARY PINE.

BY FRED L. PATTEE.

Tossed in the North wind's freezing flight,
 Rocked by the tempest's power malign,
 Upon a tall crag's lonely height,
 There stands an ancient, time-worn pine.
 Long has that old pine braved the blast,
 Long has its deep and sullen roar
 Defied the whirlwind's furies east
 Upon its withered branches hoar.
 On thy grim form our fathers gazed,
 In boyhood's days to thee we came,
 To thee our aged eyes are raised,
 But thou, old tree, art still the same.
 Dost thou not from thy throne, old pine,
 The vale's sweet charms before thee spread,
 The wooded hills in broken line,
 Admire the beauties around thee shed?
 Thine are the first dim rays of morn;
 The last faint tints of eve are thine;
 Thine are the terrors of the storm;
 Dost thou not look in awe, old pine?
 Like weary sighs for years long flown,
 Oft times at eventide we hear
 On the clear air a stifled moan,
 From out thy spreading branches drear.
 Dost thou still long for days gone by,
 When painted red men roamed these vales,
 When the wild eagle soared on high,
 And the fierce panther trod the dales?
 O stanch old pine! The years have flown,
 To earth thy brothers have been cast,
 Till now in age thou art alone,
 A weary spirit of the past.
 Grim time at length will sweep thee down,
 And lay thy lofty crest serene
 Low in the dust, while all around
 The storm, triumphant shall close the scene.

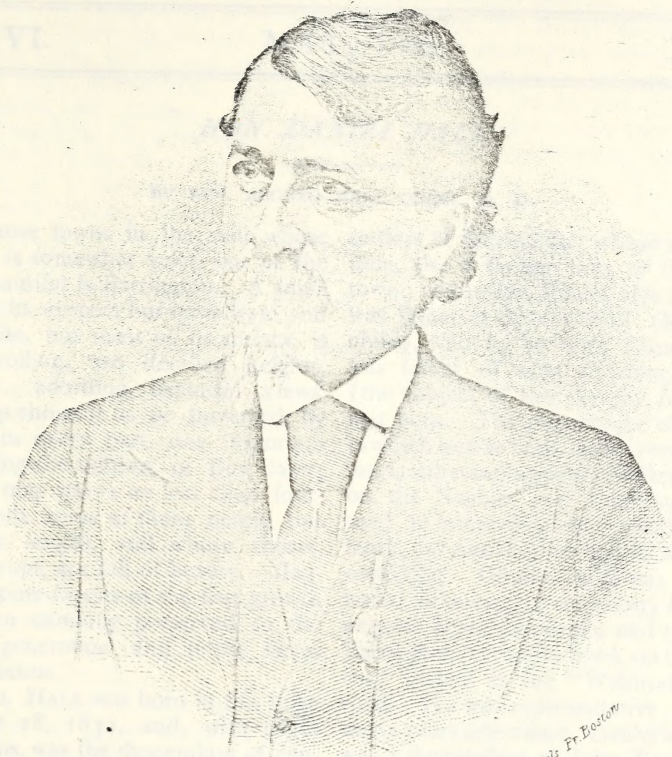
GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Vol. VI.

No. 4.



J. E. Daniels, Jr. Boston

Daniel Hall

THE
GRANITE MONTHLY,

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VOL. VI.

MAY, 1883.

No. 8.

HON. DANIEL HALL.

BY REV. ALONZO HALL QUINT, D. D.

Of those towns in the state whose scenery is somewhat quiet, one of the most beautiful is Barrington. A small tract on its western border is level and not fertile, but most of its surface is gently rolling, two decided heights, however, affording beautiful views. The map shows it to be traversed by streams in every part, one important river being the outflow of Bow lake; and the map shows no less than fourteen ponds, some of them nearly two miles in length, and whose shores, often abrupt, are full of beauty. Magnificent pine forests of the first growth have been carefully preserved to the present generation, and fertile farms are numerous.

DANIEL HALL was born in this town February 28, 1832, and, with slight exceptions, was the descendant of generations of farmers. His first known American ancestor was John Hall, who appears to have come to Dover, N. H., in the year 1649, with his brother Ralph, from Charlestown, Mass. Of this blood was the mother of Gov. John Langdon, Tobias Lear (Washington's private secretary), and others of like energy. The emigrant, John Hall, was the first recorded deacon of the Dover First Church, was town-clerk, commissioner to try small causes, and a farmer, but mainly surveyor of lands. His spring of beautiful water is still known as "Hall's Spring," on Dover Neck. His son Ralph was of Dover, a farmer; whose son Ralph, also a farmer, was one of the early

settlers of Barrington; whose son Solomon, also a farmer, was of the same town; whose son Daniel, also a farmer, was father of Gilman Hall (his ninth child), who, by his wife Eliza Tuttle, was father of nine children, Daniel (the subject of this sketch), being the first born. The picturesque old house in which he was born, built by one Hunking, is still standing near Winkley's pond, on the Nashua and Rochester Railroad, an interesting and venerable landmark, but unoccupied and in a ruinous condition. Gilman Hall was early a trader in Dover, but for twenty-five subsequent years was farmer and trader in Barrington, his native town, on the stage road known as the "Waldron's Hill" road. He was representative, and for many years selectman. Daniel's mother was a descendant of John Tuttle, who was judge of the superior court for many years prior to the year 1700, residing in Dover.

Daniel Hall's life as a boy was on the farm. He went to the district school a long distance, through snows and heats, and by and by helped in the store. When older, from fourteen years onward, he drove a team to Dover, with wood and lumber, and sold his loads, standing on Central square. But he had a passion for books, and a burning desire for an education. He learned all he could get in the district school, and when about sixteen years of age he secured two terms, about six months in all, in Strafford Academy,—one term under

Ira F. Folsom (D. C., 1848), and one under Rev. Porter S. Burbank. In 1849 he was one term at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, in Sanbornton (now Tilton), Rev. Richard S. Rust, principal. Then, for satisfactory reasons, he gave up all academies, returned home, set himself down alone to his Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and with indomitable perseverance prepared for college. He entered Dartmouth in 1850, probably the poorest fitted in his class; but he had the fitting of a determined will, unconquerable industry, a keen intellect, and the fiber of six generations of open-air ancestors, and in 1854 he graduated at the very head of his class, and was valedictorian. It is needless to say, perhaps, that the eldest of nine children had to practice economy, and teach district schools five winters in his native town; and that what small advances he had from his father were repaid, to the last dollar, from his first earnings.

In the fall of 1854 he was appointed a clerk in the New York custom-house, and held the position for some years. He had taken an early interest in politics, being by education a Democrat. But he had always been positively anti-slavery in sentiment. He was dissatisfied with the Kansas-Nebraska bill; and alone of all the clerks in the custom-house, fearless of the probable result to himself, he openly denounced the Lecompton constitution policy of Buchanan, and supported Douglas. In consequence he was removed from office in March, 1858.

Returning to Dover he resumed the study of law—which he had commenced in New York—in the office of the eminent lawyer, Daniel M. Christie, and on that gentleman's motion was admitted to the bar at the May term, 1860. He afterward well repaid Mr. Christie's kindness by a eulogy, upon his decease, delivered before the court, and subsequently printed. It was regarded as an eloquent and appreciative tribute to Mr.

Christie's remarkable qualities of manhood, and extraordinary powers as a lawyer.

Mr. Hall, upon his admission to the bar, opened an office in Dover, and commenced practice. In the spring of 1859, just before the state election, in view of the great crisis coming upon the country, at an immense meeting in Dover, he (as did also Judge Charles Doe) withdrew from the Democratic party and cast in his allegiance with the Republicans. With them, where his conscience and political principles alike placed him, has his lot been cast ever since; and it is not improbable that that one addition, in later and critical years, turned the scale in New Hampshire's political destinies.

It was an episode in his life that in 1859 he was appointed, by the governor and council, school commissioner for Strafford county, and was re-appointed in 1860. His early training in the country district school, his work as master in the winters, and his hard-earned higher education qualified him eminently for the practical duties of this office.

In the autumn of 1861 Mr. Hall was appointed secretary of the United States senate committee to investigate the surrender of Norfolk navy-yard. This committee consisted of John P. Hale, Andrew Johnson, and James W. Grimes. Soon after he was appointed clerk of the Senate committee on Naval Affairs, at Washington, of which Mr. Hale was chairman. He served in this capacity until March, 1862; but he wished for more immediate participation in the great struggle then in progress. The conflict, which had its symptoms in the Lecompton strife, had become war, and the young man who had then sacrificed office for principle was ready for a still greater sacrifice. In March, 1862, he was commissioned aide-de-camp and captain in the regular army of the United States. He was assigned to duty with Gen. John C. Fremont; but before he had time to join that officer Gen. Fremont had retired from command, and Capt.

Hall was transferred to the staff of Gen. A. W. Whipple, then in command at Arlington Heights of the troops and works in front of Washington, on the south side of the Potomac. In September, 1862, a few days after the battle of Antietam, Gen. Whipple joined the Army of the Potomac, and eventually marched with it to the front of Fredericksburg. On the 13th of December, 1862, he was in the battle of Fredericksburg, crossing the river with the third corps, and taking part in the sanguinary assault upon the works which covered Marye's Heights.

At the battle of Chancellorsville he was in the column sent out to strike Jackson's flank or rear as he moved in front of the army, and in the gallant action of the third division of the third corps, under Gen. Whipple, and was with that lamented officer when he fell mortally wounded. Capt. Hall was then assigned to the staff of Gen. Oliver O. Howard, commander of the eleventh corps, and with him participated in the campaign and battle of Gettysburg. His relations to that action were important, and have been the subject of some controversy. When Gen. Reynolds, commanding the first corps, had advanced through the town and encountered the enemy, Gen. Howard, then moving up and about five miles to the rear, hearing the heavy firing, ordered Capt. Hall to ride forward as rapidly as possible, find Gen. Reynolds, ascertain the condition of affairs, and obtain his orders. A rapid ride soon carried him to the front, and he found Gen. Reynolds himself in an advanced and exposed position from the enemy's fire. He did his errand; Gen. Reynolds said he had met the enemy in force, and sent the order for Gen. Howard to bring up his corps with all possible dispatch. Scarcely had Capt. Hall got back through the town, when he was overtaken by the intelligence that Gen. Reynolds was mortally wounded, and near the cemetery he met Gen. Howard impatiently coming up in advance of his corps. Passing Cemetery Ridge, Gen. Howard

said, "That is the place to fight this battle," and directed Capt. Hall to take a battery from the leading division, and place it in position on the crest of the hill, with the division in its support. This was done, and that battery (Wiedrich's Battery, of Steinwehr's division of the eleventh corps), the first planted on Cemetery Hill, remained on that spot through the three days of the conflict. When Gen. Howard took his own place there, Capt. Hall was of course with him, and on the second day of the engagement was slightly wounded by a shell. The credit of choosing the position of Cemetery Hill having been assumed by numerous military writers since the war for Gen. Reynolds, and by some for Gen. Hancock, these details are given, simply to place on record, in this permanent form, his testimony to the justice of the claim made by the friends of Gen. Howard, that *he* was fully entitled to the thanks voted him by congress for selecting Cemetery Hill and holding it as the battle-ground of the great and glorious battle of Gettysburg.

In the latter part of 1863 his health gave way, and he was forced to leave the service in December, 1863. But in June 1864 he was appointed provost-marshal of the first New Hampshire district, being stationed at Portsmouth, and here he remained until the close of the war. The affairs of the office were in some confusion, but his methodical habits soon reduced it to order. During his term of service he enlisted or drafted and forwarded, over four thousand men to the army. This service, which ceased in October, 1865, was marked by signal ability, integrity, and usefulness to the government. "He was one of the men," said a substitute broker to the writer of this sketch, "that no man dared approach with a crooked proposition, no matter how much was in it."

Mr. Hall resumed the practice of law in Dover, but in 1866 was appointed clerk of the supreme court for Strafford county, and in 1868, judge of the police court of the city of

Dover. The duties of these offices were performed with his usual sense of justice, but in 1874 the Democratic party (being in power) "addressed" him out of both offices. In the mean time he had been judge-advocate, with the rank of major, in the military of New Hampshire, under Gov. Smyth, and held a position on the staff of Gov. Harriman, which gave him his usual title of Colonel.

Col. Hall had long taken a deep interest in political affairs. To him they represented principles. In 1873 he was president of the Republican state convention at Concord. He had been for some years a member of the Republican state committee, when, in December, 1873, his abilities as a leader and executive were recognized in his selection as chairman of that committee. He so remained until 1877, and conducted the campaigns, state and national, of 1874, 1875, and 1876. These were critical years for the Republican party. The nearly even balance of parties in New Hampshire, the vigor and intensity with which the battles are always fought, and the skill necessary in every department, demanded abilities and energies of the highest order. The years mentioned surpassed ordinary years in political danger to the Republicans. It is sufficient to say that Col. Hall conducted the last three campaigns to a triumphant issue. So decisive were the successive victories that the tide was turned, and from that time the state has not swerved from her Republican allegiance.

In 1876 Col. Hall was chairman of the New Hampshire delegation to the Republican national convention at Cincinnati, being chosen at large, unpledged, and with scarce a dissenting vote. Seven delegates voted from first to last for James G. Blaine; but Col. Hall, with ex-Gov. Straw and Hon. Charles H. Burns, voted six times for Mr. Bristow, and, on the decisive ballot, for Rutherford B. Hayes.

In 1876 and 1877 Col. Hall was, by appointment of Gov. Cheney, reporter

of the decisions of the supreme court of New Hampshire, and in that honorable position published volumes 56 and 57 of the New Hampshire Reports.

In 1877 he succeeded Gov. Harriman as naval officer at the port of Boston. This office is co-ordinate with that of collector, upon which it is a check, and, when properly administered, is of great value to the country. Col. Hall's business habits, his keen insight, his perfect accuracy, and the ruling principle of his life to do every thing well and thoroughly, there came into operation. He quietly mastered the details as well as the general work of the department. Regularly at his post, his office became a model in its management, and was commended in the highest terms by the proper officers. When, therefore, his term expired, he was re-appointed for another four years by President Arthur, with no serious opposition.

The office, under his management, is performing its functions to the advantage of the government, participating influentially in the collection of many millions of customs revenue, and insuring the faithful enforcement of all the revenue laws. Under him there has been no proscription, political or personal. No subordinate has been removed to make way for any favorite; but the force, with some additions necessitated by the increase of business, remains substantially as he found it. It is believed that, without making any high-sounding professions of "Reform," the head of the Naval office has been and is making a clean official record, and giving a practical exhibition of the best kind of civil service, by appointing capable men only, and by keeping good men in their places, and making no changes among faithful subordinates for the personal ends of himself, or his friends.

Col. Hall married, January 25, 1877, Sophia, daughter of Jonathan T. and Sarah (Hanson) Dodge, of Rochester, and has one son, Arthur Wellesley Hall, born August 30, 1878. The beautiful

house erected and occupied by him in Dover, and adorned with cultivated taste, has not its least charm in the steadily increasing library of carefully selected literature, to whose study he devotes the hours not required by official duties.

He attends the First church of Dover, the Congregational church, where his emigrant ancestor held office two centuries and a quarter ago. He is a radical teetotaler, and has taken an active and life-long interest in the cause of temperance.

It is his personal desire that his great love for the horse, and, indeed, for all animals, be mentioned in this sketch.

Col. Hall's courteous and gentlemanly manners are not such as commonly mark the bold and sagacious politician. His habitual mood and conversation suggest scholarly instincts, a comprehensive interest in public affairs, and an elevated standard of judg-

ment. Time and acquaintance, however, are required to show the breadth of his knowledge and culture. Public addresses have, as occasions demanded, exhibited the thoughtful political student, a patriotic love of country, and the ripeness of the accomplished scholar. Fidelity to every engagement, good faith to every principle espoused, firmness of purpose, steady industry and efficiency in every work undertaken, have insured him a success fully equal to the expectations of a nature not sanguine, conceited, nor unduly ambitious for the high prizes in life. But his friends feel that he is capable of more than he has yet achieved. At his age, with the possession of ample mental resources, the confidence of the public, and the health and strength which are the legitimate outcome of regular habits and simple tastes, it may, perhaps, be fairly assumed that recognitions of public respect await him greater than any yet bestowed.

METHODISM IN PORTSMOUTH.

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

(*Part Second.*)

The following article, the introductory part of which was contained in the April number of this Magazine, will relate to the pastors, presiding elders, and others who have been particularly identified with the church in Portsmouth.

REV. JESSE LEE was born in Prince George county, Maryland, in 1758.

Commencing his public religious efforts in the capacity of a class leader and exhorter, in the state of North Carolina, he soon became a local preacher, his first sermon having been preached November 17, 1779. He attended the Virginia Conference in 1782; was appointed, with another preacher, to form a new circuit, and commenced

his labors as a traveling preacher. In 1783 he was appointed to Caswell circuit in North Carolina, at which time he was received into Conference and formally entered the ministry. He died at Hillsborough, Md., September 12, 1816, and was buried at Baltimore.

He was distinguished as a preacher and organizer, and labored most effectively in introducing Methodism into many new and productive fields, being eminently successful and influential. He was emphatically the founder of Methodism in New England, and was instrumental in extending the denomination throughout its entire limits. He was the pioneer of Methodism in Boston, and for the want of an open door

he preached his first sermon in that city under the large elm tree on the common.

He was for three years the traveling companion of Bishop Asbury, whom he greatly assisted in his apostolic work. In 1800 Lee and Whatcoat received a tie vote for the office of bishop, but on a second ballot Richard Whatcoat was elected by a majority of two.

Lee was the first historian of the church, having published a history of Methodism in America in 1809. From 1809 to 1813 he was chaplain to the United States House of Representatives, and in 1814 chaplain to the United States Senate. During the intervals of Congress, and, indeed, at all times, he was diligently employed in Christian effort.

His last regular station was at Annapolis, Md. He was regarded as a leading minister of his church, and was conspicuously influential in the conferences of his day. Performing wonderful services in an heroic age, he gained, among his contemporaries, a rank second only to Asbury as an indefatigable itinerant and a controlling power in the church.

REV. EZEKIEL COOPER was born in Caroline county, Md., February 22, 1763. Bishop Asbury placed him upon a circuit in 1784. He was admitted to conference in 1785. He died in Philadelphia February 21, 1847, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, having been sixty-four years in the gospel ministry, and, at the time of his death, the oldest member of any Methodist Conference in America.

In 1793 he was Presiding Elder of the Boston district. In 1785 the entire territory of Long Island was his circuit.

He served with distinction and great fidelity in many important stations, namely, Trenton, Baltimore, Annapolis, Alexandria, Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Wilmington. He was the editor and general agent of the Book Concern from 1799 to 1804, and discharged his duties

with marked ability. He located in 1813, but reentered the traveling ministry, and was appointed in 1820 to St. George's M. E. Church, Philadelphia. He became a supernumerary soon thereafter, but continued to render efficient service as conference missionary, in visiting churches, superintending a district and other effective work. He acquired the title of a "Walking Encyclopedia," and was further complimented by his associates in being called the "Lycurgus" of the church, in recognition of his profound wisdom, extensive knowledge and admirable discretion. As a powerful and eloquent preacher, and as an able, logical and versatile debater, he was conceded to have few, if any, superiors.

REV. GEORGE PICKERING was born in Talbot county, Maryland, in 1769. At the age of eighteen he was connected with the Methodist Church in Philadelphia, and early devoted himself to the ministry, and commenced preaching. He entered the Itineracy in 1790, and was appointed to the Caroline circuit; in 1792, to the Dover district in Delaware; and, in response to a call by Jesse Lee for additional helpers, he entered New England in 1793, and was abundant in labors and effective to the last. He died at Waltham, Mass., after a service of more than fifty years, characterized by great fidelity, constancy and zeal. He was scrupulously precise and methodical, dignified, gentlemanly and reliable. In the performance of every duty he promptly and rigorously responded to every engagement. George Pickering was a remarkable man, and rendered great and effective services to the church as missionary, preacher, presiding elder, and delegate to the General Conference, of which, with the exception of two meetings, he was an influential member for forty years. For fifty-seven years he was effective as a preacher, being at no time supernumerary or superannuated. He died the "oldest effective Methodist preacher in the world," Dec. 8, 1846, aged 77, at the Bemis mansion in Waltham,

Mass. In this mansion the early itinerants were hospitably entertained with great liberality by Abraham Bemis. His property was inherited by his daughter, Mary, who, at nineteen years of age, married Mr. Pickering, and the Bemis mansion became the permanent home of the family during her husband's evangelist life, not more than one fifth of his married life of fifty years and more having been spent with his family. His widow died in April, 1859, aged 83. We have not the space to further portray the remarkable virtues, piety, and firmness of Rev. George Pickering who, having well done the *work of an evangelist, and made full proof of his ministry*, passed to his home in Heaven, "pure in character, laborious in life, triumphant in death."

REV. JOHN BRODHEAD was born in Lower Smithfield, Monroe county, Pa., Oct. 22d, 1770. He entered the Itineracy in 1794, and was appointed to the Northumberland circuit in Pennsylvania; in 1795, to Kent, Delaware, extending his labors into New Jersey and Maryland. Assigned by the bishop to New England, he was, in 1796, appointed to Readfield, Maine; in 1797, to Lynn and Marblehead, Mass.; in 1797, to Warren, R. I.; in 1799, again to Readfield, Me. In 1800 and 1801 he was Presiding Elder of the New London District; and in 1802 of the Vershire (Vt.) District. In 1803 he was stationed at Hanover, N. H.; in 1804, 1805, 1806 was Presiding Elder of N. H. District; in 1807-8 of the Boston District; in 1809-10 was stationed at Portsmouth, N. H.; in 1811, Newmarket, Durham, and Portsmouth; in 1812, Newmarket and Durham. From 1813 to 1819 he was superannuated; in 1820 was stationed at Newmarket and Kensington; and from 1821 to 1837 he was either effective, supernumerary, or superannuated. His last appointment was at Seabrook and Hampton missions in 1837. He died at South Newmarket, N. H., April 7, 1838, in the Brodhead mansion, now in possession of the family. He well sustained the relation of effective,

supernumerary, and superannuated for the period of 44 years, and was eminently successful as a minister of the gospel, and regarded as a "prince and a great man in Israel." He was an eloquent and powerful preacher, solemn, persuasive, and at times well nigh irresistible. He was also exceedingly able and popular as a Presiding Elder. Influential in the councils of the church and distinguished as a citizen; of noble and commanding presence; dignified in mien; affable, kind and magnanimous, he was greatly beloved and honored. He held several public positions with great credit; was chaplain to the New Hampshire Legislature, member of the State Senate 1825-6, and Member of Congress from 1828 to 1833. Resisting the most urgent importunity, he declined to have his name presented as a candidate for the office of governor of New Hampshire, preferring to labor and die in the gospel harness. He married Mary, the daughter of Captain Thomas Dodge, Lisbon, N. H., who was born at Ipswich, Mass., and died at South Newmarket, Aug. 28, 1875, aged 93, an estimable woman, of marked character, many virtues and christian activities. Six sons and six daughters honored the memory of their father and mother and proved worthy of their parentage.

REV. ALFRED METCALF was born January 2, 1777; died at Greenland, N. H., June 4, 1837. I am unable to record the place of his nativity; but his father moved, shortly after his birth, to Marlborough, N. H. He united with the church in 1800; his public labors commenced in 1802.

In 1803 he was received into the traveling connection of the New England Conference, and in 1809 preached on the circuit which included Portsmouth. His health becoming impaired, he located in 1810 and resided at Greenland. He however continued to preach with great acceptance, and was abundant in labor, improving every opportunity to preach the word. After serving the church with great fidelity and zeal for thirty-four years, he died in peace.

He was a most excellent citizen, a preacher of rare excellence, and is affectionately remembered in Methodist circles.

REV. WILLIAM STEVENS was born in Plymouth County, Mass., March 24, 1778; was received on trial, and appointed to Landaff (N. H.) circuit in 1804; and in 1806, was received into full connection with the New England Conference. In 1808 he was on the Portsmouth circuit; in 1813, located; re-admitted to Ohio Conference in 1821; sustained a supernumerary relation in 1845; became superannuated in 1846; died at Bridgewater, Pa., March 1, 1858.

REV. DANIEL PERRY, who was on the Portsmouth circuit in 1809, joined the New England Conference in 1802, and stationed at Needham, Mass. From 1803 to 1808 inclusive, he was appointed to Falmouth, Hallowell and Bethel, Maine; Barnard, Rochester and Weathersfield, Vermont, and New London, Conn. We are unable to trace him further than 1809, when he located.

REV. JOHN WILLIAMSON joined the New England Conference in 1805, stationed first at Readfield, thence to other towns and circuits in Maine, until 1810, when he was appointed to Portsmouth and Greenland; 1811, Poplin and Salem; 1812, Hampden, Maine; and in 1813 he located, and passes from view.

REV. BENJAMIN SABIN united with the New England Conference in 1810, and was appointed to the Salisbury, Poplin, and Salem circuit, with Asa Kent and John Jewett as associates. In 1811, New London, Conn.; 1812, Providence and Smithfield, R. I., and creditably filled other appointments in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Canada, until 1820, when he located. He was a preacher of superior talents, and removing to Michigan may have united with the Conference there. He was living at a period not remote. We have no record of his death.

REV. THOMAS ASBURY was born in England about 1780; became a Wesleyan local preacher; emigrated to this

country about 1805, and joined the New England Conference in 1806; received six appointments; and located in 1812. His name appears in the Conference minutes of 1824, as stationed at Buffalo, N. Y. In 1825 he is returned as located. He married, June 22, 1823, Rachel Binney, of Hull, Mass., the sister of the late Rev. Amos Binney, and in 1825 moved West, purchasing a large tract of land where the city of Columbus, Ohio, now stands. The purchase made him rich. He left one child, a son, who became a physician in Columbus. Thomas Asbury possessed good preaching abilities and was highly esteemed.

REV. ASA KENT, born in West Brookfield, Mass., May 9, 1780; died at New Bedford, Sept. 1, 1860, aged 80. He was licensed to preach in 1801; joined the New England Conference in 1802, and commenced traveling on the Weathersfield (Vermont) Circuit. He was a delegate to General Conference, 1812-16. As pastor and Presiding Elder he exerted a benign and healthy influence, being regarded as "a good preacher, rich in Christian experience and original in thought." He lived beloved and died lamented.

REV. JOSIAH A. SCARRITT was born in Simsbury, Conn., in 1792; joined the New England Conference in 1815, and, with the exception of three years' location, he continued in the Itineracy until his death, rendering most excellent service as pastor and Presiding Elder. He was a member of two General Conferences. After fifty years' faithful service to the church of his choice, he died, Nov. 12, 1865, at Sandwich, N. H. "He was a noble specimen of the early Methodist itinerant, pious, devout, firm and faithful, emphatically strong, bold, vigorous, unwearied and self-sacrificing."

REV. ORLANDO HINDS was born in Sandwich, N. H., April 4, 1782; was licensed to preach in 1809; joined the N. E. Conference in 1810. His first appointment was on the Portsmouth circuit, with John Williamson. In 1832 he located, and with his fam-

ly resided at Chichester, N. H., where he died March 1, 1869. He was for several years in feeble health, but to the extent of his ability labored for the cause, continuing in service fifty-nine years. "He was a man of great personal dignity and urbanity of manners, with a heart full of Christian sympathy, always ready to assist without assuming to lead."

REV. JOHN LINDSEY, born in Lynn, Mass., July 18, 1788; a local preacher in 1808; was admitted to N. E. Conference in 1809, and appointed to New London (Conn.) circuit; Newmarket, Durham and Portsmouth, 1810. He filled important appointments at Portland, Nantucket, and Bristol, R. I., and was Presiding Elder of Vermont, Lynn and Boston districts. He was subsequently stationed at New York city, New Haven and Poughkeepsie. In 1835-36 he was agent of the Wesleyan University; in 1842 agent of the American Bible Society, at Albany. In 1846 he had charge of the Albany district as Presiding Elder, and continued in charge until, at the age of 62, he died at Schenectady, N. Y., February 20, 1850. He was a preacher of reputation, and possessed great energy of character. His widow, Lucy Nourse, died at Lynn, Mass., June 19, 1858. His son is one of the professors in the Theological Department of Boston University.

REV. CHARLES VIRGIN, who was born in Hopkinton, N. H., May 8, 1787, entered the N. E. Conference in 1807. He was, at one time, Presiding Elder of Kennebec district; also, in 1813-16, of Boston districts, which included Portsmouth. He was a pious man, an acceptable preacher and an efficient Presiding Elder. Becoming superannuated, he settled at Wilbraham, Mass., where he died April 1, 1853.

REV. JORDON REXFORD, the first regularly stationed Methodist minister at Portsmouth, was a faithful and successful pastor. He entered the Itineracy in 1792. His first appointment was Pittsfield (Mass.) circuit, New England

Conference; thence to Lynn in 1793; the next year at Marblehead. He was to change, however, in three months with John Hill, whose field had the comprehensive title of New Hampshire. Mr. Rexford's labors in Marblehead were attended by severe trials. On his first appointment to that town he was snow-balled through the streets. He married one of the original members of the society, and, having located in 1795, disappeared for thirteen years from the Conference roll; but, in 1808 joined again, and was appointed to Bristol, R. I. Subsequently he labored on the island of Nantucket, and on the Bristol and Portsmouth (R. I.) circuits, and at Portsmouth, N. H., two years, 1812-13. In 1814 he located; resided several years at Marblehead, and became a local preacher and the teacher of the upper town school. He lies buried at Pawtucket, R. I.

REV. THOMAS W. TUCKER, born in Boston April 22, 1791, was converted when sixteen years of age and joined the M. E. Church. Admitted to the N. E. Conference in 1812, he continued in effective relation until 1849, when he became superannuated and supplied places under the direction of the Presiding Elder. He died in Chelsea, Mass., August 6, 1871, the senior member of the New England Conference. "During the years of his superannuation he supplied various charges, temporarily, as occasion offered and health permitted." *He was approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed*, handling aright the word of truth. When stationed at Portsmouth he was unmarried and received for his services, in 1814, \$129.22, including board. The late Edward T. Taylor, the celebrated sailor preacher, of Boston, familiarly called "Father Taylor," in describing his early religious experience at the Bromfield-street church, refers to Mr. Tucker, who, when only 19 years of age, was instrumental in causing him to go forward for prayers. Mr. Tucker spoke to him, and he yielded to his persuasive entreaties.

Taylor, in his characteristic style, said, "I was dragged through the 'lubber-hole' (the window), brought down by a broadside from the '74' (Elijah Hedding), and fell into the arms of Thomas W. Tucker."

REV. JOSIAH F. CHAMBERLAIN was born in September, 1786, and died March 26, 1864. He was a member of the Vermont Conference. He commenced preaching in 1811, and was a very acceptable minister. In 1816 he was stationed at Portsmouth, but Caleb Dustin, who was appointed to Salisbury, supplied the pulpit a considerable portion of the year.

REV. DANIEL FILLMORE was born in Franklin, Conn., and, at the age of twenty-one, supplied on the Tolland circuit. In 1811 he joined the N. E. Conference. As a beloved itinerant he served the church about fifty years with remarkable fidelity and success. In 1852 he requested a superannuated relation, preaching occasionally. His pastorate at Portsmouth—1817-19—is of precious memory to the few aged pilgrims, now surviving, who were favored by his ministrations. "He was a good man, amiable, honest, correct and punctual; as a minister, sincere and faithful; an excellent sermonizer, and preëminently diligent, laborious and successful in pastoral duties. He died at Providence, R. I., August 13, 1858.

REV. MARTIN RUTER, D. D., was born April 3, 1785, at Charlton, Mass., and united with the church in 1799; he became an exhorter in 1800, and was licensed to preach. In 1801, at the age of sixteen, he was admitted to the New York Conference; in 1807 was appointed to Portsmouth. In 1808 he was a member from New England of the first delegated Conference at its session at Baltimore. He was, in 1818, the first Principal of the first Methodist Literary Institution in New England—the Newmarket Wesleyan Academy—which was subsequently removed to Wilbraham, Mass. Dr. Ruter was also a member of the General Conference of 1824 and 1836. He was

a very able classical scholar, and a popular divine, exceedingly active and zealous in every sphere to which he was assigned. In 1819 he was appointed to Portsmouth, but, by an arrangement with the Presiding Elder, he remained in charge of the academy, and Rev. Daniel Fillmore preached mainly at Portsmouth. Dr. Ruter was the editor of the *New England Missionary Magazine*, which was printed by Isaac Hill, at Concord, N. H., in 1815, and preceded all other church publications. Four quarterly numbers were issued. He was elected Book Agent by the General Conference of 1820, and was president of the Augusta College, Kentucky, in 1828; Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa., in 1834, and was appointed superintendent of a new mission in Texas, in 1837, and died at Washington, Texas, May 16, 1838. He excelled as a preacher, became popular as an educator, and was an excellent organizer. His busy life was devoted to Christian activities. He will long be reverently remembered by the church as one of the most useful and influential ministers of early American Methodism.

REV. JACOB SANBORN was born in Unity, N. H., May 16, 1788; commenced preaching August 14, 1811; joined the N. E. Conference in June, 1812; was agent for Wesleyan University, 1846. He was stationed at important places in New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, as pastor, and in charge of large districts as Presiding Elder. He became a supernumerary in 1850, and a resident of Concord, N. H., but preached more or less frequently, often regularly, until May 10, 1863, when he preached for the last time at Pembroke, N. H., where he was first stationed by the N. E. Conference in 1812. He died at Concord, N. H., March 16, 1867. His second wife, whom he married June 21, 1826, survived him, and now resides at Exeter, N. H. She was Eliza, the daughter of the late Abednego Robinson, Esq., of Portsmouth, and the sister of the late

wife of Rev. Samuel Kelley, who is always remembered with affection. Jacob Sanborn "belonged to the heroic age of N. E. Methodism, and was a hero among the moral heroes of that time." He was eminently a good pastor, a powerful preacher, and deserved the excellent reputation which he won by his laborious and faithful services.

REV. ENOCH MUDGE, born in Lynn, Mass., June 21, 1776, died April 2, 1850, aged 74 years. He has the distinction of being on record as the first native of New England who became a minister of the M. E. Church. He entered the ministry in 1793 in the 18th year of his age, having previously been active as a class leader, exhorter, and local preacher. In 1844 Mr. Mudge retired from effective work, after a long, faithful and most acceptable service, greatly beloved and highly esteemed for his ability, zeal, constancy and piety. The name of *Mudge, the heavenly-minded*, is precious to the church, and will continue as fragrant as oil poured forth. In relation to Portsmouth, where he was stationed in 1821-22, he wrote, "I spent two years in a pleasant and comfortable manner, and left the church in peace." The Portsmouth Directory, of 1821, gives, "Methodist Church, Methodist lane, leading from Vaughan street, Rev. Enoch Mudge, pastor, house, Islington street. John Oxford, jr., sexton."

REV. BENJAMIN RAY HOYT was born in Braintree, Mass., June 6, 1789; died at Windham, N. H., October 3, 1872. He was licensed as an exhorter in 1807; became a preacher in 1808; and united with the N. E. Conference in 1809. He was forty-six years in effective service and sixty-five years a minister of the M. E. church. He served nineteen years as Presiding Elder to great acceptance, and twenty-seven years as pastor. He was several times honored by his brethren in being elected a delegate to the General Conference. He was interested in promoting the cause of Christian education, and was one of the founders

and a trustee of the Wesleyan University, and also of the Newbury Seminary. "He was a ready and eloquent speaker, and, in his prime, was a man of power in the pulpit, drawing crowds wherever he preached." His son, Rev. Dr. Francis S. Hoyt, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, was born in 1823, and has occupied important positions in the literary institutions of the church and the editorial profession. Another son, Albert H. Hoyt, Esq., a lawyer by profession, was, for a time, a resident of Portsmouth, where he is well and favorably known.

REV. EPHRAIM WILEY commenced preaching in 1814, and was admitted to the N. E. Conference in 1818. He was popular and successful as a preacher, a sweet singer, and a ready, fluent and pleasant speaker." His labors were greatly blessed and always acceptable. He was connected during his ministerial career with the New England, Maine, and East Maine Conferences, and died at Jackson, Louisiana, Sept. 30, 1864, aged 76, at the residence of his son, Professor George H. Wiley of Centenary College.

REV. SHIPLEY WELLS WILSON joined the New England Conference in 1813, and became one of its leading members. His talents were respectable, but not especially attractive in the pulpit. He was well informed, had some reputation as a writer, and in 1832-3 edited *Zion's Herald*. He received thirty appointments, the last being East Cambridge, Mass., where several of his brethren took exception to his policy of inviting some of the *unevangelical* to unite with him in religious services on certain public occasions, which resulted in his withdrawing from the Methodist Episcopal church in 1843, and uniting with the Protestant Episcopal church. He possessed a good spirit, loved the brethren, and died in peace.

REV. WILBUR FISKE, D. D., who preached the dedication sermon of the State street M. E. church, Portsmouth,

was one of the most noted men that Methodism has produced. He was the son of Hon. Judge Fiske; was born in Brattleborough, Vermont, August 31, 1792; and graduated with distinguished honor in August, 1815, at Brown University, R. I. Previous to entering "Brown," in 1814, he was in the sophomore class of 1812, of the University of Vermont, where he remained until the buildings were occupied by the army, during the war of 1812. Graduating at the age of 23 he entered upon the study of law, but relinquished that profession for the ministry. After a few months' labor as an exhorter, he was licensed as a local preacher, March 14, 1818. His first sermon, at Lyndon, Vt., gave promise of future eminence. His services on Craftsbury circuit were particularly acceptable. He joined the N. E. Conference in 1818, and became an exceedingly eloquent, able and pious minister of the Gospel, and rendered invaluable services in the cause of Methodistic Education, as the beloved principal of the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass., for which a charter was obtained in November, 1825. He removed to Wilbraham in May, 1826. In 1822 he was urged to accept the agency of the Newmarket Academy, then the only Methodist institution of learning in New England; but he declined the appointment. He was Presiding Elder of the Vermont district; preached the election sermon before the legislature of Vermont in 1826, and of Massachusetts in 1829. He was elected president of the La Grange College in Alabama in 1829, also Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church in Canada, both of which offices he declined, as he could not be prevailed upon to separate himself from the educational interests of his denomination in New England. In 1830 he was elected president of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., of which he was one of the founders. He was elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States in 1836, but did not accept the

office, believing he could be more useful to the church in other capacities, particularly in developing his plans for Christian education and culture. He preferred to be an educator rather than one of the chief officers of the church. He was influential as a delegate to the General Conference in 1828 and 1832. His positive declination alone prevented him from representing his conference in 1836. In that year he was sent as a delegate to the British Wesleyan Conference. He dignified every position he occupied, and exerted a commanding influence in the denomination for good, ranking deservedly high as an educator, preacher, orator, debater, and writer. The memory of the "learned and sainted Fisk" continues a goodly heritage, beautiful and symmetrical in character and goodness. He died at Middletown, Conn., Feb. 22, 1839, and his body reposes in the College Cemetery.

REV. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT was born in Dublin, Ireland, Dec. 28, 1794. He embarked from his native city Feb. 1, 1819, in the Brig "Standard," for Boston, but left the vessel at Mayo, one of the Cape Verde Islands, coming thence in the Brig "Menton" to New York city, where he arrived April 21, 1819. His parents, members of the Episcopal Church, were interested in the Wesleyan movement. He was, however, educated in the Established Church, and joined the Wesleyans in 1813. From an early period he had determined on entering the ministry, and at the age of nineteen he commenced public exhortations, evincing a power and ability which foreshadowed his future fame as a preacher of the gospel.

His father died when the future pulpit orator was twelve years of age. Wm. H. Maffitt, M. D., who accompanied his brother from Dublin, and who died in 1841, in North Carolina, is authority for the statement that Mr. Maffitt never engaged in any mercantile profession or pursued any voca-

tion other than the Christian ministry, to which he consecrated himself in early life, being profoundly impressed that he was divinely called to that work. In six weeks after becoming a disciple he attempted to fill an appointment, and occasionally preached in halls, open fields and public streets, and was called the Young Enthusiast. His wife (to whom he was married when quite a young man) and his widowed mother, as well as many friends, opposed his ministerial aspirations and did not favor his emigrating to America. He, however, resolved on leaving Ireland, and in company with his brother William, who was a physician, embarked from Dublin in 1819. His wife and children came to the United States a few years later.

The morning after reaching New York city he inquired for the Methodist preachers and was directed to Rev. Mr. Crowell, on Second street, who received him kindly but did not encourage his preaching. His brother, Dr. Maffitt, visited New England, going as far east as Boston, stopping at New London, and attended a camp meeting at Hebron. On returning to New York he advised his brother to go to the eastern shores and preach in Connecticut. He started immediately and at Thompson beheld the crowded tents of Israel's camp, and mingling with the happy throng, commenced his ministerial career in America. He was appointed in 1820 on the New London circuit, as a junior preacher. His success was so great he was assigned to New London, New Haven, Middletown and Hartford, spending a full week in each place, preaching three times on the Sabbath and from four to five times week evenings.

Mr. Maffitt united with the New England Conference in 1822, with which he was connected for ten years, occupying important stations and acquiring a notable reputation by his eloquent diction and rare powers of oratory. He became very popular as the silver-tongued Irish poet-preacher, and

was eminently successful in attracting crowds, moving the masses, and inducing large numbers to surround the altar for prayers and to commence a Christian life. Mr. Maffitt's meetings were always crowded. The churches where he preached were filled to their utmost capacity long before the hour of meeting. Camp meetings were frequently the scenes of his greatest triumphs. In July, 1821, he preached at a camp meeting on Long Island to fifteen thousand people a sermon of wonderful eloquence and persuasive power. In September, 1821, on his way to Boston, he stopped at Milford, Mass., where he electrified the assembled thousands at a camp meeting. At Boston, he preached at the Bromfield-street M. E. church. His fame had preceded him, and his efforts in that church were represented as overwhelming. In the spring of 1822 he returned to New York city, where he labored for a short time with very great success. Returning thence to New England, he was heard with increasing interest for several years. Many of the older members of the church in Rockingham county, who attended the camp meeting at Kingston, N. H., in 1842, well remember that when Mr. Maffitt was preaching the rain descended quite copiously, but the large audience was so captivated by his earnest eloquence that they remained patient listeners, standing with umbrellas spread for upward of an hour, until the service was concluded.

After leaving New England, he located in New York city, preaching and lecturing at his discretion.

In 1830 he edited a paper called *The New York Cabinet*, and issued several numbers. In 1831 he was without appointment, and began a remarkable career as an Evangelist in the Southern States. In 1832 he located, continuing his labors as an Evangelist. In 1833 he issued, with Rev. Lewis Garrett, at Nashville, Tenn., a weekly journal called the *Western Methodist*, now the *Chris-*

tian Advocate, the central organ of the M. E. Church, South. In 1836-7 he was the agent of LaGrange College, Alabama, and was elected to the chair of Elocution and Belles Lettres in that institution. He preached extensively, thousands were attracted to his meetings, and were wonderfully influenced by his impassioned eloquence. A quickened religious interest resulted from his labors, and large accessions were made to the church through his instrumentality. In 1841 he was elected Chaplain of Congress. Afterward he went to Auburn, N. Y., and in 1845-6 edited the *Calvary Token*, a monthly paper. He resided in New York and vicinity until 1847, when he went to Arkansas, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He remained there

two years, and then visited the principal cities of the South, preaching to great congregations. He died suddenly at Toulmanville, near Mobile, Ala., May 28, 1850. At a *post-mortem* examination his heart was found literally broken, crushed by unmerited slanders. He was relentlessly pursued, the ostensible result of an unfortunate second marriage. He had been preaching at Mobile, where a paper, called the *National Police Gazette*, published in New York city, containing articles against him, was freely circulated. An extra edition was printed, sent to Mobile, and sold about the church where he was preaching.

[To be continued.]

JOHN SMITH WOODMAN.

In a family burying-ground in the old town of Durham, there stands a plain monument with this inscription, "Here lie the remains of the Woodman family, who have occupied these grounds since 1659. Here are the graves of seven generations. John Woodman, Esq., who came from Newbury, Mass., born 1630, died 1706; his son Jonathan, born 1665, died 1729; his son John, born 1701, died 1777; his son Capt. Jonathan, born 1743, died 1811; his son Nathan Woodman, born 1789, died 1869." To this last is now added John Smith Woodman, who was born September 6, 1819, and who died May 9, 1871, and his daughter Fannie, who died in infancy.

Near this grave-yard, on rising ground overlooking the Oyster river, stands the Woodman homestead, built by Capt. John Woodman, about 1659. It was constructed of heavy pine logs, the second story projecting over the first, and had various small windows and port-holes, it being intended to

serve as a fortress for the early settlement. It was in one instance, at least, attacked by Indians and successfully defended. This old garrison-house has been much changed to meet the wants of modern times, so that it now presents the appearance of a commodious and substantial farm-house. It has been occupied by six generations of Woodmans, but as Prof. John S. Woodman left no children, it has recently passed into other hands.

The town of Newbury, Mass., was settled in 1635, and in this year Edward Woodman and his wife Joanna, with their two sons, Edward and John, came over from Corsham, Wiltshire, England, and settled there.

Of the ninety-one grantees who settled Newbury, fifteen were styled "Mr.," and Edward Woodman was of this number. Mr. Joshua Coffin, in his "List of some of the Descendants of Mr. Edward Woodman," says of him, "he was a man of influence, decision and energy. * * Mr. Wood-

man was a deputy to the General Court in 1636, '37, '39, and '43. In 1638, '41, '45, and '46, he was one of the three commissioners to end small causes in Newbury, and at various times held other offices of profit and trust in town and state. Among his other commissions he had one from the state 'to see people marry,' of which, in 1681, he thus speaks,—“an unprofitable commission; I quickly laid aside the work, which has cost me many a bottle of sack and liquor, when friends and acquaintances have been concerned.”

John, later known as Capt. John, came to Oyster river, now Durham, in 1659. In 1694 five of the twelve garrison-houses located here were destroyed by the Indians,—Capt. Woodman's being one of those that successfully resisted the attack. For a period of almost fifty years the name of Capt. Woodman frequently appears in the provincial records, and in such connections as to show clearly that he had an active and honorable part in the defence and development of the colony.

Nathan, the father of Prof. Woodman, was a sturdy farmer, as all his ancestors had been, noted for industrious and frugal habits and the strictest integrity. He was of an amiable disposition, and had an open hand for every tale of distress, delighting especially in rendering aid and encouragement to the young, and many owed to him, in large measure, their success in life. In his later years, his means having become ample, he grew more and more liberal, and contributed generously to the support of the gospel, and to a large number of worthy charities. Prof. Woodman's mother was a woman of great force of character, and large intellectual endowments. Fond of literature, she was heartily alive to the value of education, and ambitious for her family, and to her he was largely indebted for his love of literature and art, as well as his careful and pains-taking habits. From her he learned to read, and what-

ever books suited to his age were to be had she put into his hands. When he was thirteen he had mastered the subjects taught in the district school, and went to the academy at South Berwick, Me. During a part of the next year he attended a private school in his native town taught by Dr. Timothy Hilliard, under whom he began the study of Latin, having already commenced French at South Berwick. The good doctor seems to have had an especial horror of picture-drawing, and in yielding to his artistic tendencies the future professor brought himself several times into serious difficulty, and was once or twice severely punished. This however did not eradicate the strongly inherited tendency, and he continued to fill the odd moments with his pencil, covering the margins and fly leaves of his books with all sorts of pictures. In later life his pencil was his never failing companion, adding to his pleasure in his gayer moods, and affording solace in times of annoyance and vexation. That picture-drawing did not seriously interfere with his serious studies, may be inferred from the following entry in his diary, made in November following his thirteenth birth-day,—“surveyed the farm and found it to contain fifty-one acres, twenty-nine rods.”

In the autumn of 1835 young Woodman returned to South Berwick academy, where he remained for the next three years, being occupied a part of each year in teaching, or working on his father's farm, and toward the close of 1835 making a voyage from Boston to New Orleans and return. He had wanted for some time to give up his studies and go to sea. His friends tried in vain to dissuade him from this idea, and at length his father decided to give him a taste of sea life. He accordingly shipped him on a vessel bound for New Orleans. The voyage was long and stormy, the work hard and unromantic; and our would-be sailor was glad to accept the captain's offer, made in accordance with a previous understanding with the father,

to return as a passenger. This voyage effectively cured him of sea-fever, yet the ocean always had a strong attraction for him, and in later life, whenever in a sea-port town, he was fond of walking about the wharves, going on board vessels and talking with seafaring men.

During the last two years of his stay at South Berwick, the principal of the academy was Stephen Chase, who, in March, 1838, became tutor at Dartmouth College, and in August of the same year was made professor of mathematics. In the last year of his academic course, he was president of the Ciceronian, a literary society composed of students, and at graduation gave the valedictory oration.

In August, 1838, he entered the freshman class of Dartmouth college, which numbered one hundred and one, the largest class that has ever entered, and numbering eighty-five at graduation,—the largest that has ever gone out. Of this class were the late Amos T. Akerman, attorney-general of the United States; Judge Lincoln F. Brigham, of Mass.; Benjamin F. Flanders, late governor of La.; Hiram Orcutt, LL. D., the veteran teacher; John D. Philbrick, LL. D., the well-known educator; the late John S. Sanborn, LL. D., judge of the court of the Queen's Bench, P. Q.; S. J. Spalding, D. D., Newburyport, Mass.; the late John E. Tyler, M. D., superintendent of the McLean Asylum, at Somerville, Mass.; Hon. George Walker, U. S. consul-general, Paris, not to name others who have gained distinction.

During each winter of his college course Mr. Woodman taught school, the first year at Madbury, the second in his own town, the third and fourth in the academy at Henniker.

At this time, and until 1866-7, there were practically but three terms in the college year, thirty-two weeks in all, with a vacation of twelve weeks from Thanksgiving. During this time, however, there was a term of six weeks, attendance being optional, the subjects taught varying from year to year, and

not being regarded as part of the regular college course. The attendance on this short term was generally very small, the larger part of the students being occupied in teaching. Under this system the loss was chiefly in the number of studies pursued, not in accurate and thorough scholarship, and it certainly tended very strongly to develop the best traits of manly character.

In the spring vacation of his sophomore year, he was employed by President Lord to survey a piece of land, and seems to have performed the work satisfactorily.

Drawing not being taught in the regular college course, in his sophomore and junior years he began to turn his picture making habit to good account, and gave instruction to volunteer classes, one of which numbered forty members. In the spring vacation of his junior year, he drew a beautiful map of ancient Italy for use in the college classes, and it has served a good purpose to the present time.

Under date of July 28, 1842, we find this entry in his diary,—“Graduated with a class of eighty-eight. Have permitted nothing to interrupt my college course. I have been uniformly in good health, always present in term time, at all lectures designed for the class, all recitations, and never tardy, and only once absent from prayers in the four years' course.”

With great intellectual ability, and such rare fidelity to duty, we should expect thorough scholarship and large attainments. What his exact rank may have been in his class, I do not know, though he stood among the first, and in mathematics far above all others. Immediately after graduation he began the study of law with John A. Richardson, Esq., of Durham, a graduate of Dartmouth College in the class of 1819. A few months later, a tempting offer induced him to suspend his studies and go to Charleston, S. C., as a teacher. Here he remained for four years, teaching with very marked success, and studying as opportunity offered. In

1845 the following appears in his diary ; "Spent the summer in close teaching and in the study of literature. Studied Johnson, Addison, Pope. Have written a good deal." In the winter of 1846 Mr. Woodman gave up his position in Charlestown, and in April started for Europe.

He was now twenty-seven, but mature far beyond his years. From boyhood he had been a close student, and was well prepared to profit by foreign travel. He spent sixteen months abroad, traversing France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy, making long trips on foot. The observations and impressions of the journey were embodied in a series of letters to the *Charleston (S. C.) News* and the *New Hampshire Patriot*. He seems to have been especially interested in the art and agriculture of the countries which he visited, and on these and kindred subjects he gathered a vast amount of information. While prizing books at their full value, he was never a book-worm, and fully recognized the fact that they contain but dead knowledge, which can best be vitalized by the friction that comes from contact with the world, and by the observation of men and things. He felt that the scholar especially needs the advantages of travel, and while without them he is likely to become illiberal and narrow-minded, he above all others is in condition to profit by them to the fullest extent.

Mr Woodman now returned to his law studies, which he had never wholly laid aside, completing them with Hon. Daniel M. Christie, of Dover, and was admitted to the Strafford county bar at the January term, 1848. Two of his college classmates were now settled in Salmon Falls, the one as a pastor, the Rev. S. J. Spalding, D. D., of Newburyport, Mass.; the other as a physician, the late Dr. John E. Tyler. Through their influence, though he had already opened an office in Dover, Mr. Woodman settled in the then small but growing manufacturing town of Salmon Falls.

Clients in Mr. Woodman's office were not numerous, but the cases intrusted to him were faithfully attended to and ably managed, and his spare time devoted to severe legal studies. He was soon regarded as one of the best read lawyers at the Strafford county bar.

In June, 1850, he was appointed commissioner of common schools for Strafford county, and in August elected secretary of the state board of education. In this capacity he wrote the first report of the board of education, a report abounding in sound sense and practical suggestions.

In January, 1851, he was chosen professor of mathematics in Dartmouth college, to succeed his old teacher, Prof. Stephen Chase, then recently deceased, who for thirteen years had filled the mathematical chair with distinguished ability. This position he occupied for four years, resigning in July, 1856, to resume the practice of law. When Prof. Woodman entered on the duties of his office, at Dartmouth, there were two hundred and thirty-seven students, with eight professors and one instructor. These were Profs. Haddock, Young, Hubbard, Brown, Sanborn, Noyes, Woodman, and Putnam. Profs. Shurtleff and Crosby had resigned, but their names still appeared on the catalogue; the former as Professor Emeritus of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy; the latter as Professor Emeritus of the Greek Language and Literature. Clement Long was at this time instructor in Intellectual Philosophy and Political Economy. The president was Nathan Lord, who succeeded Bennett Tyler in 1828, and for thirty-five years served the college with rare fidelity and signal ability. Of the members of the academic faculty, as then constituted, Profs. Hubbard, Brown, Sanborn and Noyes, are still living. The latter resigned in January of the present year. Prof. Hubbard, having removed to New Haven, Conn., in 1865, resigned in 1866, but continued his instruction in the medical college, where he was

elected professor in 1871, which position he has now resigned on the completion of his forty-seventh annual course of chemical lectures. Prof. Brown resigned his professorship in 1861, to assume the presidency of Hamilton College, which position he occupied for fourteen years, but is now connected with the college as instructor in intellectual science. Prof. Sanborn, after having been in the service of the college for forty-seven years, resigned in 1882.

From the time of his appointment as commissioner of schools for Strafford county, in 1850, to his death, Prof. Woodman took a lively interest in popular education, and was in some way connected with every important educational movement in the state during this period. In 1851 he was one of the commissioners to devise plans for and locate the state reform school. At the June session of the legislature in 1852 the commissioners presented a very full and able report, which Prof. Woodman had prepared. It was recommended to locate the school on the Jeremiah S. Abbott farm, on the banks of Long Pond in Concord, and while diversity of opinions and conflicting interests prevented this recommendation from being accepted, the general views set forth in the report were adopted, and later carried into effect. During the years 1852-3 and 1853-4, Professor Woodman was school commissioner for Grafton county. His predecessor in this office was Rev. Charles Shedd, and his successor the Rev. Mr. Squares. Each year he visited every town in the county, often traveling on foot, giving lectures and addresses, and in various ways endeavoring to awaken an intelligent interest in education. His enthusiasm, coupled with sound common sense and a knowledge of men, enabled him to address his audiences with remarkable success. In many of the towns which he visited he could find no one willing to speak on account of a lack of experience. To overcome this difficulty he was in the habit of asking some of the prin-

cipal men in the place to occupy a front seat, and when he had spoken to request them to express their views on the subjects under consideration, saying "just keep your seat if you prefer it." He once remarked that some of the soundest views and best suggestions he had ever heard on education were made by plain men sitting in their seats, who could not be prevailed upon to stand and address an audience. During the two years he was commissioner, Prof. Woodman held six institutes, among the most interesting and valuable that have been held in the county. Those for 1852-3 were at North Enfield, Littleton, and Wentworth, and at the first one hundred and fourteen members were in attendance. The institutes for 1853-4 were held at Plymouth, Lisbon, and Canaan. At the latter there were one hundred and forty members, a larger number than had attended any previous institute in the county. During this period Prof. Woodman contributed frequent articles to the newspapers of the state on educational subjects.

He gave an address, October 2, 1851, before the Connecticut River Valley Agricultural Society, at Haverhill; and September 1, 1852, an address before the Associated Alumni of the Merrimack Normal Institute at Reed's Ferry, both of which were published. In the former he treated of farming in New Hampshire in a very able and interesting manner, showing much practical knowledge of the subject, and embodying the results of careful study and extended and minute observation. In the latter he chose the theme, "What is good instruction?" and handled it in a masterly way. He also gave several lectures, and made addresses on various public occasions. His style was marked by clearness and vigor, and while he was by no means a graceful speaker, his matter was such as to command attention, and audiences always listened to him with delight and profit. By study and practice in speaking he overcame his natural timidity, and in his later public ef-

forts there was an indescribable charm. It might seem that all these things would interfere with his college duties, or at least absorb the time that should be devoted to mathematical studies; but Prof. Woodman was an indefatigable worker, and outside matters received very little attention except during vacation. He was an efficient, thorough and popular instructor, and greatly respected by his classes. In token of their appreciation of his labors in their behalf, the sophomore class in the autumn of 1852, presented him a handsome silver pitcher. Though eminently successful as an instructor, Prof. Woodman wished for a wider field of activity than a chair of mathematics offered, and accordingly resigning his professorship, in July, 1856, he resumed the practice of law in Boston.

In 1851 the Chandler Scientific Department of Dartmouth college had been established by the trustees, in accepting the sum of fifty thousand dollars, bequeathed to them by Abiel Chandler, Esq., a native of Concord, N. H. It had been opened in 1852, under the charge of the faculty, with ex-Senator James W. Patterson, then a tutor in the college, as executive officer. In 1853 Mr. Patterson was made Chandler Professor of Mathematics, and in 1856, on the retirement of Prof. Woodman, succeeded him as professor of mathematics in the old college, still teaching in the Chandler Scientific Department, and remaining as its executive officer.

The course of study in the Chandler Department had been at first but three years, and young men had been admitted with but a very limited preparation. To carry out the intent of the founder, and meet more fully the demands of the times, the trustees saw the advisability of raising the requirements for admission, and extending the three years to four. To carry out this new programme, Prof. Patterson, being already much overworked, another professor was needed, and the board invited Mr. Woodman to the chair of civil engineering, and to the

general charge of the Chandler Scientific Department. He entered on the discharge of his duties at the opening of the college year 1857-8. At this time there were but three scientific schools in the country. The Polytechnic, at Troy, the Sheffield, at Yale, and the Lawrence, at Harvard; the two latter still in their infancy, not as yet having demonstrated their right to exist. The old time college course, excellent in itself, and which had served a noble purpose, was still maintained in its integrity. Optional courses existed in but few colleges, and only to a very limited extent. Dartmouth had a professorship of geology and chemistry, filled by one of the ablest scientific men of the time, Prof. O. P. Hubbard, a distinguished pupil of Silliman; and another of natural philosophy and astronomy, the incumbent of which was Prof. Ira Young, the father of Prof. Charles A. Young, the celebrated astronomer; and though but a limited amount of time could be devoted to these subjects, yet she was fully abreast of other great colleges in science teaching. The modern languages were not taught at all in the required course at Dartmouth, though some opportunity was afforded for their study in the short winter term, attendance on which was entirely voluntary. Without trenching seriously on the domain of the Latin, Greek, and Philosophy, very little attention could be given to either the sciences or the modern languages. Prof. Woodman, like many others, felt that to take more time from the old course of study would be to weaken it, if not to endanger its very existence. But the field of learning had become so enlarged that it could no longer be compassed by a single course of study. It seemed to him best that the old should remain substantially as it was, and that by it there should be built up a liberal training, based mainly on the sciences, mathematics, and the modern languages.

President Lord was greatly surprised and distressed, when, on the 27th of March, 1851, he received a communi-

cation from Hon. Francis B. Hayes, and J. J. Dixwell, Esq., of Boston, announcing a legacy of fifty thousand dollars "for the establishment and support of a permanent department or school of instruction in said college, in the practical and useful arts of life, under the supervision of a board of visitors." Dr. Lord's annoyance did not arise from the fact that the foundation was to be under the supervision of visitors, for it does not appear that he had a hankering for arbitrary power; but that this munificent donation had not been given to carry forward the work of the old college, then greatly in need of funds. Trained as a theologian, exceedingly conservative by nature, with very little knowledge of modern science, and with no sympathy with it, this is not to be wondered at. He had, therefore, grave doubts about the advisability of accepting Mr. Chandler's legacy, and these were shared by several members of the board of trustees. After long discussion and careful consideration of the whole subject, at the meeting of the board in July, 1851, it was unanimously resolved, "that the trustees accept with gratitude the munificent donation of the late Abiel Chandler, Esq., * * * as a sacred trust committed to the charge of the college to be administered and executed according to the design and intent of the liberal donor, and that they pledge the best exertions of the board, under the guidance of a wise Providence, faithfully and religiously to fulfill his benevolent purpose."

Dr. Lord had a horror of novelties. With clear and distinct views on all subjects that came under his observation, he accorded the same freedom to all. He never forced his peculiar views on any, and his personal friends often differed widely from him in belief. On the other hand he made no secret of his views on any subject, and never hesitated, on suitable occasions, to give the reasons for the faith that was in him. He never rested in the letter of the law, violating its plain intent, nor

trod devious and doubtful paths, but always walked in his manhood in the clear light of day. Though regretting the direction which Mr. Chandler's gift had taken, and being by no means clear in regard to the desirability of accepting it, when it had been formally accepted by the trustees, he set himself to work heartily to carry out legally and efficiently Mr. Chandler's ideas. "The trustees," he said, "having accepted Mr. Chandler's trust, are bound to carry it out according to his ideas. But they accepted his ideas first, or they would not have undertaken his proposed work." Mr. Chandler's will had been drawn by Hon. Francis B. Hayes, who was his friend and legal adviser, and thoroughly possessed of his ideas in regard to the department of instruction which he wished to establish, and Mr. Hayes and J. J. Dixwell, Esq., were appointed by Mr. Chandler trustees of the trust. With these gentlemen Dr. Lord had been in frequent and full communication, and thus became familiar with the design of the donor.

This is what he says in regard to it: "The management of Mr. Chandler's trust requires a change in the organization of the college order. But the change will consist mainly of additions. The regular course is left untouched, no arrangement is made or contemplated that will diminish the number, quantity, or proportion of the studies or exercises heretofore established as a foundation for the learned professions. These will be liable to be interpenetrated by the spirit and genius of the new department, but the influence will be reciprocal. Nothing will necessarily be lost by either. The system is intended to be one of mutual giving and receiving, with a view to the more natural and perfect development of all the branches, and a greater corresponding usefulness of the College.

By this new organization the College receives preparatory students and classes of undergraduates, who contemplate, not the professional but the active pursuits of life. It introduces

new branches and methods of study adapted to this description of young men, and it creates a new degree, the degree of Bachelor in Science, intended to be equivalent to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Its scope is to elevate mechanical and industrial pursuits, and give to material science and labor a social and political consequence in a higher proportion than they have heretofore held to the professional. It implies that all the departments of knowledge and occupation are equally necessary to the subsistence and well-being of society, and that they have hitherto not held their natural and proper relation to each other. Its aim is to restore that natural and constitutional propriety."

In 1851 the college authorities sent out a circular, in which they said, "The Chandler Scientific School, in its full course of instruction, aims at a liberal education on a scientific instead of a classical basis."

In 1863 Professor Woodman published a pamphlet giving a "Statement of the Conditions and Objects of the Chandler Scientific Department of Dartmouth College," headed "A Liberal Education or Not." In 1867 he issued a circular setting forth the aims and needs of the Chandler Scientific Department, and explaining the progress which had already been made. This circular was accompanied by letters from President Smith, Ex-President Lord, Gen. George Stark, Hon. Onslow Stearns, Judge Steele, of Vermont, and Hon. S. M. Wheeler.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, June 8. 1867.

I desire to commend the carefully prepared and impressive statement in respect to the Scientific Department of Dartmouth College, drawn up by the Senior Instructor, Professor Woodman, to the favorable consideration of the friends of education. Called as I am, in my official relations, to a constant and close observation of the Department, I am happy to bear the most decided testimony to the manliness, earnestness, and diligence of the students, and the comprehensiveness, symmetry and thoroughness of the course of study. I do not believe that a better training is given, to

say the least, at any similar Institution in our country. I trust the appeal for additional pecuniary means will not be in vain. While all the objects named are important, I am particularly interested in the suggestions respecting a fund in aid of worthy but indigent young men. Such a fund ought at once to be established. What better use of money can be made than in providing for the greater efficiency of an Institution which has held, and is still to hold so important a place among our educational forces?

ASA D. SMITH, PRESIDENT.

[FROM EX-PRESIDENT LORD.]

HANOVER, N. H., May, 1867.

The circular of Professor Woodman, concerning the Chandler Scientific Department of Dartmouth College, sets forth truly and wisely, in my judgment, the design, history, deserts and wants of that Department. My own personal connection and intimate acquaintance with it from the beginning till within a recent period, will justify my commendation of the Professor's circular to the regards of all who may receive it.

The Academical Department of the College will not fail to receive a large share of the public patronage. The numerous Alumni and the friends of professional learning in general will not suffer it to languish for want of adequate means of instruction and discipline. It may be confidently trusted to their sympathies and active charities. They will stand to their resolutions and fulfill their pledges.

The Scientific Department has yet to make its way to a corresponding favor. I would accordingly commend it on the grounds suggested by the Professor, and, more particularly, in view of the necessity now becoming constantly more evident of a higher education in the "practical and useful arts of life."

It is clear to all considerate observers that the tendency of society every where is rapidly increasing in that direction. Agriculture, manufactures, trade, engineering, military necessities, the fine arts, and industrial pursuits in general, with the commerce ensuing to a more extended and busy civilization, necessarily engage the many, while merely professional pursuits are confined to comparatively few, and are likely to decline in the general estimation. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the remote consequences of this remarkable drift, it certainly is undeniable. It is a law, no more to be overcome than that of gravity. It is the part of wisdom, therefore, not to resist the law, which would

be fruitless, and probably injurious, but so to use and apply it as best to avert or neutralize its possible, or certain dangers, and make it subservient, on the whole, to christian and patriotic ends.

To those ends it becomes clearly the duty of all good men and citizens to sustain, regulate and dignify our scientific institutions. They should not be left to any bad accidents. They should not be suffered to languish in any one locality, and become disproportionately powerful and exorbitant in another. A good foundation, wherever wisely laid, and thus far built upon successfully and honorably, should be strengthened, and the superstructure furnished agreeably to its natural occasions. New Hampshire should not be overshadowed, in this respect, by any sister State. The Scientific Department of Dartmouth should be kept up to its design, in due proportion to the Academical, and to the important district of country which it represents. It should have determined friends and patrons, and they should look well to its administration, that it may be conducted on the righteous and benevolent principles and with the ability and zeal contemplated by its high-minded and generous founder. The young men who might resort to it, from whatever quarter, should find here means and opportunities as ample as could be afforded elsewhere, and should perceive themselves to be trained answerably to the demands now every where made upon scientific men.

Dartmouth has deserved well of the State and the country. It has done, probably, its full share for the learned professions. Its late scientific endowment gives it an additional advantage. To strengthen adequately this new member will be to add vigor and tone to the Institution as a whole. Wherefore, let this and every member be helped together, that the whole body may grow by that which every part supplies, and thus subserve effectually and permanently the general interests of the State.

N. LORD.

DERBY LINE, VT., May 24, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your favor and circular relating to the Chandler Department in Dartmouth College are received, and I am happy to answer, if you think any thing I can say will be of service.

The very searching and extended examination of the several classes in that Department, which I had the pleasure of witnessing last year, added to the considerable acquaintance I before had with the School, warrant me, I think, in indorsing all you state in the circular of

the course and method of instruction, the character of the students, and the claim of the School to the sympathy and encouragement of the public. I do not know how, in a four years' course, more can be done toward a valuable culture than is there actually accomplished. The hearty interest and zeal in study, which are so generally noticeable in the Department, result in part, doubtless, from the fact that the substantial and practical character of the course of instruction causes its value to be appreciated by the students. It is to be remembered, also, that the effectiveness of study, as a mental discipline, depends more on its earnestness than its subject. Generally, therefore, it is clear that for even disciplinary purposes, those studies should be selected which will actually awaken the most interest and the best effort.

It is a matter of congratulation that this Department has not been permitted to become, like most institutions of its kind, a mere school of science and engineering. Beyond this it aims at a liberal collegiate culture, substituting for the dead languages a more complete study of natural science, the mathematics and modern languages. A scientific course of but three years, with little preparatory study, ought not to be compared with a four years' classical course preceded by three years of preparation. You have very wisely extended your course to four years and gradually raised the standard of admission. It is to be hoped that very soon there will be no difference in the amount of study required by the two departments of the College, either to enter or to graduate, but that the only difference will be in the nature of the studies pursued, each department thus adapting itself to the wants of its own class of pupils. There will then be space in the Chandler Department for a more critical and philosophical study of literature and modern languages, and the school, thus elevated and properly endowed, will completely answer a want it has already done much to supply, and which a large portion of the public have long deeply felt. It will meet the need and wishes of that very large class of young men, who desire a full, substantial, severe and generous collegiate culture—a *liberal education*—but who, anticipating an active life, prefer that their culture should be founded on studies, not almost certain in cases like theirs, to soon become unavailable, neglected and forgotten.

Hoping that the perseverance, talent and devotion which have already enabled you to accomplish so much for the

school, and, through it, for the public, may be rewarded as they deserve, in your present most commendable enterprise. I am, with great respect, very sincerely yours.

BENJ. H. STEELE.

Professor Woodman's views on classical and scientific training are set forth in his address at the opening of the Free Institute, in Worcester, Mass., in 1867, in which he said, "There has probably never been a people so highly educated as our own, in a purely literary direction. What we now need is a liberal education upon a scientific basis, in order that a portion of our leading men—those whose tastes and capabilities, or whose pursuits in life are not literary—may be placed on the same elevation; and all the industrial pursuits and all the applications of science stand on this broad and sufficient foundation. The old academical departments of the colleges are doing a noble work; all literary pursuits want that training. Let them be cherished. There can be no better training. That the long-continued Greek and Latin discipline is the best work that can be done for the literary man is not disputed, and, as a general training and culture, is now the best we have. The books, the methods, the schools, are all perfected by a century of experience in that one direction. The sciences afford an equally good basis. But the books, the methods, and the schools are yet to be perfected and put systematically on their proper work. Liberal culture, on a scientific basis, must stand side by side with the literary. * * * There is no hostility or rivalry between literary and scientific culture. Each helps the other." Professor Woodman's ideas of education then were broad and liberal. He conceived the object of instruction to be first of all to impress on the mind the true ends of citizenship, to give mental and moral discipline, and awaken a love of knowledge and a desire for improvement. He appreciated the intimate relations between the various departments of knowledge, and held that some proficiency in all was essential for the founda-

tion of a good education; and that in elementary training the future occupation should be taken into account only in a general way. He would have all technical knowledge rest on a liberal foundation. First the man, then the tanner, the farmer, the doctor, the divine, the chemist, the engineer.

His views of the equipment of the teacher are worthy of our notice. He should have in the first place, clear and distinct conceptions of the object and end of instruction. To this should be added copious knowledge, to be measured by the grade of instruction. No experience, no theory, no natural skill could supply its place. The peculiar temper, the tact demanded to achieve the best results, he considered rare, and the genuine teacher, like the poet, must be born, not made. Devoting himself to the work of instruction, Professor Woodman set up for himself the same high standard that he insisted upon for others. He was a conscientious, painstaking and faithful student. He never learned a little Choctaw or Chinese, or something else equally foreign for parade. He sought knowledge for the love of it, or for the use he might make of it. In his department of instruction, graphics and civil engineering, he certainly had abundant knowledge. His skill in teaching free-hand drawing was remarkable. A text-book, which he had prepared on this subject, was published after his death. A marked characteristic of his instruction was thoroughness. He first went to the bottom of the subject himself, and then endeavored to have his classes do the same. He talked but little in the classroom, but his explanations were marvelously clear and exact, given deliberately, but forcibly. He relied mainly on questions and suggestions, and tried to awaken and stimulate intellectual activity, and lead the student to independent thinking and investigation. Though ordinarily deliberate in speech, to the student at least his quickness of perception seemed almost marvelous. When work was being put upon the black-board he had a habit of sitting

with his back toward it. He would suddenly turn, when the time for explanation came, and instantly point out any errors. He had a strong dislike to looseness and vagueness of statement. In recitation, when a student wandered from the subject he brought him back by one or two sharp questions, and then held him there. A few days were sufficient for him to effectively clip the wings of the most flighty. His favorites in a class seemed to be the less gifted, and for these he labored with unflagging zeal. His patience with this class of students was simply marvelous. The bright scholars, he used to say, would take care of themselves, but the dull ones needed the teacher's best efforts.

The work of a teacher is by no means limited to the class-room, nor the education which he gives to the knowledge imparted on any given subject. A man is more for a class than a Greek verb or a *cosine*. The teacher's habits of daily life, the position he occupies in the community, his political views, his religious connections, are all so many educating influences for good or for evil.

When Professor Woodman returned to Hanover, in 1858, he bought the Brewster house, which he thoroughly repaired, and made of it one of the most beautiful and attractive houses in the village, and here he lived until 1865, when he sold it to President Smith. His house was plainly but substantially furnished, and he strove to make it a genuine home.

In December, 1848, while in the practice of law in Dover, he had married Miss Anna M. Pendexter, of Madbury, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, to whom he was ardently devoted. A daughter, who had been born to them, had died at an early age, and grief for her loss was the only shadow that rested on the household. As other children did not come to them, they adopted a beautiful little girl, now grown to womanhood. Professor Woodman's home-life was beautiful. Says one in position to know

fully: "One thing used to strike those who were much in his family, that he never forgot to show all members of it all those little attentions which with some are shown only to distinguished visitors." This same courtesy was carried into his intercourse with all those with whom he came in contact.

His daily life was simple and laborious. He might have been seen early on a winter's morning caring for his horse, or, after a snow, shoveling paths about his premises. In summer he delighted to work in his garden. He was well skilled in the use of tools, and made many articles, such as tables and book-cases, several of which are still in use. All these things did not interfere with his work as an instructor, but served as recreation, and aided in preserving his health which was often severely tried by the exhausting labor of the class-room, and the details of management which devolved upon him. Professor Woodman was reared in the faith of the Congregational Church, of which he was a consistent member. His faith was strong, his sympathy active and far-reaching, his views clear and well-defined. He took a lively and intelligent interest in every good cause, and was especially interested in missionary work among seamen.

In person he was tall and spare, with a tendency to weakness of the lungs, and at last, hastened by exhausting labor, his health began to give way. A change of climate, and rest, of which he was sadly in need, might have restored him; but he stood at his post and continued to perform his wonted duties till overpowered by physical weakness. In June, 1870, after twenty years of service in the cause of the college, he saw himself forced to send in his resignation. In the autumn he went to Florida to try the effect of a milder climate, and seemed gradually to improve. But his heart was still in the work to which his life had been devoted, and toward the close of February he returned to Hanover to give some instruction in civil engineering. The weather was cold, and feeble as

he still was, his strength was severely taxed; but he worked on with his old-time faithfulness, and when the course of instruction was finished, he was worn out. He now retired to his old home in Durham, and though he struggled bravely against the disease that was firmly fixed upon him, on the 9th of May, 1871, the struggle ended, and he was laid to rest on the pleasant hill-side where his boyish feet had strayed, and in sight of the river which he loved.

It were a fruitless task to endeavor to estimate at its true value a life like his, so full of beneficent labors. For the college, which he dearly loved, he labored with rare fidelity and devotion, giving to it his best endeavors, dying worn out in its service. By his will he left to the Chandler Scientific Department the sum of \$20,000, subject to a life-annuity of \$500 for the benefit of his widow, the income to be used when the principal should reach \$30,000. This will doubtless form the

foundation for the Woodman Professorship of Civil Engineering. Though toiling no longer among us with hand and brain, he has thus provided that the work in which he was engaged shall go on so long as the college shall stand. What more fitting and enduring monument could he have erected for himself? His name, linked with that of Chandler, will thus be perpetuated; and as generation after generation of students shall enjoy the fruits of his labors, men shall rise up and call him blessed. To his many pupils, scattered widely as they are, he can never die; and as oft-times, in the hush of din and turmoil, from some bright oasis of success, their thoughts turn to the old Dartmouth days, there comes up before them a grand, majestic figure, a hero of modern days, the loving friend, the wise counselor, the sure guide; and such he will ever remain, and so long as one of our number is left, shall he be held in loving and grateful remembrance.

THE BAR SUPPER.

BY GEORGE W. NESMITH, LL. D.

The first term of the Superior Court of Judicature, in Merrimack county, was held in January, A. D. 1824. Chief-Justice William M. Richardson presided. It was the first time that Concord had enjoyed the presence of a duly established Court of Law. The county had been created by the legislature of 1823, and from the towns originally belonging to the western part of Rockingham, and the northern part of Hillsborough county. The members of the bar resident in the towns composing Merrimack county came together at this term, at Concord, and were duly organized as the Merrimack County Bar. We were not permitted to join it until September, A. D. 1825. But we had the pleasure of witnessing the proceedings

of the court and bar, as an interested spectator, during most of the aforesaid January term. Very recently we saw the old Court-House, which then was occupied by the court and bar, smoking in ruins by reason of fire.

Now, after the lapse of more than fifty-nine years, all the members of that court and bar, save George Kent, Esq., of Washington city, have quit this mortal sphere of action, and passed off into the unseen world,—many of them leaving behind the fragrance of good deeds done here, and, as we trust, to receive “the rewards of the *just made perfect*, in that land where the weary are at rest.”

The partiality of surviving friends has already furnished to the public interesting biographical sketches of most

of these professional men who flourished in former days. Their honest and just fame has long since been established, and could not be much enhanced by the use of my pen.

We propose to recur to one or two incidents that came under our observation at the bar supper, which was celebrated in due form on one of the first evenings of the session of the court of January, 1824, at the inn of J. P. Gass, then located near where Sanborn's block now is, on Main street.

This festive occasion was attended by many of the members of the bar of Merrimack county. Also by many others from the other counties of the state. After the cloth was removed we were permitted, as a spectator, to look in upon a joyous assemblage of jovial, good-natured men, who were merry-making over the birth of the new county. We listened to some good speeches, one or two original songs, several short sentiments,—all more or less appropriate, and well-calculated to promote good feelings and add to the hilarity of the occasion. Near the close of the ceremonies a venerable and very sedate and sober gentleman of the fraternity, who hailed from Strafford county, rose in his place and gave to his brethren much new and uncommon light upon the doctrine of contingent remainders, and how they might be extinguished. Addressing the president, he continued, "You know, sir, very well, that we have instruction in many of our elementary law-books, such as Blackstone, Lord Coke, more especially *Tearne*, showing us how estates in remainder may be created, and especially how contingent remainders are created and *extinguished*. Now I propose to explain and illustrate to your satisfaction the best modern mode of extinguishing a *contingent remainder*. I can do it in no better way than by a practical example." At this moment the speaker

held up a bottle that stood before him containing about one glass of wine. "Now the brethren will understand that this morsel of wine in my hand is a very '*contingent remainder*.' Suppose I suit action to the word and apply the bottle to my lips, will you then not see how easily this *contingent remainder* may be extinguished?" At this crisis Col. Philip Carrigain exclaims, "The wine is certainly extinguished, and I thank you for your new law, as it surely illustrates the truth of the old adage, 'when the wine is in the wit is out.'" "Not so," says Hon. Henry Hubbard; "when the wine is in the truth comes out. He has shown us how a vast number of remainders have been extinguished, both in this country and all others. He has given us the common law, '*In vine est veritas*.'" The speakers were much applauded by the learned assembly.

We do not understand that the new law, discovered at this meeting, affected Daniel Webster's earlier fame, acquired by him when he studied *Tearne* in order to solve the difficulties arising out of a will made by a husband, a blacksmith in Portsmouth, in behalf of his wife. Upon the death of the husband a small estate was left to the wife, dependent on the doctrine of remainder, which gave to Mr. Webster the necessity of expending thirty dollars' worth of labor in preparing an opinion for which he charged but fifteen dollars. Afterward, when in New York city, he met Aaron Burr, who consulted him upon the will of a rich client that contained provisions similar to the poor widow's case. And by referring promptly to the law applicable to the widow's case he was enabled to secure a good fee; and, what was better, he gained great glory and much wonder, from Burr, for his extraordinary readiness and ability in clearing up the perplexities of his will.

HON. WILLIAM B. SMALL.

BY ELISHA A. KEEP.

The elements of society are many and varied; but men are divided into two classes—the few who lead, and the many who are led.

The man of sufficient independence and will-power to oppose what he believes to be wrong, and to defend and maintain the right, regardless of consequences, will find a place in the world, and hearts of men awaiting his leadership; and the man of strong personality, added to principle, will be remembered. It is of such a man that the writer comes to the pages of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* with this brief sketch.

Well known to many of the people of New Hampshire, and particularly of the south-eastern part, is the name of William B. Small. Though not a native of New Hampshire, enough of his life was spent among her hills to endear to him her many interests and good people, and to entitle him to a place upon her scroll of honor, and a share in her treasured history. New Hampshire was the scene of his life from boyhood, and the ground upon which he found his way to eminence.

William Bradbury Small was the son of Isaac Small, and was born in Limington, Maine, May 17, 1817. There he resided until nearly a young man, when he came to New Hampshire with his parents, who settled on a farm in the town of Ossipee, and became a well known and prominent family of Carroll county.

The life of every man, be he great or small, has its first page written in the type of childhood. The figures and marks on this title page, generally outline and index the course of after years. The aspirations of the youth fore-shadow the man, and this case was no exception. He then formed the inclinations and desires which later became so prominent in his character as a man.

The man who leaves any impress of his life, and any mark, is not one who is afraid of soiling his hands by work, but one who patiently and faithfully hews out his way as the day finds it before him. This man fought his own battles, and earned his passage through the world by hard labor. He shirked neither work nor responsibility, nor shared in the fears of so many, lest he should do something without reward.

Most untiring, ready and willing, as a student of life, nature and books, he found the ways of knowledge open to him, as they ever are to such. Whatever came to his hand to do he did with a will and determination that meant something, stamping it with his own individuality and earnestness. From the rugged life and industry of one of the noblest occupations in which a man can engage,—that of tilling the soil,—sprang and developed the energetic character and sturdy manhood that made the young man one of promise, and later a successful, upright and able lawyer, a distinguished man and citizen, and a valued friend.

But youth passes by, and William B. Small is a *man* destined for a broader sphere of thought and life; to do noble service for the people of New Hampshire who are waiting for him. Honored and attractive as was the home life with his parents on the farm,—for New Hampshire farms have their attractions,—he realized greater possibilities in the world of educated thought, and was determined to obtain an education—the surest weapon of success known to life. Unassisted he availed himself of the advantages of Effingham Academy, and afterward pursued a course of reading and study by himself. Later, he taught in one of the public schools of Exeter, and there decided to follow the profession of law, in which

he became so successful, and which was most singularly adapted to the peculiar qualities of his mind. He read his profession at Exeter, with Messrs. Bell and Tuck,—two eminent lawyers,—until his admission to the bar in 1846, when he began its practice in Newmarket. Of his life as a young lawyer, and his struggles to gain a foot-hold in his profession,—of which every lawyer who begins poor knows well the meaning,—many of the solid men of Newmarket to-day, who were his old-time friends and associates, well remember. Like every young poor but pushing man, he had his opponents, who, as a class, are only too ready to trample beneath their feet noble aspirations, and withhold merited reward. But William B. Small was not a man to be *plowed under*. Though poor and unaided, he gained the confidence of clients and the respect of the community, by fair and upright dealings evinced determination to succeed, until he was above the average lawyer, when he did not lack for friends. At the time when most needed the world withholds its aid. It yields only when compelled to. In his office early and late he was to be found, working far into the night upon his cases, always bringing to every subject his best efforts and presenting it to the court with that care and preparation which would obtain a favorable verdict if possible to be obtained.

While it is only by hard labor that success is attained in any calling, it is doubly true in that of the law. It is not success simply to live by any vocation, but to reach an eminence above the average of its followers,—in short, to be an artist at his work. He devoted his whole attention to the study and work of his profession, and kept his hands clean from the soil of dishonor. Generous and charitable, he assisted every young man within his reach, needing aid, who would assist himself; but he could not tolerate indolence in any form. Rising step by step he reached that place in the ranks of his profession where he could

command tribute, shunning the sharp practices and pettifoggery that too often stamps the village lawyer as a "land-shark." Working long and patiently, he won distinctions and honors of which any man might well be proud. For over thirty years he enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity in the practice of his profession, never deviating from the cardinal principles of rectitude and honor so deeply rooted during his early struggles for independent and successful manhood.

His professional life held up the model lawyer, not as a commodity to be purchased at the highest bid, but as the officer of justice and right, the defender of the oppressed, and the advocate of truth, interested always to advance the cause of all true reform, and promote the peace, good order, and prosperity of the community. The name of such a man lives many generations after he is gone.

Mr. Small was a liberal and prominent supporter and constant attendant of the Congregational Church in Newmarket, to which he was devotedly attached, though not a member of any church organization. He was a stalwart friend to all enterprises tending to uplift the common people and better their condition. By *them* he was raised to the position of power,—a fact which he did not forget. He was an ardent supporter of the cause of popular education, for he knew well its value. He was a member of the educational board of his town for many years, and secured the enactment by the Legislature of a law granting to School District No. 1, in the town of Newmarket, the privilege of independent action in the election of its officers, to the great advantage of its schools. Later, he was one of the foremost leaders in bringing into operation the graded system in the public schools, by which such satisfactory results have since been attained, and the establishment of the Newmarket High School,—objects of pride to the intelligent and patriotic people of the town.

Being a strong anti-slavery man, from the time of the war Mr. Small was a devoted adherent to the principles of the Republican party. He held many offices of responsibility and trust, and always discharged his official duties to the satisfaction of all parties, as evidenced by their many votes, often-times cast regardless of the lines of party preference. He was a man above the dishonor of political trickery and the taint of personal disloyalty.

He represented his town in the State Legislature, where he was prominent in debate, and a leader in all measures tending to the well-being of his state, and to a development of its many resources and increasing interests.

For many years he was one of the directors of the Newmarket National Bank, and later its president; and also trustee and afterward president of the Newmarket Savings Bank.

He was a member of the State Senate in 1870, where the prominent qualities of the man were manifested to the honor of his constituents and himself.

For some years he held, with entire satisfaction to all parties and to the court with which he was associated, the office of Solicitor for Rockingham county, bringing his positive qualities to good purpose and effect, in the suppression of crime, and the promotion of good order among our people.

He was honored by the first congressional district of New Hampshire, as its Representative in the Congress of 1873. There the sterling qualities of his personal character, and the knowledge acquired by his varied experience, rendered him an addition to the House of Representatives, doing credit to his state.

In token of its appreciation of his abilities as an eminent man and scholar, Dartmouth College conferred upon him, in 1865, the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

April, 1878, when at the height of his professional career, and when his value was becoming known to the people of his state, he died at the age of sixty years, from injuries received upon

the head by a fall, in over haste to reach a train of cars which was to convey him to the bedside of a dying brother, at the old home in Ossipee.

He left a place in the public heart and work of his community which few can fill, and a life as a lawyer worthy of imitation.

His personal attachments were many and strong; nothing at his command was too good for his friends; he would make any personal sacrifice for the pleasure and comfort of those that he cared for; as a son he was ever mindful of his parents, providing them with comfort and luxury; he was devoted to the persons and causes with which he sympathized, and was a bitter opponent of what he deemed wrong or false. This same strength of attachment, which is really the main strength of all forcible character, extended to locality as well as to persons of his long association and choice.

In the last years of his life, as his business increased, calling him from home much of the time, he contemplated changing his residence to that of Exeter, one of the county seats. To that end he formed a copartnership with Joseph H. Wiggins, of Exeter, but did not long continue, as he was never satisfied to pursue the daily routine of his business away from Newmarket, the scene of his life's conquest for power. He felt that he could never know elsewhere that power which was begotten of the scenes and circumstances of his early struggle, and that magnetism which came from the people who had helped him to make his name, and to become what he was by their life-long sympathy and support. The truly great man never forgets them, nor finds elsewhere, in after years, the same courage and strength that hovered about the altars of his early life. Mr. Small never out-grew the attachments formed in his youth for the soil and its husbandry. Such a man outgrows nothing, and especially nothing which is ingredient of his early history. He purchased a piece of land near the village of Newmarket, which, during

the last of his life, he found it recreation to cultivate and improve, when weary with the thought and work of his busy life. He spent every spare moment to good advantage,—a lifelong characteristic of this industrious man. He spent no time lounging about the street corners, nor meddling with the affairs of his neighbors. When a young man he was noted as an early riser, and much enjoyed taking an early morning walk.

He saw life from its true stand-point, and knew its real philosophy. He was a pronounced man, and would accomplish what he undertook, cost what it might. He was pre-eminently a self-made and self-educated man; learning from every scene and circumstance of life something to be remembered. Socially, he was a central figure in the best circles, and the delight of his friends; possessing that store of knowledge, added to personal powers of wit and humor, which good society always appreciates and appropriates. In domestic life he made his home one of the happiest. He brought to its altar the strongest of his powerful emotions, and the purest and best of his noble thoughts and generous nature.

Mr. Small was supported by the masses, because he supported what was dearest to them and their interests; he was honored because he honored

all,—a certain and invariable conclusion.

At the close of his life he was engaged professionally in a great number of the most important causes in the courts of the state, and spent whole nights in their study, refreshed occasionally by a cup of coffee, his only stimulant. Though at that elevation where he could set his price and command it, he was never guilty of demanding unreasonable fees, and in numberless cases, where clients were poor but worthy, and with worthy causes, he worked with equal fidelity and earnestness for little or nothing; he did not encourage litigation, but frequently advised parties to settle their disputes without recourse to law. He always gave his honest opinion, whether it would be to the advantage of his pocket or not; and the lawyer who does that is always the gainer in the end, and this man surely was.

As a lasting memorial to his career as a lawyer, there stands upon the records of the Rockingham Bar, with which he was associated for so many years, a series of resolutions passed by the bar association at his death, which testify to the high appreciation in which his talents and services were held by its members, and to the value they placed upon his personal qualities as a man and friend.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN MICHIGAN.—No. 3.

James F. Joy, of Detroit, was born at Durham, N. H., December 2, 1810. His father, a manufacturer of agricultural implements, was a man of iron muscles, large brain, and great mental and moral power. Like most of the strong men of New England he placed great value on education, and moral and religious training for his children; consequently he labored earnestly that they might enjoy those privileges which honest poverty had denied to him. He not only practiced himself all the

virtues of the New England calendar, but carefully trained his children in them.

Having fitted himself for college, with such aid as his father could afford him, James F. Joy entered Dartmouth, from which he graduated in 1833, having the rank of first scholar of his class, and winning the valedictory assigned him as such. From Dartmouth, with all its inspiring associations and memories, as the school of Webster and Choate, Joy went to

Cambridge, Mass., where, during the years of 1833 and 1834, he enjoyed the benefit and example of the teaching of Story and Greenleaf; and where he laid, broad and deep, the foundations of the structure he has since raised. Being poor, however, he was compelled to leave the law school and enter the academy at Pittsfield as its preceptor. He was next employed as tutor of Latin classes at Dartmouth. After spending a year there he returned to the law school in Cambridge, where he completed his studies and spent another year.

Mr. Joy was a thorough classical scholar, and during all the labors of his profession, and in those vast railway enterprises which he has founded and constructed with such eminent ability and success, has never failed to keep up his early studies.

Although he is the "railway king of the north-west," he is more than this—he is a ripe scholar, a man of great literary attainments, and a most eminent and able lawyer. He has few superiors in this country in all that vast code of law that has grown up as a part and parcel of the railway system of the United States. He is also a thorough master of constitutional law.

In September, 1836, he went to Detroit and entered the law office of Hon. Augustus B. Porter. At that time he was not worth a hundred dollars. During the year that he remained in the office with Mr. Porter he attracted attention to his character for industry, steadiness of purpose, devotion to business, and high moral principles; and when admitted to the bar, in 1837, he at once entered on a large practice. Soon after he commenced practice he became partner of George F. Porter, a man of great practical business knowledge, who became an invaluable help to Mr. Joy. Joy and Porter soon became attorneys and counsellors to large business houses in Boston and New York. In 1847 a Mr. Brooks came from Boston to Michigan to purchase the then Detroit and St. Joseph Railroad; he

was sent to Mr. Joy as the man to take the legal charge of all the negotiations, and to act as counsel for the new stockholders in that great enterprise. Mr. Brooks entrusted the entire business of the negotiations, purchases from the state, drawing up and passing the acts, and securing the purchase money, by which the Michigan Central Railroad, now one of the best in the country, was secured, to Mr. Joy; and it was through his faithful performance of the business entrusted to him, that the road came into existence. With the completion of the new line to Chicago, he at once started to extend it to the Missouri river, and, organizing the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, he built up one of the most lucrative and best regulated and managed roads in the United States. This road has more than quadrupled its stock out of its earnings. Mr. Joy is president and director of the Michigan Central, and the Hannibal and St. Joseph roads, the Missouri and Council Bluffs road and their branches, and is an officer and stockholder in several others. He and Mr. Brooks also organized the company for the construction of the St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal, connecting the navigation of Lake Superior with that of the lower lakes, for all classes of vessels—a work of great national importance.

Since the close of the war Mr. Joy has mainly devoted himself to the construction of railroads in Michigan. The Detroit, Lansing and Lake Michigan Railroad owes its present prosperity to his efforts. The road from Detroit to Bay City, and also the Chicago and Michigan Lake Shore Railroad, extending from New Buffalo to Pentwater, with branches to Grand Rapids and Big Rapids, have been built by his means and influence. He did much, also, to promote the construction of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw road, and the Grand River Valley road. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no single man in the West has done so much to promote and push forward public improvements,

and contributed so much to the development of the resources and wealth of the great West, as he has done.

His habits of mind and life have not inclined him to be a politician, but, at the commencement of the war he was induced to go to the legislature of the state, where his influence and ability were of eminent service in preparing the state for her part in the great contest. He was chairman of the committee of ways and means,

and he was of great help in settling the financial policy of the state, which has since relieved it from embarrassments. What Mr. Joy's fortune is no one knows but himself. It is thought to be immense. Yet all his habits, including dress, equipage, &c., are simple and unostentatious. He is a member of the Congregational church, liberal, and consistent. As a father, he has trained his children to habits of industry and integrity.

TERRA INCOGNITA.

BY JOSEPH W. PARMELEE.

In all the countless ages past,
Before the Anglo-Saxon came,
How lonely spread this empire vast:—
A continent without a name!

Along interminable shores
The solemn service of the sea.
Intoned by storms and breakers' roar,
Was lifted up to Deity.

From Eastern to far Western main
Sunlight and golden hours were strown,
O'er lone Sierra crag and plain
Where human footprints were unknown.

From everlasting reservoirs
Great rivers poured through silent lands,
To meet the ocean tidal wave
Where the wild waters clapped their hands.

The sun that burst in glorious day
Athwart this virgin hemisphere,
Looked back on empires in decay,
On ancient lands and deserts sere,

Where generations of mankind
Age after age had lived and wrought.
Or, creatures of a despot's mind,
Had proudly won, or vainly fought.

To this lone land the Red Man came,
No annals tell us when or how,
A Mongol's lineage and name
Were graven on his savage brow.

Then wigwams smoked among the trees
By lake and stream, on ocean side,
While Indian corn, on sunny leas,
And the rude chase his needs supplied.

The Eagle in his flight sublime
Survey'd with pride this vast domain,
Foreknowing that in future time
A sovereign people here would reign.

And when that commonwealth should rise
To freedom ever consecrate,
They'd hale him from his azure skies
T'emplazon its great seal of state.

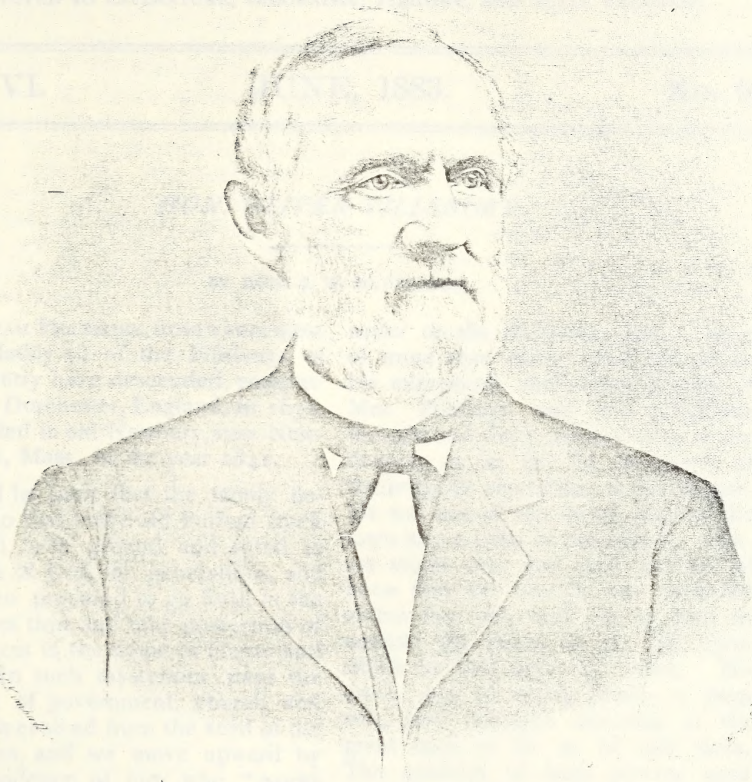
THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Devoted to Literature, History, Art, and General Reading.

Vol. VI.

1889.



Oliver Pillsbury

When the people of this country were first called upon to support the cause of the oppressed, and to do so in a way that would not only be a good thing for the world, but also a good thing for the people of this country, they were met with a response that was both prompt and generous.

It will be remembered that the first step was taken in the year 1840, when the people of this country were first called upon to support the cause of the oppressed, and to do so in a way that would not only be a good thing for the world, but also a good thing for the people of this country.

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Oliver Pillsbury was born in Hingham, Mass., on the 15th of May, 1811. His parents, Oliver Pillsbury and Anna Maria Pillsbury, were both pious and upright men, and their influence was a powerful one in the life of their son. Oliver Pillsbury was a man of great physical and mental strength. His early education was at the Hingham Academy, and he was graduated in 1830. He then spent some time in the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1833. He was a member of the Hingham Association, and was a prominent figure in the community. He was a man of great energy and ability, and he was a man of great influence. He was a man of great courage and conviction, and he was a man of great faith. He was a man of great love and kindness, and he was a man of great hope. He was a man of great wisdom and understanding, and he was a man of great strength. He was a man of great character and integrity, and he was a man of great honor. He was a man of great respect and admiration, and he was a man of great love and affection. He was a man of great faith and belief, and he was a man of great hope and confidence. He was a man of great courage and conviction, and he was a man of great faith and belief. He was a man of great love and kindness, and he was a man of great hope and confidence. He was a man of great wisdom and understanding, and he was a man of great strength. He was a man of great character and integrity, and he was a man of great honor. He was a man of great respect and admiration, and he was a man of great love and affection. He was a man of great faith and belief, and he was a man of great hope and confidence.

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No. 9.

HON. OLIVER PILLSBURY.

BY HON. J. W. PATTERSON.

WILLIAM PILLSBURY, from whom most and probably all of the Pillsburys of this country have descended, emigrated from Dorchester, England, in 1631, and settled in old Newbury, now Newburyport, Mass., in the year 1641.

It will be seen that the family belonged to that brave old Puritan stock that had been ground and sifted in the mills of God for generations, and had been prepared to go forth in the fullness of time and take possession of a continent in the name of liberty and truth. In such mysterious ways the progress of government, church and society is evolved from the seed of the dead ages, and we move upward by the providence of him who "works within us to will and to do of his own good pleasure."

The families that planted our nation were not the sport of fortune, drifted by an accident of history to these shores, but were preordained and guided to their destiny.

OLIVER PILLSBURY, the subject of this sketch, sprung from this line. He was born in Henniker, N. H., February 16, 1817. His parents, Deacon Oliver Pillsbury and Anna Smith Pillsbury, were both persons of unusual physical and mental strength. The

writer recalls distinctly, after a lapse of more than thirty years, the amiable expression and serene dignity of Mrs. Pillsbury, and the masculine thought and deep, solemn voice of the deacon, as he led the devotions of the religious assemblies of the people. He was one of the strong men of the town and a pillar in the church. Others might veer and drift, but we all knew that the deacon was anchored within the veil, and was as sure to outride the storm as the hill upon which he had fixed his home. He was a man of strong powers, a stern will, and constant devotion to the great ends of life as he saw them. The qualities of both parents were transmitted in large measure to their children. Our state has produced but few men who were the peers in intellectual strength and moral courage to their first born, Parker Pillsbury. Not many men in our country, indeed, in the years that preceded the civil war, struck heavier blows for, or clung with a more courageous, self-sacrificing devotion to, liberty than he. Those of us who knew him could hear the deep undertone of the deacon's voice in his, and knew he would conquer or die. In the roll-call of the imperishables in the great struggle for liberty,

his name will be heard among the first.

Of such stock is Oliver, the fifth son of Dea. Oliver Pillsbury. During the first seventeen years of his life he experienced the usual fortune of the sons of New England farmers,—a maximum of hard work and a minimum of schooling; but at that time, having been overtaken by a lameness which threatened to be permanent, he was sent to the academy that he might prepare for duties suited to his prospective infirmity. He entirely recovered, but this circumstance gave a new drift to his life. For nearly five years he pursued his studies with unabated interest and industry, giving thoroughness and a practical character to his acquisitions by teaching during the winter months. Mr. Pillsbury had few equals and no superiors among those who taught at that time in our public schools. He was master both of his school and his studies, and had the faculty of inspiring his pupils with his own spirit. Many who have since done good work in life look back with gratitude to those years of pupilage.

In 1839 Mr. Pillsbury left New England and went to New Jersey, where he opened a tuition school, there being no free schools in the state at that time. There, though an entire stranger, he gained the confidence of the community and held it during eight years of successful work. During the last six years of this time he taught the academy at Bound Brook, Somerset county. While there he married Matilda Nevius, who died in 1847, leaving a young daughter, an only child. The position which Mr. Pillsbury acquired among the educators of New Jersey may be learned from the fact that he was prominent among the few gentlemen who held the first school convention at the capital, over which he presided, and which was followed by similar conventions in other cities. The movement thus begun resulted in the establishment of public instruction in that state. To have been a leading

spirit in the accomplishment of so beneficent a work, in a sojourn of only eight years, should be a perpetual honor to the life of any man.

At the end of this time Mr. Pillsbury's health having become impaired, he returned to his native place, where he purchased the paternal homestead and entered again upon the work of his boyhood. For seventeen years he followed the life of a farmer, but did not move in its old empirical ruts. He applied the knowledge and improved methods which modern investigation has given to agriculture, and in a little time doubled the productive power of his farm. The successful factor in every industry is brains, and in this case even New Hampshire farming proved no exception to the rule.

Mr. Pillsbury contracted a second marriage, in 1850, with Miss Sarah Wilkins, of Henniker, his present esteemed and accomplished wife.

Though assiduous in the pursuits of agriculture, his benevolent instincts led him to take an active interest in the causes of temperance, anti-slavery, and whatever else the public welfare seemed to demand. His efforts in this direction, in co-operation with those of others, produced a change in the politics of the town, which resulted in his introduction to public life. He was elected moderator of town-meeting fourteen times, selectman six times, and to the legislature three times. In all these trusts he showed himself wise, able, and efficient. As a legislator, he did not seem anxious merely to shine, but to be useful, and to advance the interests of the state. Such qualities and service commended him to public favor, and in 1862 he was elected a councilor for the last year of Gov. Berry's administration, and re-elected to the council of Gov. Gilmore. This, it will be remembered, was while the hardships and horrors of the civil war were upon us, and when questions that could not be settled by precedent, and that tested the authority and resources of the state, were

brought daily before the governor and his council for decision. The exigencies of the government would not suffer delay. Not only great permanent interests, but the very life of the nation was in peril, and large and frequent demands were made upon the states for supplies of men and money, when every resource seemed exhausted. In such times means must be invented and resources created. Criticism becomes silent, and waits for the return of peace to awaken into unreasoning activity. Under the pressure of such events, weak men are likely to be paralyzed, avaricious men corrupt, and bold men to abuse power.

The qualities which Mr. Pillsbury developed in these trying circumstances ought to make his name historic. The writer has received communications from two gentlemen who were associated with him in the council, and whose services to the state are universally acknowledged, and, as they express more forcibly than any words of mine can do, the part which the subject of this sketch took in that eventful period, I take the responsibility to publish such portions of their respective letters as bear specially upon the subject of this paper. The known character of the writers will give additional weight to their strong language of encomium.

Hon. John W. Sanborn, of Wakefield, writes as follows:

"Learning that you are to prepare a biographical sketch of Hon. Oliver Pillsbury, I take pleasure in saying that I formed acquaintance with him in 1863, being then associated with him in Gov. Gilmore's council. His great executive ability, patriotism, honesty, and integrity won the respect and admiration of all his associates. At that time the country was engaged in that terrible war for the support of the government and its own salvation, and grave questions came before us relative to the prosecution of the same. Although an ardent Republican, he never let partisan feelings warp his judgment in his official acts. He had

strong convictions of right, but was always ready to discuss all questions with that frankness and fairness which characterize men of noble minds, and he fully appreciated the opinions of his opponents. I had the honor to serve with him on the military committee of the council, which had important matters to consider,—questions involving the rights and interests of the soldiers, their families, and the state. The duties of this committee were arduous and often difficult, but I can attest to the fidelity and untiring energy with which he performed his part. He took great interest in the welfare of the soldiers, particularly the sick and wounded, and was ever ready to minister to their wants. In a word, he was a model councilor for the time in which he served, and the future historian will class him among our ablest and most efficient men."

Hon. John W. Noyes, of Chester, who was also in official association with Mr. Pillsbury, says:

"I was with him a very considerable portion of the time for two years, while we were members of Gov. Gilmore's council, during the war. He was the most important member of the council, on account of his experience and familiarity with the duties of the situation; in fact, his information and good judgment were exceedingly valuable to the governor and all the other members of the council.

"I regard Mr. Pillsbury as one of the best-informed and most competent business men in this state. I hardly think there is another man in the state that could fill his present position as well as he does. I told Gov. Stearns, before he made the appointment, that, if he knew Mr. Pillsbury as well as I did, he would not need recommendations, but would urge his acceptance of the place."

It would be idle to add any thing to such commendations.

In 1869, Mr. Pillsbury was appointed insurance commissioner, by Gov. Stearns, for a period of three years, and has been re-appointed, from time

to time, to the office which he still holds. Soon after his appointment he drafted and secured the enactment of the present law of the state relative to insurance companies of other states and other countries. This law established the department of insurance, and has given to the people a degree of protection against the frauds and impositions of unreliable companies never before enjoyed in this state, and has brought into its treasury, by tax on insurance premiums, over one hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars, in addition to the compensation of the commissioner.

During the whole term of his office, Mr. Pillsbury has worked quietly but assiduously to eliminate unreliable companies from our borders, and has carefully avoided the admission of all such as are not regarded as perfectly trustworthy. It is universally affirmed, by men familiar with the insurance business, that the commissioner of this state has administered his office with unusual skill and success, and his reports are much sought for and often quoted and referred to as authority in other states. The state may well congratulate itself on having had the continued services, for fourteen years, of one so able and experienced in an office so intimately connected with the material interests of the people.

In 1871 Mr. Pillsbury moved to Concord, and the estimation in which he is held in the community is attested by the fact that, during the twelve years of his residence at the capital, he has twice been elected to represent one of its wards in the legislature, and has been a member of its board of education for seven years, and was president of the board at the time he tendered his resignation. When a member of the legislature, Mr. Pillsbury was eminently practical, and whenever he spoke was listened to with marked attention, for he only

addressed the house on subjects that he had thoroughly considered, and it was understood that his remarks were likely to aid the members in reaching a wise and just conclusion.

As one of the supervisors of the educational interests of Concord, Mr. Pillsbury was exceptionally intelligent, conscientious, and pains-taking. His views on the general subject were comprehensive, and he kept himself informed as to all real improvements in methods of instruction. He discountenanced shams, and labored faithfully to make the schools sources of knowledge, of discipline, and of virtue. To the other public trusts so honorably held by the subject of this sketch, we may add that of trustee of the State Industrial School. He has had a deep and abiding interest in this institution since its founding, and has given to it an active and efficient support.

We can only realize how pure and unselfish his labors of this character have been, when we reflect that Mr. Pillsbury has no children of his own to kindle and feed his sympathies, but that they spring from a general benevolence toward all children, of whatever condition in life. His only child was a daughter of rare mental activity and attainments, and of unusual sweetness of temper. She married Mr. J. S. Eveleth, of Beverly, Mass., where, after a residence of nearly two years, she died of consumption, in the flower and promise of early womanhood, leaving two homes stricken and desolate.

In this brief sketch we have unconsciously drawn a model citizen,—a man in all the relations of life faithful to the claims of duty—in the family, society, and the state—blameless; benevolent without ostentation, patriotic without the claim of reward, and true to every trust.

"While we such precedents can boast at home,
Keep thy Fabricius and thy Cato, Rome."

THE BARTLETT MANSION.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

I think there can be no other New Hampshire town just like Kingston; I mean Kingston Plains, not East Kingston, where is a railroad station, and the usual number of small boys and more elderly loafers to gather around when the in-going or out-coming Boston train halts its regular two and a half minutes for the convenience of embarking or disembarking passengers, six times during the day. East Kingston, though only a hamlet in embryo, is alive and noisy; at the village on the plains there is a peace and a quietness and a dream-like repose that gives it an air of monastic seclusion. There are three stores and two hotels that seem to be prosperous, but you never see any loiterers about the doors. You walk through the streets and see no soul, not even a child. In the great square and common herds of cows feed with unrestrained license, and some of the owners go out night and morning, *a la Madame Hancock*, and fill their milk-pails with the lacteal fluid, mulley cow standing as complacently on the green as though at home in the fenced barnyard. Many of the houses have piazzas and porticoes, but they are never occupied. You can walk on, where you will, in unchartered freedom. The solitude, the undisturbed repose, contribute to the sense of a hoar antiquity. You have dropped into an ancient borough, where the inhabitants live in the old fashion, a borough of old days and forgotten times.

Still, the place looks modern enough. The village is located on a large plain, near the center of the town, and about two miles from the station at East Kingston. Its general appearance is indicative of thrift and business enterprise. There are about one hundred dwelling-houses—many of elegant structure; the streets are wide, and pleasantly shaded by rows of elms and maples. So far,

indeed, the suggestive features of the place are popularly enterprising, and when we consider the many other attractions we are disposed to grant that she has claims as honorable as any town of her size in America. Here on this broad, fertile plain, the first settlement of the town commenced, under the charge of James Prescott, Ebenezer Webster, Ebenezer Stevens, and others, more than one hundred and eighty-five years ago; and ever since Kingston has been making a history for herself.

Blood is a good thing in this world of ours, and it "tells," too, often enough to earn the consideration of all intelligent and discriminating persons. It is not every thing, to be sure, but it can not be gainsaid that its influence has been beneficent in our country. What would Virginia have been without her ancient *noblesse*, the cavaliers of spur and sword, and their pride of far-reaching ancestry? Would the old Dominion have been famous as the "Mother of Presidents?" We opine not. How different would have been the history of New York without the great names of her patroons, the Livingstons, the Schuylers, the Delanceys, and the Van Rensselaers! And does not New Hampshire owe something to her patrician gentry in the old time? In the old colonial days Kingston had good blood in her, and her people had capacity and courage to do and dare. First and foremost among her citizens, during the Revolution, and for twenty years before and after that gloomy period, was Hon. Josiah Bartlett, the first governor of New Hampshire, and the leading worthy from our state who signed that great charter of human liberty, the Declaration of Independence.

It is pleasant sometimes in reading early colonial history to meet with a name which has borne honors before in

the mother country. The Lees and the Washingtons were among the gentry of England. The Adamsses and the Quinceys, of Massachusetts, are in lineal descent from the old Norman family of De Quincey, whose chiefs figured as earls of Winchester in the time of Cœur de Lion. Among these and many others, that of Bartlett is worthy of notice. Of the highest Anglo-Norman ancestry, the members of this family held a prominent place among the old English knighthood. They were members of parliament, brave captains in the fierce feudal and Plantagenet wars, and noble cavaliers of court and castle. Chiefs of the race fought for their king at Cressy, at Poitiers, and at Agincourt. After the last-named battle Sir John Bartelot, who commanded the Sussex troops, took the castle of Fontenoy, in France; for which service King Henry V. granted Sir John the castle for one of the crests of the Bartelot "coat-of-arms." The original ancestor of the family was Sir Adam de Bartelot, who, crossing from Normandy with William the Conqueror, participated in the victory of Hastings, and received for his loyalty and heroism large landed estates in the county of Sussex, which are still in the possession of his descendants. The present head of the house is Sir Walter Bartelot, M. P. and baronet, who resides in great style at the hereditary estate of Stopham. The manor house was built in the fifteenth century, and there are timbers in it, beneath which more than seven centuries of ancestry have successively assembled. The estate consists of eight thousand acres.

Sometime during the seventeenth century two of the younger sons of the house of Bartelot emigrated to America, settling respectively at Newburyport and Amesbury, Massachusetts. The aristocratic name of Bartelot was plebeianized to that of Bartlett, and among the sturdy yeomanry of the New World the representatives of the family forgot for a time the noble lineage of their sires, but at the same time worked out a destiny more brilliant by far than

any the brightest coronet in England could bestow. The most prominent of his race, gifted in intellect, of remarkable executive faculty, of stern integrity, of rare force of character, pure as an Aristides, yet possessing the penetration of a Themistocles, the associate of Hancock and Adams and Lee and Sherman, and yet not dwarfed by their presence, one of the kingliest of New Hampshire's sons, if not the most royal of them all, was Josiah Bartlett.

Dr. Bartlett was a native of Amesbury, Mass., where he was born in November, 1728. He was the fourth son of Stephen Bartlett, a man of prominence in that town. His early education was respectable, but he was denied the advantages of a collegiate course. When he was sixteen years old he began the study of medicine under the superintendence of Dr. Nehemiah Ordway, of Amesbury. He continued his studies for five years, at the end of which time he commenced the practice of his profession at Kingston. This was in the year 1749.

Kingston, though a small village, was then one of the important boroughs of New Hampshire. Distant only seven miles from Exeter, and not much farther from Portsmouth, Kingston shone with the reflected light from those places. Social life was active. The wearing apparel of the fashionable people of the village was copied from the aristocracy at the vice regal court of the Wentworths. Men wore knee breeches and hose, broad-skirted coats lined with buckram, long waist-coats, wide cuffs lined with lace, three-cornered hats and swords. Women's dresses were made of heavy silks and satins, called brocades, on which raised figures of leaves and flowers were woven, or worked in colored silk or thread of silver and gold. Of course, the dress of the common folk was much less elegant, being designed more for service than beauty.

It was the reign of wigs. Gentleman and plebeian wore them alike. The portraits of Lord Pepperell and of the Wentworths show those worthies

looking out at us from stiff and tremendous horse-hair wigs. Dr. Bartlett, disdainful as he was of show and artificiality, did not choose to defy the dictum of society in this respect. He wore his wig and his queue with all the dignity of a Chesterfield or a George Third. Still, elegance, save in a few isolated instances, was impossible in any modern sense. There was wealth enough for the general comfort; pauperism was practically unknown, but life was frugal, limited, and to our modern apprehension inconceivably slow. The daily newspaper was undreamed of, and there were yet a few years to elapse before the Boston *Gazette* made its weekly pilgrimages into the country, holding all the news demanded by the colonists, on about the size of a sheet of Congress paper. Carpets, save in one or two of the more stately houses, were an undesired luxury, fresh sand being considered more healthful. Spinning and weaving were still genteel household occupations, and Dr. Bartlett, at a later time, rejoiced in being clothed from head to foot in cloth woven and made up by his energetic wife. "Society" then, as now, was made up of a very small number, a single set that, even long after the Revolution, consisted only of the justice of the peace, the colonel or the major, and two or three other official persons, a great lawyer or two, a doctor or two, the minister, two or three families retired from business, half a dozen merchants, and a few other persons who had leisure to cultivate the elegant enjoyments of life.

At this time Bartlett was about twenty-one years old, and, although well known as an industrious and enterprising young man, he could not have been an important citizen. He lived humbly enough. He ate his bread and milk with a pewter spoon out of a porringer. Whenever he made his rounds to call upon his patients he rode an old gray horse, with his saddle-bags behind him. At a later time he used to drive about in a yellow gig; and when he had completed his rounds went home

eagerly to his books. He was a great reader at this early period, but he was no theorist in the practice of his profession. He followed the just principles of nature and experience rather than the rules of arbitrary system. In a few years he became a skillful and distinguished practitioner. It is said that he was the first to prescribe the application of Peruvian bark in cases of canker, which before was considered an inflammatory, instead of a putrid, disease, and, as such, had been unsuccessfully treated.

In 1835 this disease, by the name of the throat distemper, visited Kingston. Its ravages were exceedingly fatal, especially to children under ten years of age. Like the plague, it swept its victims to the grave, almost without warning, and some are said to have expired while sitting at play, handling their toys. Every method of treatment proved ineffectual. Medical skill was baffled. Its ravages ceased only when victims were no longer to be found. Again in 1754, five years after Dr. Bartlett's removal to town, Kingston was visited by this fell disease. A young child of the doctor's was one of those afflicted with the distemper. Bartlett administered Peruvian bark, and with such success that from this time the use of it became general, as a remedy in diseases of the same character.

A man of Dr. Bartlett's decision and powers of mind would not remain long unnoticed in times which tried men's souls. In fifteen years of time he gained the popular favor, and was regarded not only as a prosperous man, but as one capable of performing public duties with ability and fidelity. The first office bestowed upon him by his fellow-citizens was that of delegate from Kingston to the provincial assembly of New Hampshire, in 1765. The controversy between Great Britain and her colonies was now beginning to assume a serious aspect. Dr. Bartlett, in this emergency, was found on the popular side. In his legislative capacity he invariably opposed the mercenary views of the royal governor. He could not,

from the nature of his character, become subservient to the will of a man whose avowed object was the subjection of the people to the authority of the British administration.

Time went on. Benning Wentworth gave way in the chief magistracy of New Hampshire to his nephew, John. It was the policy of this truly noble and sagacious man to attach all the distinguished men of the colony to the royal cause, by offices either of honor or emolument. Recognizing the talents and influence of Bartlett he appointed him to the office of justice of the peace. Executive patronage, however, was not a bait by which a man like Dr. Bartlett would be seduced. He indeed accepted the appointment, but he remained as firm in his opposition to oppression as he was before.

In 1774 the house of representatives of New Hampshire, agreeably to the recommendation and example of other colonies, appointed a committee of correspondence, an act for which the governor immediately dissolved the assembly. This brought matters to a crisis. The committee of correspondence in turn re-assembled the representatives, by whom circulars were addressed to the several towns to send delegates to a convention to be held at Exeter for the purpose of selecting deputies to the Continental Congress, which was to meet at Philadelphia in the ensuing September. Dr. Bartlett was a delegate to this convention, and he and John Pickering, a lawyer of Portsmouth, were appointed delegates to the Provincial Congress. As neither Bartlett nor Pickering desired to serve, Nathaniel Folsom, of Exeter, and John Sullivan, of Durham, were chosen in their stead.

Dr. Bartlett's reason for declining the honor which the convention conferred upon him was, that he had a little previously lost his house by fire, and was under the necessity of rebuilding. Accordingly, all through the summer and autumn of that year the sound of axe and hammer fell busily on the ears of Kingston people. Foot by foot the

mansion rose, till it stood the proudest dwelling-house in Kingston, fit abode for its noblest citizen. In the towns near the sea-coast, from Newport to Portland, there was a great similarity in domestic architecture prior to and during the Revolution. A large number of the better class of these old houses have been torn down and rebuilt. Very few remain in the vicinity of Boston, but in Newport, Cambridge, Salem, Newburyport, Portsmouth, Exeter, Dover, and towns further eastward, we can behold the typical New England mansion. It is ample in size and stately in form. With its gambrel roof and ancient porch is associated reminiscences of ruffles, shoe-buckles, silver-topped canes, courtly manners and hospitality. It is the house of the judge, the continental general, the colonial colonel, the squire, the prosperous doctor of divinity or of medicine, or of the merchant whose ships have brought him spices, ivory and gold dust, West India goods and negro chattels from over the seas. It is generally of three stories, the third being somewhat abridged; the form is quadrangular, fifty feet on a side. Various extensions and out-buildings are in the rear and sometimes on the sides. The front door opens into a wide hall, from which a grand stair-way leads to the upper stories. The hall is wainscoted and hung with rather stiff portraits. The stair-way is broad, and the steps are wide, giving an easy ascent to the landings. Twisted and carved ballusters support the hand-rail, each one wrought separately in some quaint device. There are four large square rooms on the ground floor, each with its open fire-place and elaborately carved mantel-piece. The walls are thick, like those of a fortalice, and the windows are recessed like embrasures.

Those who are accustomed to the card-board structures of our time, whether in the form of Italian villas, Swiss chalets, or white pine gothic, experience a strange sensation in visiting these solid dwellings. There is an air of repose in them, an idea of ampli-

tude and permanence. One feels that the builders must have been large-minded, serene men. A fashionable dwelling of fifteen feet front in our modern cities furnishes a perfect antithesis. The ancient houses were well placed, in grounds of some extent, on the crest of a natural elevation, or near a grove, with broad, grassy lawns, bordered by elms and oaks, and dotted with firs and spruces, and with clumps of flowering shrubs. The distinguishing features of old New England towns are still these superb mansions. They are generally painted buff or cream white, having green blinds and tall and massive chimneys; and in their picturesque situations and surroundings they add a poetical grace as well as historical grandeur to the landscape.

The Bartlett mansion, although remodeled and improved some fifteen years ago, still preserves a resemblance to the old-type colonial residence. It is a two-story-and-a-half structure, of a brown-stone color, with dark trimmings. The old house has a youngish, well-preserved look, as if it had been tenderly dealt with. It stands on the main road from Exeter to Haverhill, just at the outskirts of the village, facing the large and handsome common. With true patrician dignity it stands in from the street, with a fence of antique pattern surrounding a pretty front yard. The house is built of white oak; the frame-work being unusually large and solid.

Passing through the front yard we stand at the ancient portal and crave admittance. Our wish is not refused, and we are ushered into the spacious hall which extends through the square part, and is ten feet wide. At the left hand is the sitting-room, twenty-two by fourteen feet. It is furnished with elegant modern furniture. A costly cuckoo clock, brought from Paris in 1880, ticks on the table. On the walls are the portraits of Dr. Levi S. and Mrs. Bartlett, painted by Tenney, and said to be excellent likenesses.

Opening from the right of the hallway is the parlor, which is sixteen by

twenty feet. In this room many relics of the governor and signer are preserved. Here are the heavy silver-bowed spectacles, which he used the latter years of his life; the scales with which he weighed his medicines; a silver watch that he at one time carried, and which hung in the clock in the old house at the time it was burned; also the gilt candelabra filled with wax tapers, a very ornamental article, which lighted the old governor's *fetes* and councils at a former time. Above the mantel is an oil portrait of the ancient master of the house, Gov. Bartlett himself, in all the glory of lace ruffles, colonial waist-coat and white necktie. Without being handsome, the face is one of much dignity, combining sagacity and gracious sweetness. The features are rather long-drawn and thoughtful, and his high Roman nose and intellectual brow proclaim the genius and patriotism which burned in the heart and brain of New Hampshire's great Revolutionary worthy. The eyes are a light blue, large, deep, soulful, and remind you of the eyes of Penn, of Howard, of Wilberforce. They are the eyes of a philanthropist. Gov. Bartlett was a tall man, six feet in height, erect and slimmish. His hair was of an auburn color, fine in texture, and not abundant, being, in fact, rather thin, which would seem to be a characteristic of all the Bartletts. There are other relics in the parlor, especially some fine Indian remains found by various members of the family on the Bartlett farm. These consist of stone gouges, hatchets, clubs, and other implements. A huge fungi, torn from a log, which is two and a half feet long and one and a half foot wide, is also on exhibition. In this room have sat, in conclave, Matthew Thornton, John Dudley, Langdon, Sullivan and Wear. Gen. John Stark once visited there, and many of the great men of a later period have stood within these walls.

The dining-room, in the south-west corner, is fourteen by twenty-two feet. The floor is painted in alternate stripes of green and straw color. The win-

dows look out upon the garden. On the mantel-piece there is a silver candle-stick that was used by Mrs. Gov. Bartlett; also, a pair of silver-mounted horse pistols which accompanied the Governor through his journeyings to and from Philadelphia during the Revolutionary war. These last are very valuable mementos.

There are ten large rooms in the main part, and five other apartments in the two-story ell that is attached. At the head of the stairs, in the hall, is the ancient eight-day clock, that was used by the Governor. It was made in 1723, and is therefore one hundred and sixty years old this very year. There it stands in its case of massive oak, "and points and beckons with its hands," as cheerfully yet solemnly as in the old days when colonial gentlemen and belles walked up and down the broad stair-way. In the attic there is a store-house of treasures, old chairs and tables that were in use in the Governor's time, and an old buffet within which the odor of colonial punch may still be detected by an imaginative nostril.

We go out from under the roof of this famous mansion. Wandering about the front yard we can not help noting the beautiful location of the old house. Its front looks out to the sunrising. Stretching away from the yard fence is the extensive common, containing forty acres, and level as a floor. A huge elm tosses its branches above our heads. The trunk is five feet in diameter. It is some more than one hundred and fifty years old, as it stood there long before the old house was burned. It was struck by lightning in 1773, and the marks are plainly visible to-day. There are several black walnuts, and a linden tree, which were grown from seeds brought by Governor Bartlett from Philadelphia.

The old barn that formerly stood back of the mansion was taken down at the time the house was remodelled, and two large modern structures occupy its place. The largest is eighty-five by forty feet. Beside it there is a

row of thin French poplars, decaying from age, which were green and vigorous in the Governor's day. Back from the barns, stretching on every side, extends the grand estate. There are some five hundred acres of nearly level and very fertile land. Seventy tons of hay are cut annually. Governor Bartlett employed two female help in the house and four male help on the farm. Touching the western portion of the farm is Greenwood lake, a pretty body of water five eighths of a mile long, which affords excellent aquatic and piscatorial privileges. Black bass and pickerel abound in its waters.

A stroll through these grounds at sunset is perfectly enchanting. And if you wish to take a row there is a boat ready for you at the pond. How beautiful the shadows are on the mirrory lake! All the surrounding woodlands are reflected in the azure depths, and your boat hangs suspended in mid water, or, rather, there are two boats, one right most and the other bottom upward, keel to keel. Then you walk back to the mansion through the gathering twilight, and with your mind full of the past reflect how many of New Hampshire's beauties and noble sires had walked these very paths, with all their human ambitions and loves and cares, and had passed away, leaving behind these stable relics as ideals of a beautiful home.

In September, 1775, we find Dr. Bartlett present among the members of the Continental Congress. He had been elected the preceding spring to that seat. The number of members was then sixty-four. Our state sent two. Each colony paid its own delegation. Georgia paid each £100 per month while in session; South Carolina, £300 per annum; North Carolina, £200 per annum; Virginia, a half Johannes per day; Maryland and Rhode Island, forty shillings a day, and expenses; Massachusetts, expenses and \$3 a day; New Hampshire, expenses, a servant, two horses, and a guinea a day. Insufficient as was this compensation the members did not slight their

duties. Congress met at nine in the morning, and continued its session until four o'clock in the afternoon. Sometimes the debates continued half through the night. In this unwearied devotion to business Dr. Bartlett largely participated, thereby considerably affecting his health and spirits in consequence.

Dr. Bartlett was also a member of the Congress of 1776, and was foremost among those illustrious men who imperiled their property, their liberty, and their lives, by attaching their signatures to that instrument which established our national independence. The thirteen states, then comprising the American colonies, were represented in the assemblage that passed the measure by fifty-seven members. The president, John Hancock, was the only one, however, who signed the document on the 4th of July, 1776. On the second day of August it was signed by all but one of the fifty-six signers whose names are appended to it. The other, who was Matthew Thornton, attached his signature in November. Henry Wisner, one of the New York delegation, was present when congress expressed its approbation of the Declaration, and voted in favor of it: but before the engrossed copy was signed by the several members, Mr. Wisner left congress, and thus failed of affixing his name to this memorable paper.

When the vote was taken on the question it was recommended to begin with the northernmost colony. Dr. Bartlett, therefore, had the honor of being called upon for an expression of his opinion, and of first giving his vote in favor of the resolution. He was also the first to affix his signature after Hancock. Hancock's is the handsomest and boldest of all the signatures attached to the Declaration; the others look weak and cramped beside it. But not one was written with a trembling hand except Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, and it was not fear that made him tremble, but the palsy, from which he was a sufferer. Charles Carroll was the only member who added

his place of residence, and the reason of its being done in this instance is somewhat peculiar. When Carroll was signing, some one near him remarked, "There are several of your name, and if we are unsuccessful they will not know whom to arrest." "Not so," replied the Maryland millionaire, and immediately added, "of Carrollton." He lived to see all the memorable men with whom he acted on that eventful day pass away, and enjoyed the prosperity of his country until 1832, when he died, at the advanced age of ninety-five years.

At the time he signed the "charter of our liberties," Dr. Bartlett was forty-eight years old, in the very prime of his life and powers. Most of the signers were younger than he was; for the average of all was forty-three years and ten months. Edward Rutledge was the youngest of the fifty-six, being only twenty-seven. The Nestor of the party was Benjamin Franklin, who was seventy. The most opulent was probably Charles Carroll, who was considered the wealthiest untitled man in the colonies. Robert Morris came next. Samuel Adams was the poorest, his impoverished condition being well known. The others were all in easy circumstances.

Bartlett was not the only physician among the members, there being four others. Thirty of them were lawyers, seven were farmers, eight were merchants, two were mechanics, one was a clergyman, one was a surveyor, one was a shoemaker, and Franklin boasted of being a printer. With the exception of eight all the signers were natives of American soil; of these—two, Robert Morris, and Burton Gwinnett, of Georgia, were born in England; Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire, and James Smith, and George Taylor, of Pennsylvania, were born in Ireland; John Witherspoon, of New Jersey, and James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, were born in Scotland, and Francis Lewis, of New York, was born in Wales.

The doctor continued a delegate to congress until 1779, being annually

reëlected. Several of the sessions were held at Yorktown, Va., and Bartlett traveled all the way thither and back on horseback, attended only by a single servant. On the route were extensive forests which were the lurking place of robbers, and they were obliged to exercise much caution and foresight in order to escape these marauders. In 1778, after the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, Congress met in that city again. In a letter to a friend Dr. Bartlett describes the ravages which had been made by the enemy: "Congress," he says, "was obliged to hold its sessions in the college hall, the state house having been left by the enemy in a condition which could scarcely be described. Many of the finest houses were converted into stables; parlor floors were cut through, and the dung shoveled through into the cellars. Through the country, north of the city for many miles, the hand of destruction had marked its way. Houses had been consumed, fences carried off, gardens and orchards destroyed. Even the great roads were scarcely to be discovered amidst the confusion and desolation which prevailed."

After Dr. Bartlett's retirement from congress he spent the remainder of his life in New Hampshire, filling up the measure of his usefulness in a zealous devotion to the interests of the state. Affairs were in a bad condition at home. Writing to Samuel Livermore, who had succeeded him as a delegate in congress, the doctor gives a deplorable account of the difficulties and sufferings of the people in New Hampshire. The money of the country had become much depreciated, and provisions were scarce and high. Indian corn was sold at as much as ten dollars a bushel. Other things were in the same proportion. The soldiers of the army could hardly subsist on their pay, and the officers, at times, found it difficult to keep them together.

In the year 1779 Dr. Bartlett was appointed chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1782 he became associate justice of the Supreme Court of

Judicature, and from June to November, 1790, he was chief justice. He was a member of the state convention of 1788, and by his zeal was accessory to the ratification of our present constitution. In 1789 he was elected a senator to congress, but owing to the infirmities of age, which rendered it unpleasant for him to leave home to go any distance, he declined the office. The following year, however, he was elected president of the state, and was three times reëlected, though he had such rivals as Pickering and Sullivan. In 1793 he was elected first governor of the state under the new constitution. All these offices he filled with ability and fidelity, and he would have been the candidate of the Federal party for the chief magistracy another term but for his infirm health, which forced him to decline further honors. He expressed the determination to close his public career in the following letter to the legislature of the state, dated January, 1794:

"Gentlemen of the legislature;— After having served the public for a number of years, to the best of my abilities, in the various offices to which I have had the honor to be appointed, I think it proper, before your adjournment, to signify to you, and through you to my fellow-citizens at large, that I now find myself so far advanced in age that it will be expedient for me, at the close of the session, to retire from the cares and fatigues of public business to the repose of a private life, with a grateful sense of the repeated marks of trust and confidence that my fellow-citizens have reposed in me, and with my best wishes for the future peace and prosperity of the state."

Gov. Bartlett was sixty-five years old at this time, but he was older in care and broken health than in years. He had been a hard worker upward of fifty years, thirty of which had been spent in the service of his state and country. His labors had been arduous, his cares and responsibilities great. Few men of our state possessed the abilities that he did, and his duties had been corre-

spondingly large. His name was a household word throughout New Hampshire. He was a leading Federalist in the state, and even John Taylor Gilman's ability, executive force and popularity would have remained in the background some years longer if the great signer had continued in public life. As it was, Gilman stepped forward, like another Elisha, to catch the falling mantle from the dying sage.

The repose of a private life, which must have become eminently desirable to a man whose life had been passed amid the toils and cares of the Revolution, was destined to be of brief duration. One year only was allowed the gifted patriot to indulge in the needed relaxation so necessary to him. Like Washington, he did not retire any too soon from the strife and vexation of public life. A few more short months and both would have died in harness. It is pleasant to think that their latter days were free from those rasping worriments which are the usual accompaniments of public service, and that amid their families and the delights of books and pastoral scenes their lives flowed out broad and full, widening as a river when it joins the great sea.

May 19th, 1795, there was unwonted gloom in all the rooms of the noble mansion. In his chamber Josiah Bartlett, governor of New Hampshire, delegate to the provincial congress, signer of the Declaration, skilled physician, patriot, and Christian gentleman, lay a-dying. Several weeks previously he had taken a severe cold which threw him into a fever, from which he never recovered. His illness was protracted, but to the period of his dissolution he retained the full possession of his faculties. He died late in the day, a beautiful spring day, when nature was putting on her fresh robes so typical of the new life which faith looks for beyond the grave. A vast assemblage of persons, consisting of judges of the courts, the governor of the state, and many of his old compatriots, together with the citizens of the town, followed the remains of this eminent man to his

resting-place in the tomb. A simple monument marks the spot and commemorates his glory, in the ancient burial-place of the village.

Governor Bartlett married early in life his cousin, Mary Bartlett, the daughter of his uncle, Joseph Bartlett, of Newton, N. H. By her he had two sons, Levi and Josiah, jr. Levi, the eldest, was a physician of note, and succeeded in the occupancy of the mansion and ownership of the estate. He wrote a memoir of his father which is among Farmer's New Hampshire Historical Collections. Josiah was also a physician, and was for many years president of the New Hampshire Medical Society.

Dr. Levi Bartlett died in 1842, and the house and estate descended to his son, Dr. Levi S. Bartlett. The latter was a prominent man in his day and generation. He served as selectman and representative of his town, and during several years was the postmaster at Kingston. It is worthy of mention, as a singular coincidence, that there were three Levi Bartletts serving as postmasters in New Hampshire at the same time: namely, Levi Bartlett at Kingston, Levi Bartlett at Stratham, and Levi Bartlett at Warner.

General Edward F. Noyes, of Ohio, minister to France, spent a large number of his youthful years at the Bartlett place, Dr. Bartlett being his guardian. The general's mother was a Stevens, and a relative of the doctor's wife. Associates of his were the doctor's children who at present own the estate. They are Levi, Miss Ella A., and Miss Junia L. Bartlett. The youngest sister, Etta A., has been bought out by her brother. She married Hon. John S. Connor, of Cincinnati, judge of Hamilton county, Ohio. Their residence is the President Harrison place at North Bend.

"On Ida's mount is the shining snow,

But Jove is gone from its brow away;
And red on the field the poppies grow,

Where the Greeks and the Trojans fought
that day.

Mother Earth, are the heroes dead?

Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?

Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?"

Great deeds never die ; noble thoughts are immortal. Bartlett mansion is still haunted with the presence of its illustrious owner. He is dead ; yet he lives—lives in his descendants who inherit his character ; lives in the quiet chambers of his old home where he walked in the olden time ; lives in the constitution of his adopted state which bears the impress of his genius ; yea, lives in that immortal document to which is appended his name, and which is one of the noblest productions of human thought—the Declaration of Independence.

NOTE.—The original coat-of-arms of the Bartlett family was a black shield, upon which were displayed three left hand falconer's gloves, white, arranged triangularly. Band around the wrists and golden tassels. The arms had no crests till Henry V. granted a castle to Sir John in commemoration of his capture of the castle of Fontenoy in France. In the following century the swan crest was introduced in honor of their right to keep swans upon the river Avon, which courses through the estate, which had been granted by William the Conqueror. In 1616 there were the quarterings of eight families upon the coat-of-arms : namely, Bartelot, Stopham, Lew knor, Dooley, Tregor, Caymoys, Walton, and Syheston. At the present date there are eleven quarterings, three additional heiresses having come into the family by marriage—Smith, Musgrave, and Boldero. A *fac simile* of this coat-of-arms has been shown me by the venerable Levi Bartlett, of Warner, who obtained it of Sir Walter in England at the time he was engaged in writing the genealogy of the Bartlett family, printed in 1877.

FOUR SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR LAW-MAKERS.

I.

Under our statutes the larceny of property of the value of \$20 and upward is punishable by imprisonment in the state prison not exceeding five years ; while the willful and malicious destruction of the property of another, of the same value, is punishable, in most cases, by a fine of not exceeding \$100, or by imprisonment in the house of correction not exceeding one year, or by both. Is there any good reason why one who destroys the property of another out of pure hatred and wantonness should be punished so much less severely than one who unlawfully takes it for the benefit of himself or those dependent upon him, perhaps under the pressure of extreme destitution?

II.

While in this, as well as in many other states, the property rights of mar-

ried women are now in most respects substantially equal, in some respects superior to those of their husbands, the rules of the common law in regard to the relations between themselves and their children remain unchanged. If a widow marries again she thereby loses her right to the custody of her minor children by a former marriage (State vs. Scott, 30 N. H. 274), and, as the step-father is not bound to adopt them, they may have no legal custodian. The statute entitles a woman to hold, free from the interference and control of her second husband, such property as she may have derived from a former marriage. Are not the reasons why she should be entitled to the custody of her own children, derived from the same source, at least equally strong? Are not a mother's rights superior to those of strangers by the law of nature? Ought they not to be made so by the law of the state?

III.

Our Homestead Act was probably intended to exempt in all cases a homestead of the value of \$500 from attachment and execution. Such an exemption is expressly made in favor of unmarried persons, whether male or female, and in favor of married men, for the benefit of themselves, their wives, widows and minor children. The act, however, taken by itself, does not extend, unless possibly by implication, to married women holding real estate in their own right; they alone seem to be excluded from its humane provisions. If a case involving this question were to come before our full bench, very likely the court might hold that the omission in the Homestead Act is remedied by the first three lines of the eleventh section of chapter 183 of the General Laws (relating to the rights of husband and wife); but no such decision has yet been made, and the question is one upon which even sound and able lawyers may well differ. Would it not be well to so amend the Homestead Act as to make it plain and certain, in this respect, and to place the rights of married women to homestead exemptions on an equality with those of other persons?

IV.

Would it not be well to strike from section 6 of chapter 215 of the General Laws the words "city or town," and substitute therefor the word "county"? The section provides that "in all suits before police courts the action shall be made returnable to the city or town where one of the plaintiffs or defendants resides." The following section provides that "writs and proceedings in civil actions shall not be made returnable before a justice of the peace within any town or city having a police court, but shall be returnable and returned in said town or city only before said court." Perhaps Cheshire county may be taken as a fair example of the counties in the state. There are in Keene, the

shire town, fourteen lawyers, and, to use the language of the statute, a "learned, able and discreet" police justice. In none of the adjoining towns are there any lawyers; and, while in all of them there are justices of the peace who are men of sound judgment, good common-sense and high character, none of them have a sufficient knowledge of law to hear and determine causes in accordance with its rules and principles. If it is urged that such men, although not learned in the law, will do substantial justice, the reply is obvious that unsuccessful litigants seldom recognize the justice of their defeat, and will generally appeal if they think they can do so with success. Suppose, for example, that John Doe, who lives in Roxbury, has a small claim against Richard Roe, who lives in Surry, both towns adjoining Keene and both being too small and the population too scattered to maintain a country store, the suit, unless brought in the supreme court, must be returned and tried outside of Keene, the common center; if counsel are employed they are obliged to close their offices and drive six or eight miles out of town; a trial that lasts an hour wastes a day, or, if a continuance is had, two days; the court and the witnesses are also put to unnecessary inconvenience; and the increased expense must ultimately fall upon the parties;—all of which, together with the extreme probability of an appeal, constitutes, in such cases, a practical denial of justice. As a consequence, suits for very small sums are generally brought in the supreme court; are subjected to months instead of days of delay, and at the end even the counsel of the successful party must elect between taking the lion's share of the proceeds or discounting largely from a fair and reasonable compensation for the services rendered. So great are the inconveniences of the existing statute, that even when suits for sums less than \$13.33 are to be brought, it is not uncommon to bring them in the

supreme court, subject, of course, to a limitation of costs. Would it not be a public advantage, a lessening of the expense of justice and an improvement in its administration, to give counties, as well as cities and

towns, the benefit of competent police courts, at least so far as claims within the jurisdiction of justices of the peace to try are concerned?

EDMUND P. DOLE.

Keene, N. H.

JEFFERSON'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

Mrs. Meikleham, the only surviving granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, is penniless, and in need of funds to render her declining years comfortable and free from pressing care and absolute want. The case is one that appeals to all who respect and venerate the character of the great statesman, her grandfather, who was of such service to the young republic, who guided the ship of state in the most perilous hour, and who retired from his great office without wealth. Mrs. McNeil Potter has interested herself in behalf of this aged gentlewoman, and appeals to the kind hearts of her New Hamp-

shire friends to repair the evil and to contribute of their abundance to render comfortable the old age of this lady.

The ladies having this object in view, Mrs. Potter and Mrs. J. Abbott Titcomb, of Brooklyn, have already received from Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, \$200; from W. W. Corcoran, \$50; and smaller sums from others.

John M. Hill, of Concord, N. H., has kindly offered to act as treasurer for friends in New Hampshire who may wish to contribute, and a list will be published in some future number of this magazine.

RECENT LITERATURE.

"TRAVELS AND OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT, and a Hasty Flight in the Countries of Europe," is the title of a new book by General Walter Harriman, ex-governor of New Hampshire, published by Lee & Shepard.

The author has a very graphic pen. His words of description are few and apt, but strong, vigorous and characteristic. The reader embarks with him on the ocean steamer, and makes a hasty but delightful tour through the old world in the best of company. The trip through the city of Rome and the Holy Land are delightful bits of travel. One sees with the general's eyes, and hears his voice giving life to personages who wandered through the streets of Rome and along the Appian Way twenty centuries ago. His description of the land of Judea is a beautiful word painting, or outline, conveying the most vivid impressions, yet not wearying by detail—just what one would want to remember of the country.

His biographical sketches, founded on records beyond dispute, are immense successes, from Peter and Paul, to Joshua and Rahab, "who was not altogether circumspect in her ways."

The readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY and General Harriman's many friends need only the information that such a

book is published to want to secure its reading. If there are others in New England whom these lines may reach, they may read the book with the full assurance that they will be fully repaid.

NEW ENGLAND BY-GONES, by E. H. Arr (Ellen H. Rollins), a new edition, enlarged and illustrated, with an introduction by Gail Hamilton, has lately been published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The author was the beloved wife of Hon. Edward Ashton Rollins of Philadelphia. The book in its new form is a princely tribute to the memory of one who has joined the majority on the other shore. The text has won a place in American literature second to none in its line, and is cherished in many thousand homes. It is a series of beautiful word pictures of life on the old homestead farm.

The present edition is profusely and elegantly illustrated, each picture forming a study worthy of much note. The book, as a whole, is a model of topographical skill and artistic finish worthy the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It makes a charming and appropriate gift for mother, wife, sister and daughter, and is fit for the humblest or most regal home.

HON. DAVID H. GOODELL.

The Goodell family are of that old New England race which made the wilderness smile. This is the second century of their residence within the borders of New Hampshire.

1. DAVID GOODELL, in that part of the town of Amherst included in Milford.

2. DAVID GOODELL, a son, married Elizabeth Hutchinson, and lived in Amherst.

3. DAVID GOODELL, son of David and Elizabeth (Hutchinson) Goodell, was born September 15, 1774, in Amherst, married Mary Raymond, of Mont Vernon; settled in Hillsborough; moved to Antrim in 1844, and died in 1848. His wife died May 17, 1864, aged 85.

4. Deacon JESSE R. GOODELL, son of David and Mary (Raymond) Goodell, was born February 12, 1807; married 1, Olive Atwood Wright, of Sullivan (born February 28, 1807; died June 13, 1877); married 2, Mrs. Ruth (Wilkins) Bennett; settled in Antrim where he still resides, and is a farmer.

5. Hon. DAVID H. GOODELL, only child of Jesse R. and Olive (Atwood) Goodell, was born May 6, 1834, in Hillsborough.

The family remained upon the Hillsborough farm until 1841, when it was sold and they removed to another in the adjoining town of Antrim.

The parents, who had had but very limited school privileges, felt keenly the importance of an education, and were desirous of having their son obtain one. They accordingly, when he had mastered the studies of the common school, sent him to Hancock academy several terms, and then to New Hampton, and he graduated at Francestown in the summer of 1852, and in the fall entered Brown University. Here he took high rank as a scholar, winning a prize in mathematics, and marking within one degree of

perfect in Latin; but his health failed him during the sophomore year, and he was compelled to return to his home. The next year and a half he spent upon his father's farm, and, having recovered his health, resumed work as a teacher, in which he was engaged two terms at Hubbardston, Mass., one at New London Literary and Scientific Institution, and one at Leominster, Mass.

A sedentary life did not agree with Mr. Goodell, however, and he again went to Antrim, with the intention of making farming his permanent business. Soon after, the Antrim Shovel Company was organized, and he was called from the farm to act as its treasurer and book-keeper. A year later, in 1858, he was appointed general agent of the company, and served in this capacity six years, the three last as the agent of Treadwell & Co., of Boston, who had purchased the business of the original company. In 1864 Oakes Ames bought the business, including the patents covering the now famous Antrim shovel, and moved it to North Easton, Mass., and Mr. Goodell, in company with George R. Carter, one of the firm of Treadwell & Co., began, in a small way, the manufacture of apple-parers. He invented what is known as the "lightning apple-parer," and put it upon the market through a New York house, which sold the first two years a few hundred dozen. This they considered a good business; but Mr. Goodell was not satisfied, and the next year took the road himself, and in three weeks' time he sold two thousand dozen, and made the invention known throughout the country.

In 1867 the factory was burned, and, as the firm carried no insurance, it lost every thing; but in six weeks it had a new shop in operation, and was able to supply the demand for the

next year, which rose to five thousand dozen. In 1870 another calamity overtook the enterprise. The firm of Goodell & Co. owed at that time seven hundred and sixty-one dollars, but it had indorsed, to accommodate one of the partners, the notes of Treadwell & Co., to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, and the failure of this firm sent both into bankruptcy. The result of this trouble was that Mr. Goodell bought the property himself, borrowed money and paid its debts; paid for it out of his first year's profits, and has since been able to greatly enlarge the business without signing a note for himself or any body else, or accepting any of the pecuniary help which has been freely offered him.

Up to 1872 he directed his energies mainly to the manufacture and sale of parers; but in that year he helped organize the Wood Cutlery Company, at Bennington, and in 1875 united it with his private business, and transferred the whole to the Goodell Company, of which he owns a large share of the stock and is the manager and controlling spirit. The business of this company has steadily increased until it employs one hundred and fifty hands, and pays more than fifty thousand dollars annually for labor. It manufactures all kinds of table cutlery, Cahoon seed-sowers, apple and potato-parers, and cherry-stoners.

While giving his closest attention to these manufacturing enterprises, Mr. Goodell has taken a warm interest in agriculture, and for many years has managed the large farm that formerly belonged to his father, which came into his possession some time since, and upon which he resides. Here he demonstrates the principles of progressive and profitable husbandry and stock-raising, extends a hearty welcome to his friends, and enjoys the peace and plenty which are reserved for the gentleman farmer. He has been one of the trustees of the New England Agricultural Society for several years, and organized and was for a time president of the Oak Park Association,

and is an active member of the New Hampshire board of agriculture.

Mr. Goodell has always been an ardent, wide-awake, and working Republican, and when the party, under his leadership, wrested the town from the opposition in 1876, he became its representative in the legislature, to which position he was re-elected in 1877-78. In the house he established and maintained a reputation as one of the most judicious counselors and most effective speakers in the state, and commanded the confidence of his colleagues to such an extent that no measure which he advocated was defeated, and none that he opposed was successful. Among the important bills which were carried through largely by his judicious and earnest support was that for the erection of a new state prison.

In the election of November, 1882, Mr. Goodell received the nomination of his party as candidate for councilor and was elected.

Mr. Goodell's wife was Hannah Jane Plumer, a daughter of Jesse T. Plumer, of Goffstown. He has two children,—Dura Dana Goodell, born September 6, 1858, and Richard C. Goodell, born August 10, 1868. The family are members of the Baptist church of Antrim, as were the father and mother of Mr. Goodell.

These facts justify the claim of a wide circle of friends and acquaintances who look upon him as one of the strongest men of the state. Though still in his prime, he has won a position of which any man should be proud. His large manufacturing business, which has given the town new life and prosperity, is of his own creation; his farm is a model which invites healthy progress; his private character is without a blemish; his business credit above suspicion; his reputation as a citizen, neighbor, and friend is of the best; and his ability to fill any public position creditably and well is universally acknowledged.—*From Successful N. H. Men.*

*NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS AND
IN THE CONGRESS OF THE CONFEDERATION.*

BY W. F. WHITCHER, A. M.

Few if any of the original thirteen states had an abler or more influential representation in the various Continental Congresses by which the war of the Revolution was directed, than New Hampshire, a representation which was continued, in point of ability and influence in the various congresses which met under the Articles of Confederation, until the Constitution was adopted, and the first congress met at New York in 1789. From the meeting of the first Continental Congress, at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, to the adjournment of the last congress under the Confederation, at New York city, October 21, 1788. New Hampshire was represented by eighteen of her wisest and most prominent men. Several of these, as for instance Nathaniel Folsom, John Langdon, Samuel Livermore and John Sullivan, served for several terms, having been engaged in other patriotic service in the intervals between their terms of service. The following brief sketch, gleaned from different historical and biographical sources, chiefly from Poore's Political Register, of the life and services of each of these representatives, may prove of interest to the readers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, as showing the character of those engaged in the first and critical struggle for national life and unity. When the first Continental Congress met at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, New Hampshire had two representatives, Nathaniel Folsom and John Sullivan.

NATHANIEL FOLSOM was a native of the state, and was born at Exeter, September 18, 1726. His educational advantages were simply those of the public schools of the time, but he early evinced ability which gave him prominence in the affairs of the prov-

ince. In the so called Seven Years' War he served as captain in the well-known regiment commanded by Col. Blanchard. He was active in militia affairs, and was connected with the Fourth Regiment, being successively major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel, in which capacity he commanded the regiment at the out-break of the Revolution. He was a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and attended the session at Philadelphia. In April, 1775, he was appointed by the Convention of New Hampshire brigadier-general to command the state troops sent to Massachusetts, and in this command he served during the siege of Boston. He was subsequently promoted to the rank of major-general, and had the charge of detailing the troops sent from the state to Ticonderoga. He was again a delegate to the congresses which met at Lancaster, Penn., Philadelphia, York, and Philadelphia, serving the whole time in the first three of these congresses, and about a year, 1779-80 in the last. In each of these he was regarded as a valuable member. In 1778 he was a member of the New Hampshire executive council, and was the president of the state constitutional convention which prepared the first constitution of the state in 1783. He died at Exeter, where, for the greater part of his life, he had his home, May 26, 1790.

JOHN SULLIVAN, one of the best known of the patriot leaders of New Hampshire in the Revolutionary period, was of Irish descent, his father, John O'Sullivan, having for a long number of years followed the calling of a school teacher in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. John was born at Dover, February 17, 1741, and was educated by his father, like

his brother James, who afterward achieved a wide reputation as a lawyer, jurist and author. He chose law as his profession and commenced practice at Durham, N. H. In 1772 he was commissioned a major in the militia, and took a part in the capture of Fort William and Mary in 1774. He was elected this same year, with Nathaniel Folsom, a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and was re-elected to the second congress, which was held at Philadelphia from May 10, 1775, to December 12, 1776. June 22, 1775, however, Congress appointed him a brigadier-general, and major-general, July 29, 1776, in which position he did brilliant service, especially in Rhode Island, till he resigned in 1779. He was elected to congress again in 1780, and was re-elected in 1781. In 1782 he accepted the position of attorney-general for the state, holding it till 1786, when he was elected president of the state, holding the office for two years. He was president of the state convention that ratified the Constitution of the United States, and was chosen one of the presidential electors at the first presidential election, giving his vote for Washington and Adams. At the March election of the same year, 1789, he was again chosen president of the state. President Washington, however, in organizing the judiciary, appointed him judge of the Federal District Court of New Hampshire, which position he held till his death, which occurred at Durham, January 23, 1795. His son, George Sullivan, had a career even more brilliant than that of his father, but it is hardly possible to overestimate the value to the state, in the critical period in which he was a prominent actor, of the services of John Sullivan, member of the first Continental Congress, and first governor or president of the state after the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

JOSIAH BARTLETT, whose name, it will be remembered, always appears next to that of John Hancock in the

lithographic and fac-simile copies of the Declaration of Independence, and who was the first after the president, John Hancock, to affix his name to that immortal instrument, was born at Amesbury, Mass., November 21, 1727, and received a thorough academical education. Like numerous other members of the Bartlett family in New England, he chose the profession of medicine, and after studying under Dr. Ordway, at Amesbury, commenced the practice of his profession at Kingston, New Hampshire, a little prior to the year 1750. He occupied a prominent position in colonial politics, and was several times a member of the colonial legislature, beside filling various offices of trust and honor in the royal government of the colony. He was not a member of the first Continental Congress, but was chosen a delegate to the second, which met at Philadelphia, May 10, 1775, taking his seat in September of that year. He resigned his seat in November, 1778, and returned to New Hampshire, where he was soon after (though he had previously had no legal training), appointed chief-justice of the court of common pleas. In 1782 he was transferred to the superior bench and served as one of the justices till, in 1788, he was appointed chief-justice of the state. After the adoption of the Federal Constitution he was elected to the United States Senate, but declined, and about the same time also resigned his office as chief-justice. In 1790 he was elected president of the state, and in 1792 was an active member of the state constitutional convention, which, among other changes, substituted the title of governor for that of president for the chief-executive officer of the state. He was elected governor in 1793, being the first chief-magistrate who bore that title. He retained, with a true physician's instinct, his interest in medical science during his lifetime, and took an active part in the formation of the New Hampshire Medical Society in 1791, and was chosen as

its first president. Dartmouth college honored him with the degree of M. A. and M. D. One of his sons, Josiah Bartlett, jr., who was born at Kingston, December 16, 1768, became prominent in political life, though a physician, like his father, and beside holding other distinguished positions, was a member of the twelfth congress from New Hampshire, serving from 1811 to 1813. Dr. Bartlett, senior, died suddenly of paralysis at Kingston, N. H., May 19, 1795, leaving behind him the memory of a useful, a blameless and stainless life.

No New Hampshire orator deems his after-dinner speech complete till he has made some allusion to the Langdons. The most distinguished of the family was without doubt JOHN LANGDON, born at Portsmouth, June 25, 1741. His education was received in the public schools, and in early life he engaged in mercantile pursuits. He was one of the most active of the citizens of the state in the movements leading to the Revolution, and was a delegate, with Josiah Bartlett, from the colony to the second Continental Congress which met at Philadelphia, in May, 1775. He was appointed the Continental Navy agent, and largely at his own expense equipped the celebrated regiment in command of which General Stark won the battle of Bennington. In 1786 he was for the second time elected a member of the Continental Congress, serving for more than a year. He was also for a number of years a member of the state house of representatives, and was several times chosen its speaker. In 1787 he was elected a delegate to the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, and in its proceedings he took a prominent part. In 1788 he was elected governor of the state, serving till he took his seat in the United States Senate, March 4, 1789, where he served till March 3, 1801. He was chosen president of that body in order that the votes for president and vice-president might be counted according to the Constitution, thus be-

ing the first president *pro tem.* of this body, and holding this office before there were either a president or vice-president of the country. After the expiration of his second term as senator, he was elected governor in 1805, serving till 1809, and was again elected in 1810, serving for one year. In 1811 President Jefferson, of whom he was an ardent political adherent, offered him a place in his cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, but he declined it. For the presidential campaign of 1812, he was unanimously named by the Democratic delegation in congress as a candidate for the vice-presidency, to which he might have been elected had he not declined the honor. His last years were spent at his home in Portsmouth, where he died September 18, 1819, mourned as one of the most honored and distinguished citizens of the state.

WOODBURY LANGDON, an older brother of JOHN, was born at Portsmouth, in 1739, and like his brother, early engaged in mercantile pursuits. He served for about a year, 1779-1780, in the Continental Congress, rendering valuable service in the councils of the time. For three years, from 1781 to 1784 he was a member of the state executive council. In 1782 he was appointed one of the judges of the supreme court of the state, serving but a short time however. In 1786 he was again appointed, serving till 1790. He died at Portsmouth, January 13, 1805.

One of the most honored names in New Hampshire's early history is that of MATTHEW THORNTON. He was born in Ireland in 1714, and came, when a mere lad, to America, living for a while at Wiscasset, Me. Removing to Worcester, he received an academic education, studied medicine, and began his practice in the historic town of Londonderry, N. H. In the famous expedition of Sir William Pepperell, against Louisburg, he served as surgeon, and was afterward prominently connected with the colonial militia, holding for several years a commission

as colonel. He was a member of the convention which declared New Hampshire to be a sovereign state. He served in the Continental Congress from 1776 to 1778, and in the latter year resigned to accept the chief-justiceship of Hillsborough county. He held this position only about two years, resigning to accept an appointment on the supreme bench of the state. In 1783 he was a member of the state house of representatives, and the next year of the state senate. The year following he was a member of the executive council, but soon afterward removed to Massachusetts. He died at Newburyport, Mass., June 24, 1804, in his 91st year.

WILLIAM WHIPPLE, born at Kittery, (now Maine), January 14, 1730, received his education on board a vessel, being bred a sailor, and was in command of a vessel in the African trade before he reached his 21st birthday. During the Seven Years' War he retired from a sea-faring life and engaged in mercantile pursuits at Portsmouth, N. H., in which he was remarkably successful. In 1775 he was elected a member of the Continental Congress, taking his seat in May; was re-elected in 1776, taking his seat in February, in time to immortalize himself as one of the signers of the Declaration. He was again elected in 1778, but did not take his seat till some time after the opening of the congress, as in the meantime he had accepted the command of a brigade for the defence of Rhode Island. He declined further re-elections to congress, which were tendered him, and resigned his military commission, June 20, 1782. He was a member of the state assembly 1780-1784. Superintendent of finance of the state 1782-1784. In 1782 he was appointed a judge of the state supreme court, holding the position till obliged to relinquish it on account of disease. While captain of a vessel in the African trade he engaged to some extent in the slave-trade, but after the opening of the war of the Revolution he emanci-

pated all his slaves, and refused to assist Gen. Washington in the recovery of a servant of Mrs. Washington, who had run away and taken refuge in New Hampshire. Captain Whipple, as he was familiarly called, died suddenly, of heart disease, November 28, 1785.

GEORGE FROST was born at New-castle, April 26, 1727, and after receiving a public school education, entered the employ of his uncle, the celebrated merchant, Sir William Pepperell, at Kittery Point. For several years he followed a sea-faring life as super-cargo and captain, but in 1770 abandoned the sea and removed to Durham. He was made a judge of the Strafford county court of common pleas in 1773, and served till 1791, for several of these years being chief-justice. He was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1777, and served, rendering good service, till 1779. For the three years 1781-1784, he was a member of the executive council. Resigning his seat on the bench at the age of 70, he retired to private life and died at Durham, June 21, 1796, in his 77th year.

Little need to be said of the *Wentworths*, a family of the first prominence in the colonial and early history of New Hampshire, and the list of members of the Continental Congress could hardly be said to be complete unless it embraced the name of a *Wentworth*. JOHN WENTWORTH, JR., was born at Somersworth, N. H., July 17, 1745, and graduated at Harvard college in the class of 1768. He was admitted to the bar and commenced the practice of law at Dover in 1770. This same year he was appointed by Gov. John Wentworth register of probate for Strafford county. Was a member of the state house of representatives from 1776 to 1780, and served as a member of the Continental Congress for nearly the whole of 1778 and 1779. He was a member of the state senate, 1781-1784, and of the executive council, 1780-1784. He was recognized as a man of the most brilliant talents and of great

promise, and his early death, which occurred at Dover, January 10, 1787, was deeply regretted by all the people of the state.

NATHANIEL PEABODY was born at Topsfield, Mass., March 1, 1741. He was the son of Dr. Jacob Peabody, with whom he studied medicine, and after being licensed commenced practice at Plaistow, N. H., in 1761. He was an ardent advocate of the Revolution, and was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the militia in 1774, and was the first man in the province to resign a royal commission. He was elected one of the committee of safety, January 10, 1776, and was appointed adjutant-general of the state militia, July 19, 1779. He was elected to the Continental Congress in 1779, and again in 1786, but the latter time did not act. He was for eight years a member of the state legislature, and in 1793 was elected speaker. Few men rendered the state better service in both civil and military capacity during the Revolutionary period, but in his last years he became financially embarrassed and died in jail at Exeter, June 27, 1823, where he had been imprisoned for debt.

Of PHILIP WHITE little is known beyond the fact that he was a native of New Hampshire, and was probably a member of the family of Whites that were among the early settlers of Rockingham county. He served a short time as one of the delegates from New Hampshire in the Continental Congress that met at Philadelphia, July 2, 1778. His term of service was in the latter part of 1782 and during the early months of 1783. Like some congressmen of the present day he was not much heard from, and made no enduring mark.

LIVERMORE is one of the honored names of New Hampshire history. SAMUEL LIVERMORE, born at Waltham, Mass., May, 14, 1732, was educated at Princeton college, New Jersey, graduating with distinguished honor in 1752. After studying law he was admitted to the bar and began the prac-

tice of his profession at Portsmouth, in 1758. He was a member of the general court of the province in 1768-70. He was one of the original grantees and principal proprietors of the town of Holderness, whither he removed in 1775. In 1769 he was appointed king's attorney for the province, and held this office till the change of government, when for three years he held the position of state attorney. In 1780 he was chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress, taking his seat in February of that year, but resigned in June, 1782, to accept the chief-justiceship of the New Hampshire court of common pleas, a position he held till February, 1789. In the meantime he was in 1784 again elected to the Continental Congress, and served for the most of the time during the year 1785. He was one of the representatives from New Hampshire in the first and second congresses, serving from March 4, 1789, to March 4, 1793, when he was elected to the United States Senate, of which body he was president *pro tem.* for two sessions. He was re-elected, but May 11, 1801, he resigned, on account of ill health, and died at Holderness, May 18, 1803. Two of his sons, Arthur, and Edward St. Loe, were afterward members of congress and held high legislative and judicial positions.

JONATHAN BLANCHARD was among the most active of the citizens of the province of New Hampshire in the preliminary steps which led to the separation of the province from the mother country. He was a native of the state and rendered honorable and efficient public service during the war of the Revolution, serving a brief time in the Continental Congress in the years 1783-84.

ABIEL FOSTER was a native of Massachusetts, was born at Andover, August 8, 1735; graduated at Harvard in 1756. After studying theology he was, January 16, 1761, ordained over the Congregational church at Canterbury, as pastor, remaining in this position

till 1779. In 1783 and 1784 he served in the Continental Congress, where he is said to have exerted a marked influence. From 1784 to 1789 he served as one of the judges of the state court of common pleas, but was elected a representative to the first congress, serving till March 4, 1791. In 1783 and 1794 he was president of the New Hampshire senate, and was afterward elected to the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh congress, serving from December 7, 1795, to March 4, 1803. Few men in the early history of the state exerted a wider or more beneficial influence than the Rev. Abiel Foster. He died at Canterbury, February 6, 1806.

JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN is perhaps best known to students of New Hampshire, as the man who held for the longest period the chief executive office, but his title to fame rests on a much broader foundation. He was born at Exeter, December 19, 1753, and was one of the minute men who marched from Exeter to Cambridge, on receiving intelligence of the battle of Lexington, in 1775. His father was for a long time receiver-general of the province, and afterward of the state, and he was for several years assistant to his father. In 1780 he attended a convention of the states at Hartford, and in 1782-1783 was a delegate from New Hampshire to the Continental Congress. From 1783 to 1791 he was one of the commissioners to settle the accounts between the different states; was treasurer of the state in 1783 and again in 1791. In 1794 he was elected governor as a Federalist, and was re-elected each year till 1805, when he was defeated by John Langdon, Democrat, by nearly 4000 majority. In 1812 he was again the Federal candidate, but failing a majority of votes by the people, his opponent William Plumer, was elected by the legislature. In 1813 he was again elected governor by a majority of 500 votes, and was re-elected in 1814 and 1815, each time by about the same majority. In 1816 he de-

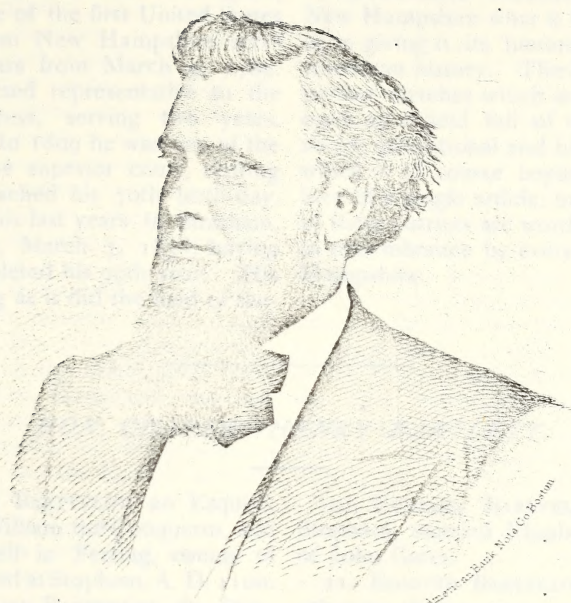
clined a re-election and died at Exeter, August 21, 1828. Gov. Gilman well earned the title of being the Federal governor *par excellence* of the state.

His brother, NICHOLAS GILMAN, was born at Exeter in 1762, and served in the Revolutionary war as lieutenant, captain, adjutant and adjutant-general. From 1786 to 1788 he was the youngest member of the Congress of the Confederation. He was a member of the first, second, third and fourth congresses, serving till March 3, 1797, when he took his seat in the United States senate as a Democrat. His election to this position was the first break in the New England Federalists in the senate, who up to this had been solidly Federal. He ~~was~~ re-elected in 1805, and again in 1811, and died at Philadelphia, on his way home, May 3, 1814. Congress had adjourned April 18. During his senatorial career he was as ardent a Democrat as was his brother John Taylor, a Federalist.

PIERCE LONG was a native of Portsmouth; born in 1739, he became, on reaching manhood, a partner with his father in the shipping business. In 1775 he was a delegate to the provincial congress of New Hampshire, and on the breaking out of hostilities served in the Revolutionary army as colonel of the First New Hampshire Regiment, especially distinguishing himself at Ticonderoga. In 1784, 1785, and part of 1786, he was an efficient member of the Continental Congress. He was a member of the executive council, 1786-1789, and member also of the state constitutional convention of 1788. In 1889 he was appointed by President Washington collector of customs at Portsmouth, where he died, April 3, 1799.

PAINE WINGATE was another of New Hampshire's members of the Continental Congress who was liberally educated. He was born at Amesbury, Mass., May 14, 1739, and graduated at Harvard in 1759. Like Abiel Foster he studied theology, and De-

October 14, 1878 was ordained with degree, politics and law, attending the church at Hampton Falls, remaining there nearly a century, was a rising as its minister till March 18, 1891, when he was dismissed; remained in Stratham and engaged in farming. In the winter part of 1887 and the summer part of 1890 he served for a brief period in the Continental Congress, and was one of the first Union men to return from New Hampshire. He was elected representative to the Third Congress, serving from 1861 to 1863. From 1863 to 1865 he was a judge of the superior court when he reached his 40th birthday. He passed his last years studying law, and died nearly 70 years of age. His country was his home.



James G. Black Photo Co. Boston

Charles H. Bartlett.

ember 14, 1763, was ordained over the church at Hampton Falls, remaining as its minister till March 18, 1781, when he was dismissed; removed to Stratham and engaged in farming. In the latter part of 1787 and the former part of 1788 he served for a brief period in the Continental Congress, and was one of the first United States senators from New Hampshire, serving four years from March 4, 1789. He was elected representative to the third congress, serving two years. From 1798 to 1809 he was one of the judges of the superior court, retiring when he reached his 70th birth-day. He passed his last years in Stratham, dying there, March 7, 1838, having nearly completed his 99th year. His life, covering as it did the field of the-

ology, politics and law, extending through nearly a century, was a remarkable one.

These eighteen names deserve to be placed on New Hampshire's roll of honor. They belong to men whose lives, services and character had an incalculable influence in making New Hampshire what it has been and is, in giving it its honorable place in American history. The brief and imperfect sketches which are here given, open up a field full of suggestion in social, educational and historical lines, which is of course beyond the province of a single article, but the names of these patriots are worthy to be held in remembrance by every son of New Hampshire.

HON. CHARLES HENRY BARTLETT.

1. ADAM BARTELOT, an Esquire, came with William the Conqueror, and seated himself in Ferring, county of Sussex; buried at Stopham, A. D. 1100.

2. WILLIAM BARTELOT de Stopham; buried in Stopham church.

3. JOHN BARTELOT, Esq., buried in Stopham church.

4. RICHARD BARTELOT, Esq., buried in Stopham church.

5. THOMAS BARTELOT, Esq., married Assoline, daughter of John de Stopham; buried in Stopham church.

6. JOHN BARTELOT, Esq., captured the castle of Fontenoy, in France, and to him was granted the castle crest in the Bartelot arms; married Joan, a niece of Assoline.

7. JOHN BARTELOT, M. P. for Sussex county, 1453; married Joan, daughter of John de Lewknor.

8. RICHARD BARTELOT, Esq., 1489; married Petrovilla, heir of Gen. Walton.

9. JOHN BARTELOT, of Stopham, married Olive, daughter of John Arthur, of London; died 1493.

10. RICHARD BARTELOT, Esq., of Stopham, married Elizabeth, daughter of John Gates.

11. EDMUND BARTELOT, of Ernly, 4th son; died 1591.

12. RICHARD BARTLETT, born between the years 1580 and 1590; settled in Newbury, Mass., in 1635; died May 25, 1647.

13. RICHARD BARTLETT, born 1621; married Abigail — (who died March 1, 1687); was a very facetious and intelligent man; was four years representative; died, 1698.

14. RICHARD BARTLETT, born February 21, 1649; married, November 18, 1673, Hannah Emery, of Newbury.

15. DANIEL BARTLETT, born August 8, 1682; lived and died in Newbury, Mass.

16. JOHN BARTLETT was one of the early settlers of Deering, N. H.

17. SOLOMON BARTLETT was a farmer; lived in Deering; married Abigail Stevens; died in 1845, aged 80.

18. JOHN BARTLETT was a farmer in

Sunapee; married Jane Sanborn, of Springfield. He died in 1882, aged 83. His wife died in 1882, aged 82.

CHARLES HENRY BARTLETT was born in Sunapee, N. H., October 15, 1833. He is the fourth son of John and Sarah J. (Sanborn) Bartlett, and is a lineal descendant, in the eighth generation, of Richard Bartlett, who came from England to Newbury, Mass., in the ship "Mary and John," in 1634.

The original orthography of the name was Barttelot, which is still preserved by the family in England, whose ancestral home in Stopham, Sussex county, has remained in possession of the family for nearly a thousand years, and the present occupant, Hon. Walter B. Barttelot, is the member of parliament from that county.

In the same ancestral line is found the name of Hon. Josiah Bartlett, who, as a delegate in the Continental Congress from New Hampshire, was the first man to vote "yes" on the passage of the declaration of independence, July 4, 1776, and the second to affix his signature thereto. All the Bartletts whose names appear in the annals of our state, trace their lineage to the same ancestry.

Mr. Bartlett has four brothers—Joseph S., who resides in Claremont, and Solomon, John Z., and George H., who reside in Sunapee; and two sisters—Mrs. Thomas P. Smith and Mrs. John Felch. His parents passed away at the advanced age of eighty-two years, in the enjoyment of an ample competency, the fruits of a long life of earnest and cheerful labor, and the practice of a stern, self-denying economy, a characteristic of the best type of our New England husbandry.

Mr. Bartlett's early life was mainly spent upon his father's farm, laboring through the summer season and attending school during the winter. He early developed a decided taste for literary pursuits, and from childhood devoted a liberal share of his leisure moments to the perusal of such books as were accessible to him. He also contributed liberally to the current lit-

erature of the day, and showed remarkable facility in both prose and poetic composition. He received his education at the academies at Washington and New London, after which he commenced the study of law in the office of Metcalf and Barton at Newport. He studied subsequently with George and Foster at Concord, and with Morrison and Stanley at Manchester, being admitted to the bar of Hillsborough county, from the office of the latter, in 1858. In that year he began the practice of his profession at Wentworth, N. H., and in 1863 removed to Manchester, where he has since resided. For some two years he was law partner with the late Hon. James U. Parker, the partnership terminating with the retirement of the latter from active business. In June, 1867, he was appointed, by Judge Clark, clerk of the United States district court for the New Hampshire district, since which time he has not actively practiced his profession, but has devoted himself to the duties of his office, which became very onerous and responsible upon the passage of the bankrupt law, about the time of his appointment. The holding of this office under the government of the United States has disqualified him from accepting any office under the state government. He was clerk of the New Hampshire senate from 1861 to 1865, Gov. Smyth's private secretary in 1865 and 1866, treasurer of the state reform school in 1866 and 1867. In the same year he was unanimously chosen city solicitor, but declined a re-election, owing to his appointment as clerk of the district court. In 1872 he was elected, as the nominee of the Republican party, mayor of the city, and served till February 18, 1873, when he resigned in accordance with the policy of the national government at that time, which forbade United States officials from holding state or municipal offices. His cheerful co-operation with the administration in this matter, though at a sacrifice of a most conspicuous public position, was handsomely

recognized by President Grant, through Attorney-General Williams. His last official act as mayor was to order the city treasurer to pay the amount due him for salary to the Firemen's Relief Association. Mr. Bartlett has been a trustee of the Merrimack River Savings Bank from 1865 to the present time, and a trustee of the People's Savings Bank from its organization in 1874. He is also a director in the Merchants' National Bank. He was the master of Washington Lodge of Free Masons from April, 1872, to April, 1874, and now holds the position of United States commissioner, to which he was appointed in 1872. The only positions of trust he has held since his appointment as clerk of the United States court, are as a member of the last constitutional convention, and chairman of the commission appointed by the governor and council to investigate the affairs of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane.

Mr. Bartlett married, December 8, 1858, Miss Hannah M. Eastman, of Croydon, N. H., by whom he had one son, Charles Leslie, who died at the age of four years, and one daughter,

Carrie Bell, a member of the Manchester high school.

Clarke's "History of Manchester," from which the foregoing facts are gathered, closes its biographical sketch of Mr. Bartlett as follows: "Mr. Bartlett has a keen, well-balanced mind, whose faculties are always at his command. He thinks readily, but acts cautiously, and seldom makes a mistake. Hence he has been financially successful in almost every thing he has undertaken. He is one of the most practical lawyers in the state, and was for several years in charge of the law department of the *Mirror*, giving general satisfaction, and his withdrawal, when his business compelled it, was a source of much regret to the readers of that paper.

In 1881 Dartmouth College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

In 1882 Mr. Bartlett was elected to the New Hampshire state senate, resigning his office as clerk of the U. S. district court. At the assembling of the legislature, on account of his eminent fitness, he was chosen president of the senate, an office second in rank to that of governor of the state.

[From the Statesman of June 3, 1870.]

AN OLD-TIME CHAPTER.

BY ASA MCFARLAND.

Routes by which Governors have come into Concord—The Early Governors—Long Official Tenures of Langdon and Gilman—Cavalades and Military Spectacles Election Days—Gov. Pierce the "Last of the Cooked Hats," etc., etc.

During several years in the last and the beginning of this century Rockingham county furnished the state with governors, and they entered Concord, when the sessions were held here, at the lower end of Main street, crossing the river by a ferry before the Merrimack was bridged. Governors Sullivan, Langdon, Bartlett, and Gilman, all of Rockingham county, were Chief Magistrates during the latter part of the eighteenth century. Since 1800 the chair has

been occupied by John Langdon, John Taylor Gilman, Jeremiah Smith, Samuel Bell, Levi Woodbury, and John Bell, also inhabitants of Rockingham; making eight governors from that county. What circumstances attended the entry into town of governors whose incumbency was back of this century, it is difficult if not impossible to ascertain; for few people survive whose memory is sufficiently good to give a reliable account thereof, and

ten to one no record could be found in the village paper of those days. Probably little if any demonstration was made in the reception of governors until after the expiration of the first ten years of the present century. The more aged inhabitants of Concord recollect the escort of governors into town after the year 1810. John Langdon was governor as long ago as 1788, and his last incumbency was from June, 1811, to June, 1812. He held the office in the years 1788, 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808, 1810, and 1811. The incumbency of John Taylor Gilman embraced the years 1794, 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1813, 1814, and 1815. He was, during some of these years, attended to the capital by "London," a colored servant, who is spoken of by aged people as figuring in the company by whom his master was met at some distance hence, and escorted into town. Gov. Langdon, as previously mentioned in the *Statesman*, boarded at the North End, a portion of the time in the family of the late Dea. John Kimball, whose benign countenance beams from one of the pages of the History of Concord. Gov. Gilman often, perhaps always, was the guest of Hon. William A. Kent, in a mansion which stood upon the site of the present South Church. It is remarkable that a gentleman of the moderate ability of John Taylor Gilman should have been the incumbent so long: but there were undoubtedly circumstances which caused him to be a popular favorite that can not, at this distance of time, be known. According to tradition, Philip Carrigan, Esq., secretary of the state, and author of the only large map of this state ever published, was chairman of the committee appointed to notify Mr. Gilman of his nomination for governor. Being a modest man, to whom his selection was a perfect surprise—unlike the nominations of the present day—he expressed a want of proper qualifications for the office, to which Col. Carrigan quickly replied: "Never mind, never

mind; it doesn't require much of a man to be governor of New Hampshire."

Gov. Samuel Bell and Gov. Plumer were, we think, the guests of Hon. Isaac Hill, himself, many years after, governor. We have no recollection of the ceremonies attending the incoming of Gov. Plumer. Gov. Bell did not come to the capital until Friday of election week. The legislative committee met him at Johnson's tavern in Boscawen—the public house which still stands on the north side of Contoocook river, a part of the village of Fisherville—and the procession was led by a company of Concord cavalry, in command of Joshua Abbot. We are unable to account for the governor-elect being met on the border of Concord in that direction—he being an inhabitant of Chester—unless he had been holding a term of the Superior Court, of which he was one of the associate justices, at Haverhill or Plymouth.

Hon. Levi Woodbury, of Portsmouth, was escorted into town by the usual legislative committee and a cavalcade of citizens. He came hither from Haverhill, Grafton county, where he had just held a term of the Superior Court. He was met at Brown's tavern, in West Concord, and when passing into this portion of the town was pronounced, by ladies along the route, the handsomest man in the crowd. He was governor only one year, being succeeded by Hon. David L. Morrill, who was a resident of Goffstown. Gov. Morrill was met by a committee of the legislature, a committee of citizens of Concord, and a cavalcade, near the site of St. Paul's School, and was conducted to the residence of his brother, Hon. Samuel Morrill, nearly opposite the present city hall. After he reached his boarding-house this somewhat amusing occurrence took place:

When the procession was forming, in front of the recently demolished Columbian hotel, to proceed to Millville, a very pompous, but not very acute, gentleman, of that class who take great

delight in exhibiting themselves in processions, having no official place in the escort, and finding one of the Concord committee without a partner, begged the privilege of riding at his side—the committee being upon horses—which was politely granted. Upon reaching Millville, the windy, puffy associate member of the Concord committee (the latter gentleman still lives, at a vigorous old age), desiring a more conspicuous position in the cavalcade, and finding an opportunity to attach himself to the legislative committee, at the head of the procession, took French leave of the Concord committee, and was not again seen by his first associate until the company was assembled in the house of Dr. Morril. Aware, perhaps, that some apology was necessary, he approached the member of the Concord committee, and said: "I returned in company with the committee of the legislature, which I trust you will excuse." The Concord committee-man, always apt in reply, as was his father before him, said: "Oh, perfectly excusable, sir; he that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen, let him not know it and he is not robbed at all." "Thank you, sir, thank you," said the puffy gentleman, and retired perfectly satisfied, not feeling the Damascus blade with which he had been thrust through, so obtuse and dull was his comprehension.

The two instances in which the least display was made were in the case of Hon. John Bell and Hon. Matthew Harvey. Gov. Bell did not appear in Concord on election week, being ill at his home in Chester. A few days later he quietly proceeded to the state house on foot, and took the usual oath of office, June, 1828. His brother, Samuel, also of Chester, was governor four years—the vote on his fourth election being, Bell 22,934; scattering, 1,046. John Bell held the office the last year his party held the state.

Hon. Matthew Harvey, chosen governor in March, 1830, was inducted with no demonstration whatever. He en-

gaged lodgings with his former Hopkinton townsman, John Whipple, Esq. The legislative committee waited upon him at his lodgings [the house owned by Mr. J. P. Tucker, opposite the city hall, and now occupied by Rt. Rev. Bishop W. W. Niles], and the governor and the committee proceeded to the state house on foot. This was in accordance with the tastes of the late Gov. Harvey, one of the most agreeable and unassuming public men of the state.

His successor, Gen. Benjamin Pierce, a soldier of the Revolution, on his entrance into town appeared in the apparel of an officer of the American army. Like the men of the Revolution, his military ardor was as enduring as his life. But, with all his military tastes and associations, he had no martial escort—the procession consisting of a few carriages and a large cavalcade. The number increased as the governor approached his lodgings, with his old friend, John George, Esq., at the north end of Main street. The Inn of Mr. George was not large, and was crowded by the more than usual numbers gathered on such occasions, to enjoy the good cheer and partake of the congratulations thereof. Mr. George had provided the usual liberal supply of good punch. But the people were many, and very thirsty. The governor elect, apprehensive that the supply was about being exhausted, said in his brusque manner, in quick but kind words, "Stir 'em a tubfull, friend George; stir 'em up a tubfull."

Gov. Dinsmoor, senior, probably came into town by what was known as the Hopkinton road, as did Governors Morril and Pierce. The circumstances attending his arrival in town were of no unusual character. He was chief magistrate three years, 1831, 1832, and 1833, and his son Samuel was governor three years.

We may be mistaken, but our impression is that the only governor escorted into town by the way of East Concord was Hon. William Badger. The legislative committee waited upon

him the evening before, at his house in that part of the ancient town of Gilmanton which is now known as Belmont. The cavalcade—there were no troops in the escort—met the governor-elect, we think, at East Concord. He was a man of commanding presence, fair complexion, above six feet in height, and, seated upon a horse, riding alone, could not be mistaken, as is so often the case when the multitude gaze upon such spectacles—a chief marshal or other official personage often being the central figure in the procession. The cavalcade, coming in around the Walker barn, made an excellent appearance.

This narrative brings matters to so recent a period that further details seem unnecessary. In addition to the escort of governors into town after the manner spoken of above, there was an imposing spectacle, on Thursday of election week, which was continued each year up to 1831. This consisted of religious services in what was long known as the Old North Church [now represented by the Walker School building], in which great numbers assembled. A procession, including a military escort, the legislature, the clergy, and others, was formed, and proceeded up Main

street to the place assigned, in great pomp—each side of the street being deeply lined with spectators. Reaching the old tabernacle, religious services took place in "solemn form," to adopt a Masonic phrase, chief of which was the election sermon. The practice of inaugurating the civil year with religious observances commenced in 1784, and was continued until 1831. In that year the legislature—107 to 81—voted to dispense with the election sermon, and consequently with the chief attraction of election—the military, the music and the procession. The sermon of 1831, the last, was preached by Rev. Nathan Lord, D. D., LL. D., President of Dartmouth College.*

The most costly and imposing inauguration spectacle ever witnessed was the escort of Gov. Gilmore through the chief streets of the city to the state house. But that and all kindred demonstrations become indistinct as time passes on, and to revive them by writing it is necessary to search the records. *Sic transit.*

* This usage was attempted to be revived, in 1861, the session after the commencement of the civil war. The legislature voted to have an "election sermon," which was preached by Henry Elijah Parker, now Professor in Dartmouth College, in the South Congregational Church. The usage was not re-established.

GOVERNMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE—1883-1885.

EXECUTIVE.

Governor SAMUEL W. HALE, born April 2, 1823, in Fitchburg, Mass.; settled in Dublin in 1845; moved to Keene in 1859 and embarked in the manufacture of chairs. He is now interested in extensive manufacturing, railroad and mining industries; is a large landed proprietor, and a bank director, a member of the Congregational church, a Mason, married, and a Republican. In 1866 and 1867 he was a member of the legislature; in 1869 and 1870 a member of the governor's council; in 1880 a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago, and was inaugurated as governor June 7, 1883. [See Vol. VI, No. 1, Granite Monthly.]

COUNCILLORS.

1. Hon. AMOS C. CHASE, born March 10, 1833, in Kingston, was educated in his native town; learned the painter's trade and embarked in the manufacture of carriages at an early age, finishing, on an average, three hundred a year since 1868. In his business Mr. Chase has shown great financial ability, and has achieved marked success. In 1877 he was a member of the legislature; in 1881 state senator; in 1883 a councillor. He is married, a Mason, and a Congregationalist. [See History of Rockingham County, page 381, 382.]

2. Hon. GROVENER A. CURTICE, born March 31, 1842, in Lempster; settled in

the village of Contoocook in 1860; enlisted as a private in company D, 7th N. H. Regiment, in August, 1862; was promoted to captain; served until close of war; went into trade in 1867. He has been town-clerk and town treasurer of Hopkinton; post-master, representative in 1875 and 1877; state senator in 1881-83. He is married, a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and belongs to Grand Army of Republic.

3. Hon. JOHN A. SPALDING, born in Wilton May 29, 1837; was educated in his native town; was a clerk six years in Lawrence, Mass.; went into the clothing business in Nashua in 1856; was chosen cashier of the First National bank in 1863 and has held the office since. He was a member of the legislature in 1865 and 1866, a state senator in 1878, and a Garfield elector. He has been a director of the Concord railroad; is a director of the Wilton railroad, and treasurer of the Wilton Manufacturing Company. He is married, liberal in belief, a Mason, and an Odd Fellow.

4. Hon. DAVID H. GOODELL, born May 6, 1834, in Hillsborough, where he remained until 1841 when his parents removed to Antrim; was educated at Hancock, New Hampton and Frances-town academies; entered Brown University in class of 1858 and remained nearly two years. His studies had impaired his health, but two years' work on the farm strengthened him and he engaged several terms as a teacher. His executive ability was soon turned to establishing and building up a great manufacturing industry in his adopted town, and his wares are in great demand. He is deeply interested in agriculture and carries on a large farm. He was a representative in 1876, 1877 and 1878. [See Sketch in this number of GRANITE MONTHLY.]

5. Hon. DAVID MARKS ALDRICH, born April 27, 1835, in Whitefield; was educated at common schools; lived in Natick, Mass., from November, 1852, to April, 1857, the rest of his life in Whitefield. In Massachusetts he was engaged in the shoe business; since, in the manufacture of lumber and starch. He buys lumber on the stump, is interested in several saw-mills, and carries on a small farm. He was moderator in 1861, representative in 1863 and 1864, county commissioner in 1866, 1867 and 1868, selectman in 1878, 1879 and 1880, and collector one year. In 1857 he married Jane Wheden, a native of Darford, Kent county, England; is a Mason, and attends the Free-will Baptist church.

THE SENATE—1883-1885.

Charles H. Bartlett, President.

1. Hon. IRVING W. DREW, born January 8, 1845, in Colebrook; was educated at Kimball Union Academy; graduated at Dartmouth college in 1870; studied law with Messrs. Ray and Ladd; admitted to the bar November term, 1871; settled in Lancaster in company with Hon. Ossian Ray,—Hon. William S. Ladd having been called to the bench of the supreme court. He is now in the firm of Ray, Drew, Jordan and Carpenter, a firm of great strength. For a number of years Mr. Drew was major of the third regiment N. H. National Guards, and served with great distinction. He is an able lawyer, a good speaker, and a tower of strength in the Democratic party. He married a daughter of Hon. S. R. Merrill; attends the Episcopal church; is a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a very popular gentleman.

2. Hon. HARRY BINGHAM, born March 30, 1821, in Concord, Vt.; of New Hampshire stock; was brought up on a farm; educated at Lyndon (Vt.) Academy; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1843; studied law with George C. Cahoon, David Hibbard, and Hon. Harry Hibbard; taught school while a student; was admitted to the bar at the May term 1846, and settled in Littleton in the practice of the law. In 1861, '62, '63, '64, '65 and '68 he was elected representative, and every term from 1871 until 1881, sixteen terms in all; and a member of the state constitutional convention in 1876. Mr. Bingham is unmarried, attends the Episcopal church, has been the standard-bearer of the Democratic party on many a hard-fought field, and is a lawyer, orator, and statesman of national reputation. [See article by H. H. Metcalf, Granite Monthly, Vol. V, No. 9.]

3. Hon. DAVID E. WILLARD, born June 3, 1828, in Orford; was educated at Kimball Union Academy; went into business April 1, 1850, in the store he still occupies; was railroad commissioner in 1879, 1880, 1881; is married, and a Congregationalist.

4. Hon. BENJAMIN F. PERKINS, born January 7, 1831, in Center Harbor; passed his youth in Boston and Lowell; was educated at the High School and Commercial College, and settled in New Hampton about 1856, in Bristol in 1866. He is a paper manufacturer, and is the business manager of the firm of Mason, Perkins & Co. He served six years as selectman of New Hampton; was representative in 1865 and 1866, moderator, treasurer, and town agent during the

Rebellion to secure town's quota. He is married, a Mason, an Odd Fellow, a trustee of the Bristol Savings Bank and of the New Hampton Literary Institution, and is a member of the Free-will Baptist Society.

5. Hon. DANIEL STARK DINSMOOR, born September 23, 1837, in Laconia; was a descendant of the Scotch-Irish who settled Londonderry—his father being a lineal descendant of "Daddy" Dinsmoor and his mother a great-granddaughter of Gen. John Stark; fitted for college at New London in class of 1860; studied law with Hon. George W. Stevens and Hon. O. A. J. Vaughan; was admitted to the bar in 1864; settled in Laconia; was chosen cashier of the Laconia National Bank upon its organization in 1865; married the same year Amelia M., daughter of Hon. Amos Whittemore, of Bennington; representative in 1875; a Mason, attended the Congregational church; was a member of Gov. P. C. Cheney's staff in 1875 and 1876; register of probate from 1871 to 1878; died March 24, 1883.

6. Hon. LEVI T. HALEY, born June 20, 1838, in Tuftonborough; received a common school education; has been a farmer and merchant; resides in Wolfeborough; manages a livery stable, deals in ice, wood and lumber, and carries on a farm. He was deputy sheriff in 1871; appointed sheriff in 1874, and elected sheriff in 1878 and 1880. He is married, a Mason, and attends the Baptist church.

7. Hon. CHESTER PIKE, born July 30, 1829, in Cornish; is a descendant of the pioneers who first settled Cornish; a first cousin, once removed, of Salmon P. Chase; was educated at Hartland (Vt.), and Kimball Union Academy; settled in Cornish, and is a farmer. His farm, of a thousand acres, is on the banks of the Connecticut, and is highly cultivated by all modern appliances. The farm maintains one hundred and thirty cattle, three hundred sheep, thirty-seven horses, forty hogs, and yields three hundred tons of hay and 6800 bushels of corn, and other crops in proportion. He is also engaged in marketing large quantities of stock and farm produce in Boston. He was several years selectman of Cornish; county commissioner in 1859, 1860 and 1861; representative in 1862 and 1863; provost marshal 3d N. H. District, 1863, 1864 and 1865; collector of internal revenue from 1866 to 1876, and delegate to the Constitutional convention of 1876. In 1862 he married Amanda M., daughter of Hon.

Levi Chamberlain Fay, of Windsor, Vt. [See Successful New Hampshire Men, page 123.]

8. Hon. THOMAS DINSMORE, born March 4, 1825, in Alstead; received a common school education in his native town; was brought up on a farm; studied and taught school until 1846, when he went to Boston to seek his fortune. For thirty years he was a produce dealer in Quincy Market, holding offices of trust in the city government. In 1877 he returned to his native town to carry on his extensive farm of some four hundred acres. This property netted \$4000 in 1882. He cuts 120 to 130 tons of hay, keeps sixty cows, ten horses, one hundred hogs, and finds a market at Bellows Falls. He is married, a Universalist, and a modest gentleman.

9. Hon. CHARLES H. AMSDEN, born 8 July, 1848, in village of Fisherville, in Boscawen; was educated at Appleton Academy in New Ipswich; went into the furniture manufacturing business with his father in 1866; succeeded his father in 1869; alone since 1872; employs about one hundred men. He engaged in the lumber business as one of the firm of J. Whitaker and Co.; a director of the Concord Axle Company, and Mechanics' National Bank. He has served his ward as alderman, is married, and attends the Baptist church. Mr. Amsden is an energetic business man, of good judgment and cultivated tastes, and sure of high political preferment from his party when it is in power.

10. Hon. HENRY ROBINSON, born July 14, 1852, in Concord; was educated in the common schools; graduated at the Concord high school in 1869; studied law with Messrs. Minot, Tappan and Mugridge, and at the Boston Law School; was admitted to the bar in 1875; settled in his native city, and was member of legislature in 1879, 1880, and 1881. He married, October 10, 1878, Helen Rollins, daughter of Hon. E. H. Rollins, of Concord; is an Odd Fellow, an honorary member 3d regiment N. H. N. G., and attends the Episcopal church.

11. Hon. AARON WHITTEMORE, born January 18, 1849, in Pembroke; son of Hon. Aaron, grandson of Hon. Aaron, great-grandson of Aaron, a Revolutionary soldier, and great-great-grandson of Rev. Aaron Whittemore, the first settled minister in Pembroke; was educated at Pembroke Academy; read law with Hon. John M. Shirley, and at Harvard University Law School; was admitted to the bar in 1870, and settled in Pittsfield. He is captain of company D, 3d

regiment N. H. N. G.; an Odd Fellow, is married, and attends the Congregational church. [For further information see History of Pembroke, now in press.]

12. Hon. CHARLES W. FOLSOM, born September 1, 1842, in Tamworth; was educated at Rochester and West Lebanon (Maine) academies; enlisted in U. S. Navy in 1863, and served till close of war; was on the San Jacinto when that vessel was wrecked on the Bahama Islands; settled in Rochester, and bought the *Courier* in 1867, and has edited and published it since; was a representative in 1873 and 1874, and is a member of the Rochester board of education. He married, January 2, 1868, Lillian B. Lane; is an Odd Fellow, and attends the Free-will Baptist church.

13. Hon. GEORGE K. HARVEY, born February 18, 1829, in Surry; was educated at common schools of his native town, and at Saxton's River (Vt.) Academy, and settled in Surry as a farmer. He has held the various offices in the town—town-treasurer, clerk, moderator many times, selectman twelve or fifteen years, representative in 1866, 1867 and 1879, member of Constitutional Convention in 1876, and serving his third term on the board of agriculture.

14. Hon. GEORGE G. DAVIS, born August 28, 1842, in Roxbury; was educated in the common schools; enlisted as private in company A, 2d regiment N. H. V., in May, 1861; was wounded at Williamsburg in May, 1862; was discharged in September, 1862; settled in Marlborough, where he manufactured boxes and toys until 1870, when he established a business in general merchandise. He has served as town-clerk and treasurer eight years; was representative in 1879 and 1881; is married and attends the Congregational church.

15. Hon. GEORGE W. CUMMINGS, born March 11, 1844, in Nelson; was educated at Appleton Academy; enlisted in 1864 in company G, 1st regiment N. H. Cavalry, as private; was promoted to first sergeant, and commissioned second lieutenant; served till close of war; settled in Boston in printing and stationery business till 1873. In 1877 he was appointed cashier of the First National Bank at Francestown, which office he still holds. He was state senator in 1881 and 1883; is unmarried, a Mason, an Odd Fellow, a member of Grand Army of Republic, and attends the Unitarian church.

16. Hon. GEORGE A. WASON, born September 17, 1831, in New Boston; is

a farmer by occupation, and has always lived in his native town. He was educated at the Francestown Academy; has been county commissioner for the past six years; for four years president of the Hillsborough County Agricultural Society; president of the Piscataquog Valley Fair Association; trustee of the State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry; is married, and attends the Presbyterian church.

17. Hon. AMOS WEBSTER, born October 4, 1824, in Bolton, Vt.; received an academical education; taught school in his youth; settled in Nashua in 1844, where he was a wholesale fancy goods dealer till 1862, when, with J. M. Fletcher, he embarked in the manufacture of toys and furniture. In 1870 they sold the toy department and formed the firm of Fletcher, Webster and Company, which continued until 1878, when the present firm of Fletcher and Webster Furniture Company was organized, of which Mr. Webster is treasurer and chief manager. He served ward six, Nashua, as selectman three years; councilman, alderman and representative in 1868 and 1869. He was alderman of ward seven in 1877; is director of Second National Bank; married, in 1846, Martha J. Annis, of Litchfield; is a Mason, and attends the Universalist church.

18. Hon. CHARLES H. BARTLETT, born October 15, 1833, in Sunapee; was educated at Washington and New London academies; studied law with Messrs. Metcalf and Barton at Newport, and Messrs. George and Foster at Concord, and Messrs. Morrison and Stanley at Manchester; was admitted to the bar in 1858; settled in Wentworth; moved to Manchester in 1863; was clerk of the N. H. Senate from 1861 to 1865; was appointed clerk of the U. S. District Court in 1867; was elected mayor of Manchester in 1872; member of the Constitutional Convention in 1876; is trustee of the Merrimack River, and People's Savings Banks, a director of the Merchants' National Bank; is a Mason, married, and attends the Congregational church. [See sketch in this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY.]

19. Hon. ISRAEL DOW, born January 18, 1815, in Salisbury; received a common school education; settled in Manchester in 1844, and is master mechanic and mill-wright at the Amoskeag mills. He has served the city as assistant engineer of the fire department for seven years, as chief engineer ten years; representative in 1858 and 1859. He is married, a Mason, and attends the Baptist church.

20. Hon. BENJAMIN R. WHEELER, born April 20, 1840, in Salem; was educated in private and public schools of his native town; enlisted April 25, 1861, in company H, 1st N. H. regiment; re-enlisted in company C, 4th N. H. regiment, as sergeant; was wounded in right shoulder at Drury's Bluff, May 16, 1864; was promoted to be captain; served over three years, and was mustered out November 5, 1864. In the spring of 1865 he commenced to manufacture shoes; went out of the business in 1878; has been highway surveyor, town-clerk, representative in 1872 and 1873, deputy sheriff four years, and supervisor four years. He married, in 1866, Laura H. Vincent; is a Mason, commander of G. A. R. Post, No. 60, and attends the Methodist church.

21. Hon. FRANCIS T. FRENCH, born September 2, 1835, in East Kingston; received a common school education; settled in his native town; went into business before he became of age; is a farmer and deals in produce and stock. He has been town-clerk, selectman, representative in 1865 and 1879. He married (1) in 1866 Almira A. Stevens; (2) in 1878 Emily S. Chase, and attends the Universalist church.

22. Hon. LAFAYETTE HALL, born June 9, 1825, in Brighton, Me.; received a common school education; settled in New Hampshire in 1853, and is a manufacturer of railroad supplies; was representative from Durham in 1868 and 1869, from Newmarket in 1876 and 1877; a member of the senate in 1881. He is married, and has no religious preferences.

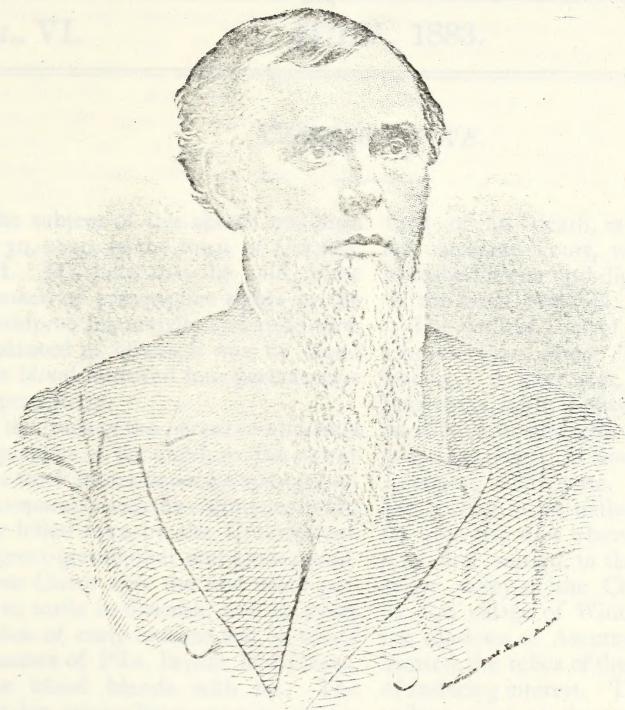
23. Hon. JAMES FRANK SEAVEY, born August 14, 1838; was educated at Franklin Academy, Dover, where he settled in 1857; served eight years as clerk. In 1866 he embarked in the ready-made clothing business. He has been a member of Dover common council, treas-

urer of Strafford county from 1869 to 1871; representative from ward 2, Dover, from 1878 to 1880; state senator in 1881. In 1863 he married Sarah F. Webster, and has two children, Grace W. and Walter H. He is a Methodist, a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a Knight of Pythias. In the last order he represented, in 1878 and 1879, the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire in the Supreme Lodge of the world.

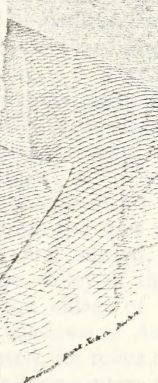
24. Hon. JOHN LEIGHTON, born October 26, 1846, in Stratham; was educated in the common schools; settled in Portsmouth, in 1865, in the grocery business; was appointed cashier of Mechanics' and Traders' National Bank in 1881; resigned in 1882; was elected a trustee of the Portsmouth Savings Bank in 1880; was alderman in 1879 and 1880, and representative in 1881. He married, in 1880, Mary E., daughter of Capt. John B. Haley, of Portsmouth; is a Mason, and attends the Unitarian church.

EXPLANATION.

The publisher of the GRANITE MONTHLY proposed to issue a supplement containing biographical sketches of the members of the N. H. House of Representatives for 1883-85, in the June number. He has not received sufficient encouragement. Of the three hundred members of the House but sixty have answered his circular asking for necessary information. The amount of two dollars has been received in sums of fifty cents, and less, in postage stamps, and orders for less than one hundred copies. The sketches of members who have subscribed for the magazine will appear in some future number; other sketches will be deposited in the archives of the N. H. Historical Society. The proposed supplement would have cost the publisher over \$100, and the demand does not warrant the outlay.



Chester Pike



J. G. S. 1840

Pike

THE
GRANITE MONTHLY,
A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. VI.

JULY, 1883.

No. 10.

CHESTER PIKE.

The subject of this sketch was born July 30, 1829, in the town of Cornish, N. H. Mr. Pike may be said to be possessed of prescriptive rights in the township of his nativity and residence, for, planted of others, it was by blood of his blood nurtured into permanence and perpetuity.

As the traits of the parent re-appear in the qualities of the child, so the annals of the stock from whence he sprang mingle inseparably with the chronicles of this many-hilled town by the Connecticut. His great-grandfather and great-grandmother Chase were the first white persons to settle in Cornish, and in every mention of early citizens will be found the names of Pike, Bryant, and Chase, whose blood blends with his. The friendship arising from nearness of residence and a common industry, which from the first had bound these families together, was soon strengthened and made permanent by the stronger tie of intermarriage.

In 1827 Eben Pike, who was the eldest son of Ebenezer and Mary Marcy Pike, of Cornish, was united in marriage with the daughter of Captain Sylvanus Bryant and Sarah Chase Bryant, of the same place. This lady, on her mother's side, was a cousin to the statesman, Salmon P. Chase, who for many years represented Ohio in the senate of the United States, and at the

time of his death, as chief-justice of the supreme court, wore, with undiminished honor and dignity, the mantle of the great Marshall.

The earliest fruit of this union was Chester Pike, whose life we are now tracing. A later son, John B. Pike, a mail-route agent between Boston and St. Albans, an efficient officer and courteous gentleman, is now a resident of Lebanon, in this state. The oldest son still resides in his native town, and not far from the spot where his grandparents first settled, in the broad, picturesque valley of the Connecticut, hard by the village of Windsor, and under the shadows of Ascutney. To one so located, the relics of the past are objects of enduring interest. The very hills and valleys must awaken memories of the olden time and kindle associations of the ancestral home, which will perpetuate the virtues and the aspirations of the dead. He can but experience something of the feeling of the descendants of the old families of England, who live upon their ancient estates, and saunter in the halls of old castles, or under the shadows of gnarled trees that were planted centuries ago by the founders of their line, whose ashes long since mingled with, and became a part of, their inalienable homesteads. The remembrance of the brave fathers and fair mothers who lived in the

heroic past is their richest inheritance. In his earlier years, obedient to the custom of the fathers, Mr. Pike attended the district school. This institution, original to New England, discharges a function in the training of the young which, to our mind, some of the methods and more ambitious inventions of modern educators fail to fulfill. In the district school, if properly taught, are secured habits of faithfulness and diligence, and a permanent knowledge of elementary branches, which are of daily practical use in the life of the people. There, too, the silly conceits and factitious distinctions of society are broken down, as children see that success is achieved by brains, not money; by industry, not social standing. In this sometimes rough but general intercourse of youth, democratic ways and independence of thought are acquired, and the seeds of a true manhood and womanhood are planted. Our system of public schools is in harmony with the organism of the state, and in them our children imbibe a spirit of obedience to wholesome, legitimate authority, and so become conservative of public discipline and order. Men learn to rule by learning to obey. It was here that Mr. Pike laid the foundations of character.

Later, he was for a time a scholar in the academy at Hartland, Vt. After a season of study there, he matriculated in that long-time famous and still existing center of pro-collegiate education, Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, N. H. The principal, at that time, was the Rev. Cyrus Richards, and under his guidance several terms were passed in the acquisition of the more abstruse learning of the books. But the months drift by, and at the age of fifteen Mr. Pike graduates from the schools and passes on to the sterner duties of manhood and of life. The winter months of the six ensuing years are filled with the active work of the pedagogue, and the summer seasons in constant, laborious work upon the home farm.

During this period he was ripening the lessons of his pupilage, and maturing plans for the future. At the age of twenty-one Mr. Pike, though he still spent his winters for some years in teaching, became a trader in cattle and a merchant in the products of the soil. By his enterprise in this, his chosen vocation, he reached the position of a foremost man of a notable class among the farmers of New England. Familiar from youth with the harvest capabilities of the rich levels and the sun-warmed hills of Sullivan county, and gifted with a quick sense to perceive the wants of modern markets, he has, by unusual energy and sagacity, fitted means to ends, and, with a Midas-touch, turned his agrarian resources into gold. His success teaches the lesson that the New England farm has no less potential wealth at present than in times past, if skill but holds the handles of the plow. Let the modern farmer cling to the old homestead and the paternal acres, and take counsel with the progressive science of soil-enrichment; let him employ the same skill in the cultivation of his farm and the management of his stock; let him use the same enterprise in utilizing markets, and the same economy in the disposition of his funds, which are necessary in other employments, and his success is sure.

We would here quote from a leading paper of the state a few lines pertinent to our narrative:

"Capt. Chester Pike, of Cornish, has one of the largest, if not the largest farm in the state. It contains about one thousand acres of land, divided into wood, mowing, tillage, and pasture land; forty acres in corn, and seventy acres in wheat, rye, oats, barley, and potatoes. Last season he raised six thousand eight hundred baskets of corn. He has one hundred and thirty head of cattle, three hundred sheep, thirty-seven horses, and forty hogs, and raises hay enough to keep his stock through the season, or about three hundred tons. Capt. Pike's farm lies in the town of Cornish, on the

east bank of the Connecticut river, immediately opposite the farm of the Hon. William M. Evarts, late secretary of state, situated in Windsor, Vt., which is of about equal dimensions, and, in fact, the largest farm in Vermont. Mr. Evarts raises about the same amount of stock, hay, and produce as Captain Pike. On both of these farms may be found all the modern appliances, such as mowing and reaping machines, seeders for sowing grain, two-horse cultivators for hoeing corn, most of the work being done by machinery, the same as upon the largest farms of the West."

Any man might be proud of such a record, but it is only a part of the truth.

In a single season, Mr. Pike often buys, for re-sale, from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five tons of poultry, and between two and three hundred thousand pounds of wool. Beside the above, he has for many years purchased annually, for the Boston market, in the interest of the firm of Lamson, Dudley & Pike, of which he is a member, great numbers of cattle and sheep. During the last thirty years Mr. Pike has found an outlet for that restless energy and enterprise, which these pursuits and the occupation of farming and stock-growing can not exhaust, in an extensive lumber business. All this, it should be borne in mind, is in addition to the extensive cultivation and stock-growing on his own farm.

Notwithstanding the variety and extent of his purely business transactions, Mr. Pike has also found leisure to fill with efficiency many stations in the public service. At one period of his career, during several successive years, he was selectman of Cornish. This led the way to other offices. He who had discharged with faithfulness and skill the responsibilities in the town, was deemed worthy to be honored with higher duties, and Mr. Pike found himself, in 1859, 1860, and 1861, the incumbent of the office of county commissioner for Sullivan county. At the end of his third term, his fellow-townsmen withdrew him from the com-

missionship, which he had ably filled, and made him their representative to the general court for 1862, and again for 1863. He made an intelligent and active legislator, and soon became familiar with the business of the house. The estimate which was put upon his services and standing in the house is seen in the fact that in his first year he served on the committee on manufactures, and, in his second year, was made chairman of the committee on banks, which, at the time, was one of the most difficult and responsible positions in the house. If Mr. Pike did not often attempt to influence legislation by debate, he had what Wirt attributes to Jefferson, "the out-of-door talent of chamber consultation," and used it with good effect. The years 1862 and 1863 were two of the most anxious and trying years of the civil war, and perplexing propositions were brought before the legislature for solution. There were sharp antagonisms and earnest debates among the strong men of those sessions; questions of jurisdiction and policy touching the national defense and the rights of states, new to legislation and embittered by party rancor, became the subjects of action; the frequent calls for men and money to meet the demand which the prolonged and sanguinary conflict made upon the state, gave to the legislation of the period unprecedented interest and importance. Through it all, no man was more active, more true, or more patriotic than Capt. Pike.

In 1863, the subject of our sketch was appointed provost-marshal of the third New Hampshire district, and during that and the two succeeding years, when the war-cloud hung heavy and dark on the southern horizon, he discharged the duties of this delicate and difficult office with unusual ability, and received from Mr. Frye, the provost-marshal-general, the highest possible commendation for the integrity and success with which he administered the affairs of his department of the public service. Associated with

him in this branch of the military organization were some of the foremost men of the state: Hon. Francis A. Faulkner, an able lawyer of Keene, was commissioner, and Dixie Crosby, the distinguished head of the Dartmouth Medical College, was surgeon of the board of enrollment; Senator H. W. Blair, Hon. Ossian Ray, and Col. Nelson Converse, of Marlborough, were the deputy-marshals, and Judge W. H. H. Allen, of Newport, C. C. Kimball, Esq., of Charlestown, and Henry C. Henderson, Esq., of Keene, were clerks of the board. To have conducted the office in a way to secure the respect and co-operation of such a body of men is in itself a distinguished honor.

In 1866 Mr. Pike received the nomination for councillor of the fourth councillor district, but declined, and was subsequently appointed United States collector of internal revenue. His administration of the duties of this position was deservedly popular with the department at Washington, and with the people at home, and he remained in it till the districts of the state were consolidated. In 1876 he was delegate from Cornish in the constitutional convention, receiving every vote cast by his fellow-townsmen.

In addition to these public offices, Mr. Pike has been a director in the Claremont National Bank for fifteen years, and an active member and officer of the Sullivan County, the Connecticut River, the New Hampshire State, and the New England agricultural societies. To have earned and to have enjoyed the popular favor in a republic, and in so many and varied places of honorable trust, is to have passed the crucial test of fitness for public life.

Few men of positive character and recognized ability, if in exalted posi-

tions, are so fortunate, in this age, as to escape criticism; but it will be acknowledged that in all the state and national trusts held by the subject of our sketch, he has so borne himself as to win the approval of the authorities, the good will of the people, and the respect of his friends.

In 1862 Mr. Pike was united in marriage to Amanda M. Fay, the daughter of Hon. Levi Chamberlain Fay, of Windsor, Vt., a lady of attractive manners and varied accomplishments. Mrs. Pike has been a most loyal wife in all the relations of life, and the beloved mother of four children,—three sons and a daughter,—of whom but one survives, Chester Fay Pike, a lad of twelve years.

In the above narrative we have done but little more than to set down in order the events in the life of a quiet citizen of one of the country towns of our state; but, when we consider how much this gentleman has accomplished, and that he is only now at the meridian of life, we realize that his is no ordinary career, and that New England does not furnish a long catalogue of men who have so well illustrated the genius of our institutions, and the possibilities of a sagacious mind that has a fixed purpose to succeed in the race of life. The man who does difficult work and wins the love of friends, deserves to be honored of all. In all the relations of public and private life, Mr. Pike,

“By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and exercise.”

has acted well his part, and so honored his state, and made a name which his descendants will cherish in the years to come.—*From “Successful New Hampshire Men.”*

KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY.

Among the institutions of learning in our state this academy holds an important place. Its original design was the preparation of young men for the Christian ministry. Existing institutions at the time did not furnish a supply. Young men had come into the state from England, who had been prepared for the ministry on a shorter course of study than had been customary in this country. The establishment of an institution for such a purpose had awakened much interest, but it did not meet the approval of the leading ministers of New England. A goodly number of them came together at Windsor, Vt., and gave shape to the present institution (as preparatory to a literary and theological course for the ministry and for general education). The liberal donation of Hon. Daniel Kimball, of forty thousand dollars, for such a purpose, determined the location of the school at Meriden, the place of his residence.

The charter of the school sets forth its object in the following language: "To assist in the education of poor and pious young men for the gospel ministry, and such others as may be admitted by the trustees." Buildings were erected and the school was opened January 10, 1815. On the previous day public services were attended, and a dedication sermon was delivered by Rev. Z. S. Moore, professor in Dartmouth College, and afterward president of Amherst College.

Rev. Otis Hutchins was appointed the first principal, "a man of undoubted ability, and of superior scholarship." Such was the testimony of Dr. Richards, a successor in his office in after years.

A class of young men, from 18 to 24 years of age, moved, as it was hoped, by the Holy Spirit, and approved and encouraged by the pastors and churches with whom they were connected, were

gathered into the school. Some of them had in view a limited course of preparation for the ministry; but the most of them, yielding to the wisdom of age and experience, set themselves to a preparation for college. At first they made slow progress in their grammars. Some few of them became discouraged and returned to other vocations. Others of them pushed on with all the energy which they could command. The walls of the building, where most of them roomed, witnessed the conning of Greek verbs at 4 o'clock in the morning. The founder of the seminary was then living, and had his eye upon each student. A deep religious feeling pervaded the school, and was felt in the surrounding community.

The better to give the result of the efforts to increase the number of Christian ministers, we propose to give such facts as we could obtain in the history of the thirty young men who there commenced their course, sixty-five or sixty-seven years ago, under the first principal of the school. They all had been making arrangements for future life. Some of them had been engaged in successful business. They abandoned all, and gave themselves to eight or ten years of careful study. Most of them had but limited means of support. The aid which they received from the funds of the institution were insufficient to meet their wants. The closest economy was required of them. Many of them were materially aided in clothing, and in other ways, by benevolent persons. They aided themselves by teaching, and in many cases were blessed by strong religious influences in their schools. Such were the facts in relation to them in common. Such as could be obtained in relation to them as individuals will now be given.

WESTON BELA ADAMS, from Meriden, was the first to enter college from this

school. He entered Dartmouth College in advance, and graduated in 1813.

He spent one year at the Theological Seminary at Andover; taught for a time in Andover; was appointed tutor in Dartmouth College in 1820; taught in Bennington, Vt., and in the state of Maine. In 1832 he became the pastor of the church in Auburn, Me., where he remained for six years, and was pastor at Danville until he died in 1841. He was an accurate scholar, and a minister of great worth. He labored for years under a lung complaint, the family disease, of which he died.

BERIAH GREEN, from Preston, Conn., entered the school in 1815; graduated at Middlebury College in 1819. After teaching four years in different places, and spending one year at Andover, he was settled in the ministry in Brandon, Vt., for six years, and afterward in Kennebunk, Me. For three years he was professor of sacred literature in Western Reserve College, and afterward president of the Oneida Literary and Theological Institute. He aided in the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia in 1833. He was the acting pastor in Whitesborough, N. Y., for a time, and resided there until he died in 1874. A rapid scholar, and a man of vigorous mind, but wanting, it was thought, in the controlling influences of the gospel.

JOHN SESSIONS, a native of Putney, Vt., but a resident in early life in —, Vt. He entered the school in 1815; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1822; and studied theology at Princeton, N. J. He was settled in Adams, N. Y., in 1825. After six years he preached awhile in Cleveland, Ohio, Brownsville, Evans's Mills, where, in a revival, two hundred were added to the church. In 1835 he was installed at Norwich, N. Y., where, in seven years, some were added to the church at every communion season, and more were received than in forty years previous.

In 1848 he was elected professor of English literature and logic in the institute at Albany. After seven years a failure of health led him to seek a foreign voyage. He visited the Sandwich Islands, where his daughter had become the wife of a missionary. There he preached abundantly to the natives, and has left this testimony: "Every where I found evidences of true christianity." Family worship, the study of the Bible, the observance of the Sabbath, and attendance on public worship were very general. After a time, becoming nearly blind, he took up his abode, for a number of years, with his son, in Oakland, California; but for the benefit of his health he returned again to the Sandwich Islands, which was the last we have heard of him. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him in early life by Union College.

JACOB GOSS, from Henniker, entered the school in 1815, and Dartmouth College, in advance, in 1817; graduated at Andover in 1823; ordained pastor of the church in Topsham, Me.; at Woolwich in 1835; at Sanford in 1843; at Wells in 1851; in Randolph, Vt., in 1856. In 1858 he yielded to the lung disease which had been preying upon him, and took up his abode in Concord, N. H., made provision for his family, and died in 1860. He was a man thoroughly devoted to his work, had been greatly blessed in it, and was known as one of the best pastors in the state.

CHRISTOPHER MARSH, from Campton, entered the school in February, 1816; at Dartmouth College, in advance, in 1817; graduated in 1820. His professional studies were with Rev. Mr. Rand, of Gorham, Me.; ordained pastor of the church in Sanford, Me., in 1823; in Biddeford in 1828; in West Roxbury, Mass., in 1837; agent of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society in 1851; pastor again at Sanford, Me., in 1857, until he died in 1859.

SAMUEL STONE, from Barre, Vt., was connected with the school in 1816; in 1818 he entered the seminary at Bangor

Me.; in 1820 was ordained pastor of the church in Cumberland, Me.; in 1821 at Warren; in 1829, at York; in 1838, became a farmer in Falmouth, where he died in 1874.

AMOS FOSTER, from Hanover, entered the school in 1815; Dartmouth College in 1818; graduated in 1822; studied theology with a class under the instruction of Dr. Tyler, president of Dartmouth College, and Professors Shurtleff and Haddock; ordained pastor of the church in Canaan in 1825; at Putney, Vt., in 1833; in Ludlow, Vt., in 1853; in Acworth, N. H., in 1857; at Putney again in 1866. In 1872 he retired from the ministry, and still lives in the place. Few men have enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the people more than he.

JONATHAN S. GREEN, from Lebanon, Vt., entered the school in 1816; at the seminary at Andover in 1827; ordained as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands at the close of the year, where he labored until he died, in 1878.

EBENEZER PLATT, from Bethel, Ct., came on foot to the school in 1815; entered at Middlebury College in 1816; studied theology with Rev. Mr. Andrews, of Danbury, Conn.; ordained pastor of the church in Darien, N. Y., in 1825; at Babylon in 1834; at Miller's Place in 1838; at Northport in 1844; a teacher in Brooklyn in 1850; pastor at Darien in 1863, till he died; a man every where useful in the service of his Lord.

AARON FOSTER, of Hillsborough, from the business of teaching, entered the school in the fall of 1815, at the age of 23.

He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1822, and at Andover in 1825. In an exercise in the seminary he delivered an address on the importance of a stated ministry in destitute places, which, it was believed, grew out of his own experience. While teaching in such a place, he was awakened, with many others, to seek his spiritual life. The minds of the professors and of the students were deeply stirred. This

address was in the chain of events which led to the formation of the American Home Missionary Society. (See the *Home Missionary* for November, 1860.) On leaving the seminary, he, with others, was immediately ordained as a missionary at the old South church in Boston. He went to the South in the employ of the Charleston Missionary Society. After the labor of three years he became the pastor of the church in Pendleton, S. C. Here he became extensively useful, and enjoyed the confidence and support of the Hon. John C. Calhoun. But he could not make his home in the country of the slave, and came to Fort Covington, N. Y. Under his labors here many were awakened, and commenced the Christian life. After a time his health failed and he preached without writing, and sought an effectual remedy in hard work upon the farm. His health was materially benefited, as also were his pecuniary interests.

From 1845 to 1850 he preached at the Robinson church in Plymouth, Mass. In 1850 he was installed at East Charlemont, where he had a ministry of twenty years.

Mr. Foster ever had a small salary, yet he carefully educated his family of daughters, maintained an independent home, and practiced a large hospitality.

His companion was Dorothy Leavet, daughter of Dr. Leavet, of Cornish, and sister of the late Dr. Leavet, a minister of Providence, R. I.

In 1851 Mr. Foster was appointed delegate to the World's Peace Convention, in London, when he visited many portions of that and some other countries.

He numbered among his friends and correspondents many distinguished men both at home and abroad.

At the age of 72 he wrote of himself, "I write and deliver my sermons with all the satisfaction and success I ever did, but I am becoming less active." He died suddenly, in 1870, aged 76.

ITHAMAR PILSBURY, from Canaan, entered the school in 1815, at the age of 22. He was in the army in the war of 1812. A young man of 18, from a Christian family, in all the corruptions of camp life, on the borders of Canada, he became a Christian man. He came to school wearing the same knapsack which he had carried in the army.

He was aroused to attend to his immortal interests by the following incident: He was one day in an open field, he and a companion, seated upon their knapsacks eating their dinner. For some cause Pilsbury removed from his knapsack and sat upon the ground. At that instant a cannon ball passed over his head and took off the head of his companion.

In the school he studied and prayed and made rapid advancement in his studies. His heart was much upon his Redeemer's kingdom, and he made himself useful every where. His funds were low and he lived cheaply, aiding himself by his own efforts. Being a good penman he taught writing to his associates, and in his winter vacation he taught school, in which he was greatly blessed. One young man, who attended his school, with many others, was afterward known as a Christian. One was governor of this state.

Mr. Pilsbury entered Yale College and graduated in 1822; studied theology with Rev. Gardner Spring and E. W. Baldwin, of New York city.

Mr. Pilsbury commenced his labors as city missionary in Boston, and instituted that system which has since prevailed.

In 1835 he became pastor of the church in Smithtown, on Long Island. Here he was made the instrument of a great advance in the life and usefulness of the church, and, also, of the temperance cause.

In 1835 he was a commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church at Pittsburg. From this place he extended his journey, and made himself acquainted with the moral condition of the western states. Soon

after his return a company of Christian people was formed with a view of emigrating to the West. Mr. Pilsbury was chosen to go before them, purchase the land and make the necessary arrangements for their removal. Such a colony was soon settled in Andover and Wethersfield, Ill. He labored for a time for their spiritual good, preaching in private houses, school houses, or wherever the people could get together. At length he became pastor of the church in Andover for ten years.

He was dismissed and settled again in Princeton, from which place he was called to the presidency of the college then recently established at Macomber. Here he labored in teaching and preaching for six years. But the failure of the college opened the way for Mr. Pilsbury to accept an invitation to return to his former people at Andover. With them were his last labors, and with them was he willing to die, as he did in 1862, aged 68.

Mr. Pilsbury was a man of an active mind, of great vigor of constitution; able and willing to labor and endure self-denial and hardship in the cause of his Lord. He was eminently fitted for the work which was assigned him in a new country, and his influence will long be felt.

Such efforts and sacrifices could not be expected to extend to old age. Of this he was doubtless aware, but it did not deter him from any service by which he might hasten the advance of the Gospel over the West.

SAMUEL REED HALL, from Croydon, was a young man of an active and vigorous mind. Such minds will usually be felt in the community. They can not well be hid.

Mr. Hall entered the school at Meriden in 1815, and pursued study, as he had the means, from time to time for four or five years, teaching much of the time.

He commenced the study of theology with Rev. Walter Chapin, of Woodstock, Vt., and afterward under

the care of Rev. Wm. Eaton, of Fitchburg, Mass.

He was ordained pastor of the church in Concord, Vt., in 1823. In visiting the schools of the town he became convinced that more could be accomplished for their good by teaching the teachers, than in any other way. He made arrangements with his people to establish a school for elevating the character of the teachers, and in this way advancing the interests of schools. Such an institution was established in that retired part of the country in 1823. It was soon known and patronized. It is said to have been the first school in the land where the black-board was introduced.

In this school Mr. Hall gave a course of lectures, which were published in 1829. They drew attention to him as a teacher, and to his work—the importance of providing qualified instructors for schools. The Hon. Henry Barnard said of this school, "Here, in an obscure corner of New England, under the hand of one who was, to a remarkable degree, self-taught, self-prompted, and alone in planning it, was an institution with all the characteristics of a normal school, eighteen years before the establishment of any other institution of the kind in the country. Said Mr. Quint, in his history of normal schools, "what the state failed to do was done by one whom we are proud to reckon a pastor of a Congregational church."

In 1830 Mr. Hall was called to the instruction of teachers in connection with Phillips Academy, in Andover, Mass., where he successfully conducted his work for seven or eight years. The influence of his instruction was extensively felt, and commended itself to the good sense of the people. But a regard for his health made it necessary for Mr. Hall to leave the cold winds of Andover.

In 1836 he commenced work in Plymouth, N. H., where he taught three years. But his mind had been early drawn to the ministry, and upon this work he again entered in Crafts-

bury, Vt., in 1839. In this field he was permitted to labor thirteen years. The larger portion of the time he was acting principal of an academy in connection with his work in the ministry. In this time he received to the church one hundred members. From this place he removed to Brownington and labored on a salary of \$400 a year for twelve years, and gathered into the church sixty members. Here he died in 1877, aged 81.

Mr. Hall had great persistency and enthusiasm in whatever he engaged—breadth of generalization and ability to labor. These were the characteristics of the man.

He was the author of nine distinct publications, beside numerous contributions to the *Journal of Education* and to other periodicals.

He received from Dartmouth College the degree of A. M., and from the University of Vermont the degree of LL. D.

GEORGE FREEMAN, from Hanover, was at Meriden in 1816; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1822; studied theology with the class under the president and professors of the college.

He was ordained as a home missionary in 1825; became the pastor of the church in Pulaski, N. Y., in 1828.

In the course of his life he was much engaged in teaching.

His last pastoral charge was in Parma, N. Y.

It may be said of him that he was a faithful and devoted servant of his Lord—useful every where and at all times.

SETH FARNSWORTH, from North Charlestown, a shoe-maker by trade, entered the school in 1817. Diligent and earnest in his studies, he entered the college in 1818; graduated in 1822, and studied theology with the class under the officers of the college, and was settled in the ministry in Raymond in 1824.

In this ministry he surpassed all the expectations of his teachers, and was one of the useful and acceptable min-

isters of his time. After a ministry of ten years at Raymond he became the pastor of the church in Hillsborough, where, in a little more than one year, in a time of special religious interest, and with extraordinary aspirations, he died, and was greatly lamented.

CYRUS STONE, from Marlborough, commenced his course of preparation in 1817; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1822, and at Andover in 1825.

From the commencement of his studies he had a missionary life in view. He went forth to India in the service of the A. B. C. F. M. On leaving the seminary, with Miss Atossa Frost as his companion, who had studied at the same school with him in his preparatory studies, and with the same object in view, he left this country in 1826 and spent thirteen years at Bombay, in India, after which he returned and made himself useful in laboring for many feeble churches.

In 1850 he became the editor of the *Mother's Assistant and Happy Home* for twelve years. He died in 1867.

AMASA CONVERSE, from Lyme, fitted in part at Meriden, and entered at Dartmouth College in 1818; graduated in 1822, and entered the theological seminary at Princeton in 1823; ordained at Nottaway, Va., in 1825; editor of *Southern Religious Telegraph*, at Richmond, in 1827; *Literary and Evangelical Magazine*, at Philadelphia, in 1839, and of the *Christian Observer* at Louisville, Ky., from 1869 to the time of his death, in 1872, at the age of 77.

His old age was green and vigorous and abundantly filled with labor for the good of the church. The number of the paper which contained the notice of his death contained several articles from his pen.

During a sickness of four days he sank calmly and peacefully—so peacefully that it seemed like a child dropping into a sweet slumber.

It is recorded of him, that "His family will never forget the hour spent with him in his room every morning

after breakfast, when, with the Lord whom he loved, trusted and served, he interceded for his family, his church and his country.

Dr. Converse was a man of wide influence in the Presbyterian church, and of great excellence of character. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him in 1846.

ORLANDO G. THATCHER, from Keene, entered the school in 1817; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1823; studied theology with the class under the instruction of the officers of college; was ordained pastor of the church in Colebrook, in 1825; at Bradford in 1829, where he continued until he died in 1837.

An early death was his; twelve years was all which was allowed him to labor for the spiritual and eternal welfare of the people to whom he was called to minister. These were honest, earnest labors, and will be remembered when the scenes of this life are reviewed. He was regarded as an able and faithful preacher.

SAMUEL G. TENNEY, from Rowley, Mass., impelled by a desire for the work of the ministry, closed his business and began his preparation in the Latin grammar at the age of 24. He entered the school in 1817; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1823; studied theology with Rev. Walter Chapin; ordained pastor of the church in Lyndon, Vt., in 1825; Bakersfield, Vt., in 1831; Waitsfield, Vt., in 1835; Hillsborough Center in 1838; Wardsborough, Vt., in 1844; Alstead in 1850; Springfield, Vt., in 1857, without charge, where he died in 1874.

In the last years of his life he lost his voice. He was a man of discretion, Christian example and zeal. For such a man to spend from four to seven years with six different churches is no important matter. He will leave an influence, upon the young especially, which will be lasting. A coming day will reveal the results.

JOSEPH UNDERWOOD, from Bradford, Vt., commenced study at Meriden in 1817; entered the Theological Semi-

nary at Bangor, Me., in 1824; ordained pastor of the church in New Sharon, Me., in 1826; in Industry in 1827; in North Augusta in 1832; Williamsburg, Me., 1833; at Sebec in 1835; Home Missionary in 1837; pastor of the church in New Sharon in 1839; at Millport, N. Y., in 1843; at Hardwick, Vt., in 1844; acting pastor at Burke in 1858; and Barnet, Vt., in 1860 to 1866; without charge in Hardwick, Vt., until he died in 1876. Under Mr. Underwood's labors remarkable temperance reforms occurred, followed by revivals of religion. He preached in many places, and often with great results. Few men have labored more, and have been more useful. He was for several years in the legislature of Vermont.

JOSEPH R. FIELD, from Northfield, Mass., entered the school in 1817; entered at Dartmouth in 1818; graduated in 1822. Mr. Field was a young man of much excellence of character, and of retiring habits. As a scholar he made himself master of every study in the college course, but was most distinguished in mathematics. He suffered from ill health, occasioned mainly, as he learned and admitted when it was too late, as has been the case with many others, by the use of tobacco. He commenced the work of the ministry, was ordained in 1827, preached in Dummerston, Vt., Milton, and Norfolk, N. Y., and in his native town; but died in August, 1828. The memory of the just is blessed.

AARON HARDY, a native of Lempster, entered Dartmouth College from Meriden in 1818; graduated in 1822, and at Andover in 1825; a man of exemplary christian character and of distinguished scholarship. He commenced his labors as teacher in South Carolina, and became president of the college in Edingsville; but he died early, leaving many friends to lament his loss.

CHARLES WALKER, a native of Rindge, entered the school in Meriden in 1817; at Dartmouth College in 1819; graduated at Andover in 1826; was ordained pastor of the church in

New Ipswich in 1827; was an humble, conscientious young man. His ministry here was of great importance. It was at a time when a merciful God was shedding rich blessings upon his churches. He labored abundantly, and during the eight years and a half of his pastorate received to his church, on an average, more than twenty persons each year, making in all 173. But in the midst of such scenes of interest it is painful to know that discord and contention prevailed in the church and community, which so affected Mr. Walker that he sought relief by a removal from his responsibilities.

Of him the former Judge Farrar gave a high commendation, and said that but for his extreme sensitiveness he need not have left; that the people generally retained their attachment for him.

JAMES T. McEWEN, a native of Hartford, Conn., but a merchant in Claremont, with the ministry in view, at 23 years of age, left his business and entered the school in 1817—a man of sound mind and business habits.

In the course of his studies in the academy, college and seminary, his services were called for as a business man. He was successful in his studies and was a man universally respected.

He was settled in the ministry in Bridport, Vt., in 1827; in Topsfield, Mass., in 1830; in Rye, N. H., in 1841; in West Brattleboro', Vt., in 1846. He was without a pastoral charge until he died in 1850—a man of great worth, but in the structure of his mind, and in the habits of his life, not well adapted to the work of the ministry. If it be said he mistook his profession, we may wait the decision of another day. A man of his weight of character must have had an influence wheresoever he was known. It may ultimately appear that his life turned to as much account as if he had continued his mercantile business and become a man of wealth.

JOHN M. PUTNAM, from Worcester, Mass., entered the school in 1815;

Brown University in 1818; studied theology with Rev. Dr. Ide of Medway, Mass. He was settled in Ashby, Mass., in 1820; in Epsom in 1827; in Dunbarton in 1830, where he labored 31 years.

He spent the last years of his life with his son in Yarmouth, Me., and afterward with his daughter, in Elyria, Ohio, where he died in 1871.

Mr. Putnam was well known as one of the able and esteemed ministers of the state. He was settled by the council which dismissed his predecessor, Rev. Dr. Harris, the first minister of the town. A season of great religious interest occurred in the year following his settlement, when fifty persons were added to the church. Such seasons were repeated during his long ministry, and the average number of admissions to his church was five or six each year.

His published works were two—on "English Grammar," and "Helps at the Mercy Seat."

JEREMIAH STOW, from Hillsborough, entered the school in 1817; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1822; and at Andover in 1825. Mr. Stow designed to go forth into the foreign field as a missionary. He made his arrangements for that service; but the examining physicians decided that his prospects of health did not encourage such a course. He labored two years as a home missionary, and was settled as the pastor of the church in Lavinia, N. Y., in 1828, until he died in 1832.

Mr. Stow was endowed with qualities suited to make him a useful minister. He had treasured up the needful knowledge for such a work; but his Lord decided that he should not serve him among men, but be taken early into his service above.

ABRAHAM BROWN, from Hanover, was at the school in 1817-1818; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1823; studied for the ministry, and was ordained pastor of the church in Hartford, Vt., in 1827; in Oxford, Conn., in 1830; and died in 1840—a lovely Christian brother, anticipating a long life of service.

JONATHAN LEAVETT, from Cornish, entered the school in 1816, a Christian young man of 16 years of age. He entered Amherst College in 1825, and was at the seminary in Andover two years. He went South and labored as a missionary in South Carolina and Georgia from 1828 to 1831. In Westbrook, Me., Acworth, N. H., Waltham, Mass., Bedford, Mass., in 1835; settled as pastor in Providence, R. I., in 1840 to 1863; without charge until he died in 1877. He received the degree of D. D. in 1853.

Dr. Leavett was of commanding person, of an enlarged and comprehensive mind. He often preached with great power, and was a devoted godly man from his youth. A softening of the brain unfitted him for his work, and brought him to his end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY VACATION.

BY ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

I was tired, body and mind. All night long I toiled at the cooking-stove or over the mending-basket, and every nerve felt as though it had been rasped. In consequence I grew pale, heavy-eyed and spiritless. The good old family physician shook his head gravely and said:

"You don't need any medicine, but you do need, and must have a vacation; and that you can't have without entire change of scene. You must go away from home."

"But, doctor, how can I? Who will take my place?"

Laying his hand kindly on my head, he said slowly:

"Some one will have to take your place when the coffin-lid shuts you from sight."

"What shall I do?"

"Do? why, inflict a visit on some of the many who have visited you."

"No," said my husband; "if she needs rest, that is n't the way to get it. Let her think of some place she would like to visit, and board somewhere in that place, until she is rested and well."

"Most wisely said; now Mrs. Andrews when shall it be, and can I assist you in any way?"

"I think," I replied, "I would like best of all to go to Purgatory."

The doctor looked slightly shocked, and said something about not caring to assist me much in that direction; but my husband laughed, and said:

"Let her go, doctor; it's a good place. I know, because I have been there."

So I packed a valise, and Maud and I put on our blue flannel suits, and started for Purgatory.

Up over the Nashua & Wilton road to Milford; from Milford to Mont Vernon in the stage. The ride from

Milford to Mont Vernon is a continual ascent of four miles, and on the summit of a high hill, from which, on a clear day, the ocean is plainly seen—the little village sits perched like a huge bird ready to fly at a moment's warning. Our room was ready for us at the hotel, and, after resting and doing full justice to the fine dinner, we rambled out for sight-seeing. A few moments' walk brought us to the last house in the village; and perched on a huge boulder we looked off to the mountains stretching up against the blue. From our feet a velvety green slope, studded with golden dandelions, stretched down, down to a meadow, with houses which looked like bird-houses; and where a river glides like a thread of silver spun from some fairy spinner's distaff. Then a fringe of dark green pines, then an orchard, white with bloom; then hop-fields on the hillsides; higher still the village of Milford, looking like a collection of baby-houses nestling on a terrace cut in the mountain side; higher still, the grand, eternal hills, their summits tipped with fleecy cloudlets. The roadside was bordered with fragrant sugar bush, and saucy blue violets peeped at us at every step; while the air—oh, I can't describe that. It is full of vigor, and must be inhaled to be appreciated.

How we slept that night! "Mother," said Maude, "I feel this morning as though I had never been tired in my life."

Next morning we hired a trusty horse, and over roads bordered with all kinds of trees and shrubs, through an atmosphere full of the subtle fragrance of spring, we drove slowly to Purgatory. We have always been taught that the road to Purgatory is easy, but it is n't. We tied our horse at the top of the hill which leads

thither, and walked down nearly a mile. Close to the brow we climbed the wall, and under spreading chestnut trees we followed the path through dead leaves and over emerald moss, until we reached the "upper fall," where Purgatory begins. The brook above the fall is about three feet wide, running over a bed of almost solid rock. Where the fall commences the rock rises about two feet from the water, then through a gorge, but little over a foot in width, in the solid rock, the water plunges foaming and fretting down a sheer precipice of one solid rock, some thirty feet into a pool below, about twenty feet across in its widest part. A path leads down beside the fall to the basin below, and generally careful stepping will take one on the stones in the pool under the precipice, the water being shallow. The rock is in the form of half a horse-shoe, about thirty feet high and fifty feet around. Ferns were growing in the crevices, and a fungi of a kind unknown to me looking as if carved from wax. Visitors had deposited cards in the crevices, and names were carved high up on the rock. A young man discharged a pistol, and the report was almost deafening. On the top of the precipice is a hole in the rock called the "Devil's Footprint;" and a hollow in which seven persons can stand comfortably,

it being seven feet deep, is called the "Devil's Bean-pot." A young girl jumped from this rock into the basin beneath because of a faithless lover, and the spot bears the name of the "Lover's Leap."

Following the path over the loveliest mosses, jumping in places, clinging to overhanging branches, and swinging ourselves from rock to rock, creeping along on the shelving, slippery edges of others, panting and weary, we reached the lower fall. The brook broadens here, and a huge flat rock reaches from shore to shore. The edges of the rocks were fairly carpeted with fern moss in which tiny stones were lodged. The water falls over this rock in one smooth unbroken sheet about four feet into a wild gorge full of boulders, where it fusses and fumes and hurries its way down the hill. Trees of gigantic growth so cover this spot that the sun seldom penetrates to the brook below. Magnificent forest kings are rotting because it is impossible to draw them here.

Words can not describe the wild beauty of these falls; we visited them again and again, and they never lost their charm for me. We always found something new to admire, something to add to our stock of treasures, which we were to take home with us as a reminder of my vacation.

Elm Farm, Hudson, N. H.

ADDENDA.

Pennsylvania, late in last February, placed her first contribution in the National Hall of Statuary, the statue of Robert Fulton, who was born in Little Britain, now Fulton, Lancaster county, Penn., in 1765, and died in New York February 24, 1815; the great inventor whom DeWitt Clinton called the "Archimedes of his country"—the one private citizen for whom the legislature of that state ordered mourning worn for some weeks. The figure differs

from all in the hall, as the first in a sedentary position, as also the first to bring to honor there the mechanic's work and dress (elegant undress rather), the coat being thrown aside, and the full ruffled shirt-sleeves turned back upon the sinewy wrists.

Sitting cornerwise in the wide square framed, stuffed and fringed arm-chair, the left shoulder about in the middle of the back, the extended hands held by the ends a nude model, some 18 or

20 inches long, of his first American steamboat, the "Clement." The model is turned sidewise on the left out-thrown knee, raised by resting the side edge of the foot on a block, so as to show the whole sole, while the right limb is drawn back under the chair.

The fine head, with abundance of short curls, is bent low over the model, with a gaze intense, perplexed and dreamy. The face is broad at the temples, with a deep furrow on the forehead, and depressions over the brows that make the eyelids seem heavy; fine Roman nose, and lips compressed by the brown study. The portrait was painted by Benjamin West, who was born in an adjoining county, an intimate friend, in whose family Fulton spent the two years of his artist life in London. Some figured material—brocade or Marseilles—is the deep-collared, laped, double-breasted waistcoat, with two rows of buttons, four of them closed below the full bosom-frills and close necktie. Breeches, with four buttons at the outer side of the knees, close-gartered, ribbed hose, and long-buckled, high-heeled, square-toed shoes, complete the costume. A couple of thick worn volumes are pushed under the chair, on the right arm of which are mallet and vise, and on the

floor, partly under two loose unrolled scrolls, lie chisel and compass.

The pedestal, a superb block of cream and chocolate marble, bears on the face the name Robert Fulton. The artist, Howard Roberts, of Philadelphia, has bedded his name in the notch work (if that be the term) on the base of the white marble.

The position in the hall is on the left side of the south door, lately occupied by the Ethan Allen, which was pushed eastward for the convenience of the Garfield Memorial Fair, when most of the statues were crowded to the walls under the gallery, and the Hamilton moved to the west side, between the Winthrop and the Lincoln—changes which greatly mar the effect of the hall for the present. While we write, May, the enlargement of the house library, over the corridor to the south, has necessitated the use of hoods or wooden coverings over the statues, on that side, to prevent injury during the progress of the work proposed.

And New Hampshire is now the only New England state without representation in that historic hall! How long will she decline the honor accorded to her? May the present legislature take wise action.

James R. Osgood & Co. have favored us with a copy of "FANCHETTE," one of the "Round Robin Series," a charming little novel, by the way; and "THE REAL LORD BYRON," which they have just published, by arrangement with the author, Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, contains some of the most sensational and exciting chapters in modern literary history, and will arouse a storm of discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. With a straightforward and unwavering fairness, devoid of all attempts to exculpate or incriminate the poet, this skillful biographer unfolds the record of his actual life, its good deeds and bad, and leaves the reader to form his own verdict. The adventurous and martial career of Lord Byron, in Italy and Greece, is described at length, and his extraordinary habits

of life, while dwelling at Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and Ravenna, his deeds in the Greek War of Independence, and his death at Missolonghi. The heat of the contest comes in the chapters devoted to refuting the very grave charges advanced in an American book, which are reviewed at length, and effectually disposed of. This fascinating biography at last shows Byron as he was, sharing, indeed, in the faults of his age, but clearly innocent of the many serious charges which have been alleged against him. It is a rehabilitation of the author of "Childe Harold," with 500 pages of reminiscences of his friendships and contests with Shelley, Trelawney, Goethe, and many others of the chief men of his time.—*Exchange*.

LOVE'S WREATH.

BY GEORGE KENT.

"He who does not love flowers has lost all fear and love of God."—*Ludwig Tieg.*

A wreath for the loved one! What fitly composes
 A chaplet to circle the brow of the fair?
 Not the evergreen band, intertwined with fresh roses,
 Nor diamonds inwreathed with the braids of her hair.

The cincture, to girdle the fair form of beauty,
 Its emblem may find in the vine and the flower;
 But the amaranth garland, of truth and of duty,
 Alone is meet gem for fair woman's high dower.

Inwreathed in this garland the myrtle is blending,
 An emblem the purest, of love undefiled;
 Wild beauty and innocence, hand-maids attending,
 In the daisy bestudding the bleak desert wild.

The box and blue hyacinth vie in revealing
 True constancy, priceless, the mind to adorn;
 While modesty, loved for its very concealing,
 In the violet timidly ope to the morn.

Heart's-purity beams in the white water lily,
 While humility modestly bends in the broome;
 And hope, in the hawthorn, life's evening so stilly,
 Becalms, the more surely the night to illumine.

No bachelor's buttons are fixtures befitting
 The wreath twined for crowning loved woman's fair form;
 No nightshade should lower that calm brow ever knitting
 Into gloom that precedes or that follows a storm.

True lady's-delight should be found in communion
 With nature, untinged by the gew-gaws of art;
 In the fellowship rare of the spirit's pure union,
 A reciprocal blending—a duplicate heart.

FORSAKEN.

BY ELLA W. RICKER.

The rose-tree, over the garden wall,
 With a languid air is swaying;
 In wild luxuriance to all
 Her scarlet fruit displaying.

I pause to gather a thorny spray,
 Where the heaviest clusters glisten,
 And while my feet a moment stay,
 To her sad repining listen.

"Alas!" she sighs to the roving breeze,
 "I have neither friend or lover,
 And even the butterflies and bees
 No longer about me hover.

"Ah! many there were in sunny June
 My beauty and sweetness praising,
 And never a summer afternoon
 But sparkling eyes were gazing.

"They loitered adown the grassy lane—
 Gay lad and blushing maiden,
 And hailed me 'Queen of the floral train,'
 With buds my boughs were laden.

"Long since, on the mossy sward be-
 neath,
 Have my petals fair been lying;
 They fell, as the snow-flake's fleecy
 wreath,
 On the wind's wild pinions flying.

"But I smiled, as they sought their
 lowly bed,
 In my heart a secret holding,
 'These are only the buds of hope' I said,
 I will wait the full unfolding.

"Lo over the hills, like banners gay,
 Streams autumn's leafy splendor,
 And summer has sighed her life away,
 In breezes soft and tender.

"I stand, at last, with my ripened fruit
 In full perfection shining;
 But the voices I long to hear are mute,
 And the daylight is declining."

AN UNACCOUNTABLE BLUNDER.

BY C. E. GEORGE, LL. B.

People who write at random on subjects of which they are ignorant, or who willfully draw upon their imagination for their facts, are liable, as might be expected, to go far astray. "Connu," says a reader, "why announce like an oracle what is acknowledged as an axiom?" Because this axiom, dear reader, can not be repeated too often; because, from neglecting to bear it in mind, many writers of respectable repute are continually blundering in matters of fact, which should be well known to every ordinary student. In all branches of human knowledge there are certain standard works which state the required facts clearly, and may, in most instances, be considered trustworthy. How comes it that these works are too often not consulted, while the *soi-disant* facts of inferior compilations are hastily adopted? That such is the case we have abundant evidence, and much harm, no doubt, is frequently the result. The repetition of the same error, by a number of writers, will naturally impress it on the minds of the public, or, at any rate, may mislead a large body of readers. A singular instance of the misrepresentation of a fact was lately brought under my notice, and although the error which I shall discuss inflicts no injury on the community, and may by many be regarded as utterly unimportant, it may perhaps be not uninteresting to notice it briefly.

Many of the readers of the MONTHLY are familiar, by means of photographs or engravings, with a picture by Gêrome, entitled "Pollice Verso." It represents a gladiatorial contest in the Roman arena. A combatant, known as a Mirmillo, from the image of a fish upon his helmet, has vanquished a retiarius, or netter, and has him at his feet, completely at his mercy. The victor is looking to the Ves-

tal Virgins and the spectators generally, for the sign either to kill or spare. "To be or not to be, that is the question." The thumbs of all are pointed downward, and they thus signify the unanimous decision. What is that decision?

M. Gêrome, if he gave the title to his own painting, evidently considers that "Pollice Verso" is to be translated, "With thumbs turned down." A short time ago, while I was examining, with a friend, a photograph of the picture, he asked me to translate the motto literally. I replied that it means "with thumbs turned up," and is a quotation from a line in Juvenal, adding that the motto and the action of the spectators are at variance, and that either the motto should be "Pollice presso," i. e., "With thumbs turned down," to correspond with the action depicted; or, the thumbs of the lookers-on should be turned up to accord with the quotation. At the same time I remarked that any encyclopedia would confirm my statements. As Chambers's Cyclopædia was in the house I forthwith referred to it, and in the article on "Gladiator" read, to my astonishment, as follows: "When one of the combatants was disarmed, or on the ground, the victor looked to the Emperor, if present, or to the people, for the signal of death. If they raised their thumbs his life was spared. If they turned them down he executed the fatal mandate."

Here, in a widely circulated cyclopædia, was a formal contradiction of what I had stated, and for the moment I felt annoyed. My friend, of course, smiled. On returning home, as I had at hand Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities, I consulted the note on "Gladiators," written, as Lord Byron tells us, by Sir J. Cam Hobhouse to illustrate Canto VI, of Childe Harold's

Pilgrimage. Again, to my astonishment, I read as follows: "When one gladiator wounded another he shouted 'Hoc habet,' or 'Habet'—He has it"—the wounded combatant dropped his weapon, and, advancing to the edge of the arena, supplicated the spectators to spare his life. If he had fought well, the people saved him; if otherwise, they turned down their thumbs and he was slain."

Baffled a second time, I referred to the well known "Manual of Roman Antiquity," by William Ramsay, A. M., of Trinity College, Cambridge, professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow, and was for the third time astonished to read as follows, at page 179: "As soon as a gladiator inflicted a decided wound on his adversary he exclaimed, 'Hoc habet.' If the injury was one which disabled his opponent, the editor replied, 'Habet.' The wounded man now held up his finger in token of submission. The president, as a matter of courtesy, referred to the audience; and if the man was a favorite, and had fought well, the crowd testified their approbation and he was allowed to retire; but if not, they depressed their thumbs in silence, and the conqueror, in obedience to a look from the editor, plunged his weapon into the body of the unresisting victim."

Vexed at the discouraging results of my researches, I took up, as a fourth venture, the latest "Manual of Roman Antiquities," written by that able scholar, A. S. Wilkins, of Owens College, Manchester, and once more, to my astonishment, read as follows, at page 105: "When a gladiator was disarmed, or wounded, his fate was in the hands of the spectators. If he had fought well and bravely, they signified their approval, by applause and by waving of handkerchiefs, that he be spared; but if they were in a cruel mood, or, if he had failed to please them, *they pointed downward* with their thumbs, in silence, and he received the finishing blow."

Most people would imagine that by this time I ought to have been convinced of my error. Far, however, from this being the case, I was merely very much surprised. How could these four writers, apparently unconnected, namely, the author of the cyclopedia's article, Sir J. Cam Hobhouse, Prof. Ramsay, and Prof. Wilkins, in addition to Gêrome, the French painter, have all gone astray? From what common source could they have received their erroneous information? This is an enigma I have not yet solved; but for a solution of which I shall be obliged to any polite reader of the MONTHLY. Remembering a *locus classicus* in Pliny (Book 28, chapter 5), which seemed to settle the question—*Pollicem cum faveamus premere etiam proverbio jubemur*—I referred for "more light" to the Natural History of Pliny, translated by Jno. Bostock, M. D., and H. T. Riley (Bohn's edition), and at page 284 of Vol. V, in a note on the passage above quoted, I was for the fifth time astonished to read as follows: "The thumbs were turned upward as a mark of favor; downward, as a mark of disfavor."

I began to think that I was bewitched, and that all the writers on Roman Antiquity had mysteriously conspired against me. As soon, however, as I had the opportunity I turned in despair for consolation, though with an uncanny feeling that consolation might possibly be denied me, to Dr. Smith's famous Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, and for the first time, during my wild-goose chase, I found the following paragraph on Gladiators: "When a gladiator was wounded the people called out 'Habet,' or 'Hoc habet,' and the one who was wounded lowered his arms in token of submission. His fate, however, depended upon the people, who pressed down their thumbs if they wished him spared; but turned them up if they wished him to be killed." Anxious to discover whether other cyclopedias agreed with Chambers's, I then con-

sulted Appleton's New American Cyclopedia, edited by Ripley & Dana, and in Vol. VIII, p. 272, found the following passage: "If a combatant was vanquished, but not killed, his fate depended on the people who turned down their thumbs if they wished him to be spared." Evidently this compiler did not draw his information from the same misleading sources as Professors Ramsay and Wilkins.

I am at present unable to name the treacherous guide who deluded these gentlemen, and many other writers on this subject. The error they have committed seems extraordinary to any one acquainted with Latin literature. For the benefit of non-classical readers, it may now be mentioned that the motto of M. Gérôme's painting is borrowed from the third satire of Juvenal, vv., 36, 37:

"Munera nunc edunt et verso pollice
vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt populariter."

These verses are thus translated by Gifford, who understood correctly the meaning of the phrase, *verso pollice*:

"Now they show themselves, and at the will
Of the base rabble raise the sign to kill."

There are some lines by Prudentius, a Christian poet of the fourth century, which may also be here quoted in illustration of the custom described. The writer is describing the conduct of a Vestal Virgin at one of the gladiatorial contests:

"O tenerum mitemque animum!
Consurgit ad ictum; et quoties victor fer-
rum
Jugulo inserit, illa Delicias ait esse
suas;
Pectus que jacentis Virgo modesta jubet
Converso pollice rumpi."

These lines may be roughly translated as follows:

O tender soul! She rises to each blow,
And when the victor stabs his bleeding
foe,
The modest Virgin calls him her delight,
And with her thumb uplifted bids him
smite."

It is clear, from the sentence I quoted from Pliny, that *premere pollicem* is the phrase used to denote approbation; it is equally clear from Juvenal that *vertere pollicem* denotes the opposite, and, although I can not call to mind any passage in the classics where *pollice presso* is applied to the events of the arena, the phrase, with the meaning I attach to it, may be found in Propertius, 3-10-14—"Et nitidas presso pollice finge comas." In a note on a line in Horace (1 Epist., 18-66),

"Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludun,"

the Rev. A. J. Macleané, one of the ablest editors of the *Bibliotheca Classica*, thus writes: "In the fights of gladiators the people expressed their approbation by turning their thumbs down, and the reverse by uplifting them." He notes also the suggestion of Ruperti, in his edition of Juvenal, that the thumb was pointed upward and inward to the heart as a sign that the fallen man was to be run through then. Macleané and Ruperti are scholars who possess little interest for the general reader. He will probably be better pleased when I make reference to "Whyte Melville's Tale of the Gladiators," a tale which, no doubt, involved careful research in order to insure accuracy of description. In chap. XIX, entitled the "Arena," we read: "Occasionally, indeed, some vanquished champion of more than common beauty, or who had displayed more than common address and courage, so wins the favor of the spectators that they sign for his life to be spared. Hands are turned outward, with the thumbs pointing to the earth, and the victor sheaths his sword, and retires with his worsted antagonist from the contest; but more generally the fallen man's signal for mercy is neglected. Ere the shout, 'a hit!' has died upon his ears, his despairing eye marks the thumbs of his judges pointing upward, and he disposes himself to welcome the steel with a calm courage worthy of a better cause." So,

also, in the chapter of "The Trident and the Net": "Then with a numerous party of friends and clients Licinius made a strong demonstration in favor of mercy. Such an array of hands turned outward and pointing to the earth met the Tribune's eye that he could not but forbear his cruel purpose."

If we may judge from the expression of the faces throughout the assembly in his picture, M. Gêrome intended to foreshadow the death of the

retarius. His motto therefore is correct, but the conventional signal for death is misrepresented.

In conclusion, if any reader of this magazine considers that my brief inquiry into ancient customs is "much ado about nothing," let me respectfully remind him that the distinction between "thumbs up and thumbs down," though a matter of indifference to him, was unhappily a question of life or death to the prostrate gladiator in the Roman amphitheater.

A THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

On the 12th day of November, 1777, it was voted by the house of representatives that the 4th day of December then next be observed as a day of public Thanksgiving throughout this State, and that the proclamation be forthwith printed and dispersed throughout the State.

Congress, also, on the first of November, 1777, issued their proclamation, recommending Thursday, the 18th of December then next, as a day for a general Thanksgiving throughout these States, and also recommending that each State should adopt suitable measures to carry the resolve of Congress into effect. Henry Laurens, President of the Continental Congress, sent a copy of this resolve to Hon. Meshech Weare.—*Vide Bouton's Provincial Papers, vol. 8, page 716.*

It has been permitted us to copy the original proclamation adopted by both branches of our legislature of A. D. 1777, which was then distributed through our state, and we commend the attention of its readers to the sincere, appropriate, patriotic language which pervaded that instrument, illustrating the character and spirit of that eventful period in our nation's existence, exhibiting how we rose out of a most distressing state of gloom into a hopeful one of rejoicing, in conse-

quence of the success of our arms, in the short space of three months in the summer and autumn of that year.

We have no knowledge of the author of this production; we can only say, that it is creditable to his head as well as his heart.

In those days proclamations for Thanksgiving, as well as Fast, days were issued by authority of both branches of the legislature, both council and house of representatives. They were prepared by committees, selected from the house of representatives, reported to the house and adopted by both branches, signed by the presiding officer, and then circulated among the people.

There were two Fast days appointed in 1777—one in the spring, the other in August, a few days before the battle of Bennington. The proclamation for this Fast was prepared by three deacons in the house of representatives—Deacon Dakin, of Mason; Deacon Dearborn, of North Hampstead; Deacon Knowles, of Rochester.

The proclamation for the Thanksgiving of 1777 is a patriotic paper, and is a rare production, and interesting on account of the events of that year.

New Hampshire that year had great occasion to rejoice over our victories at Bennington and Saratoga. She

furnished two thirds or more of the men at Bennington. According to Wilkinson's return of the killed and wounded of the battle of Stillwater, September 19, a majority of one belonged to our state. Whole number of killed and wounded was three hundred and twenty; of these one hundred and sixty-one belonged to the New Hampshire regiments. We never had an accurate return of the 7th-of-October battle. The account of the killed on that day was nearly equal to the 19th of September.

Again we suffered at Hubbardston, in July, especially the Second Continental Regiment, commanded by Col. Hale; and our soldiers suffered still more by sickness and death in the winter of 1777 and 1778 at Valley Forge, Penn.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A PROCLAMATION FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

It being the united voice of reason and revelation that men should praise the Lord for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men, and the year now drawing to a close being distinguished by many great and signal favors of Divine Providence conferred on this and the other United States of America, amidst our deep distress; now, in order that our Great and Bountiful Benefactor may have the praise and glory due for his mercies in the most conspicuous and solemn manner ascribed to Him,

The council and representatives of this state, in general court assembled, have appointed the 4th day of December next to be a day of public thanksgiving throughout this state; and we hereby solemnly exhort and require both ministers and people of every profession religiously to devote the said day to the purpose aforesaid, and with unfeigned gratitude to address the all-gracious Jehovah with their united ascriptions of praise for his great goodness, and for his rich mercy he hath intermixed with his judgments, particularly that He hath so far supported the great American cause, and defeat-

ed the merciless counsels and efforts of our cruel oppressors; that He hath smiled on our deliberations and arms, and crowned them with signal success, especially in the Northern Department, in turning the advantages the enemy seemed to have acquired against us, by possessing themselves of the fortress of Ticonderoga, to their own confusion, and giving one of the principal armies of Britain wholly into our hands with so little bloodshed, in which great event, so interesting to the important cause depending, the arm of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the Armies of Israel was conspicuously manifest, demanding the power, the glory, and victory to be ascribed to Him; and inviting our further hope and confidence in this mercy, that He hath preserved our sea-coast in safety, preserved the inestimable precious life of our worthy general and commander-in-chief, and so many of our officers and soldiers; and that the present campaign, prosecuted by our enemies with such direful breathings of cruelty and slaughter, and such strenuous exertions on one side and another hath not become more bloody; that He is mercifully continuing the several American states firmly united in the common cause, and giving us such a promising, animating prospect of being able, by his further help, finally to support our liberty and independence against all the power and policy of Britain to subject and enslave us; that He hath blessed us with so much health in our camps, and in our habitations, whereby we have been able to carry on the necessary labors of the field, while so many were called off to arms; that He hath blessed us with a very fruitful season, and given us in great plenty the precious productions of the earth for food and clothing, peculiarly precious at a time when our imports from abroad are chiefly cut off, and, therefore, binding the duty of gratitude and praise upon us with increased obligation: and above all, that, in the greatness of his forbearance and long-suf-

fering, He is yet continuing to us, though an unthankful and unfruitful people, the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ, and our religious liberty and privileges, by which we enjoy the happiest advantages for glorifying our Creator and Redeemer, and securing our eternal well being.

All servile labor is forbidden on said day.

In the house of representatives, November 19, 1777. The aforesaid form of proclamation for a general thanksgiving being read, voted that the same be transcribed, printed, and dispersed throughout the state.

JOHN LANGDON, Speaker.

Sent up for concurrence.

In council the same day read and concurred.

E. THOMPSON, Secretary.

FROM MY LIBRARY WINDOW.

BY GEORGE F. FOSTER.

It—the window—faces the north, and, to the casual observer, the view obtainable therefrom would fail to be particularly interesting, especially at this season of the year—early March—when nature, in New England, does not wear her most attractive garb.

The main features of the landscape are not unlike those which other rural districts in the Granite State would afford. There are broad fields, gradually rising into hills; gray stone walls, reaching out in irregular lines and serving to define the estates of different land-holders: trees of various kinds, some perennially green, while others stand shorn of all raiment; great patches of snow that, by contrast, render the brownness of mother earth more pronounced.

In the distance, outlined against the clouded sky, rise the Craney hills—bold, precipitous—whose rocky brows furnish as excellent a site for castles as do the beetling cliffs that overhang the Rhine; nor is the imagination severely taxed, fancying such castles as really existant, and knights in mailed armor rushing forth to the defence of some fair maiden, with a cry of "God and the right."

Still farther away grim Kearsarge rears its head, like a gigantic sentinel set to guard the surrounding country—tireless and ever watchful. Venerable is

it, and most venerable does it appear—its crest white with snow—and worthy of the respect vouchsafed it by "all who on it gaze."

Directly in the foreground is a small building upon which the hand of time harvested heavily, as is evidenced by its dilapidated condition. To-day, it serves as a shop; seventy years ago it was a school-house.

Sitting on its rude benches, and under the jurisdiction of old-fashioned pedagogues, many received their only education who subsequently became honored citizens of their native town—Weare—while others of their number rose to distinction elsewhere. Doubtless, innocent flirtations were carried on therein; no less probable is it that divers pranks were cut which the prying eyes with which the instructors of those days were blessed failed to detect. For boys and girls of one age are not wholly different from boys and girls of other generations.

Among the masters who ruled and ferruled in this school-house, none was more loved and feared than Titcomb Burnham, Esq., afterward identified with the educational interests of the state at Exeter, especially in connection with the female seminary of that place. For many years prior to his death he resided at Salem, Mass.,

where he filled various offices of trust and responsibility.

Above the "shop" a majestic elm stretches its leafless branches, and in the wind they give forth a plaintive tone—mayhap the requiem for the departed greatness of the building over which they exercise a sort of protecting care.

At a short distance from, and, as we sit, to the left hand of the "old school house," is a square structure, two stories in height and very low posted. Along its front and westerly end extends a broad piazza, whose roof is upheld by five pillars, representing neither of the great orders of architecture—plain, wooden columns, devoid of all ornamentation. From the same end projects a long woodshed, adjoining which is an immense barn. The house once rejoiced in a coat of white paint, but time and storm have mostly worn it off, and the clapboards show a decisive wood color. The easterly extremity, however, is painted red. The panels of the front door are yellow, edged with black. Between the house and the highway is a large yard, the most prominent object in which is a chain pump.

How long ago the foundation of this dwelling was laid is uncertain—an hundred years at least. A half century since the upper story and out-buildings were added; and, from that time, for many years, it had a wide reputation as "Purinton's tavern." In the *ante-railroad* days it was well patronized—located as it was on the direct route from Vermont to Boston.

"Uncle Elijah," the *quondam* landlord, is still alive—a gray-haired octogenarian—and delights to tell of the ancient time, when the six-horse teams were proudly driven to his door, when the first thing attended to by the Jehus, on their arrival, was the slaking of their thirst at the bar. No gilded mirrors or sparkling cut glass met their gaze, nor were the beverages called by fanciful names; but the

liquors were pure, and were drank with a zest.

In the hall, over and running the entire length of the woodshed aforementioned, the aged and the young were wont often to congregate and "trip the light fantastic toe." There was no orchestra of skilled musicians; frequently there was but a single "fiddler," who rasped away on a squeaky instrument. And the "figures" then danced taxed the physical energy as well as the skill of those who engaged in them. They were exempt from all suggestion of unwarrantable freedom between the "partners," and were, undoubtedly, more heartily enjoyed than are Terpsichorean amusements now-a-day.

Had the walls of "Purinton's tavern" ears and tongues, what scenes of jollity could they rehearse. Alas! the fabulous epoch has passed.

On the opposite side of the highway from the hostelry, and nearer the ancient school-house, stands a cottage. Nothing about its exterior would hold one's attention, unless, perhaps, to the extent that he who looked upon it might say: "If it were mine, I would have the old thing painted,"—and, assuredly, its tawny hue is far from pleasing to the eye.

A few months since a newly-married couple moved into this house. No young husband and wife were ever more devoted to each other than were these two, nor was there ever a couple whose prospects for future prosperity and happiness fairer. A babe was born to them, and two weeks later the mother died, leaving the husband and father nearly distracted with grief.

Why mention so every-day an occurrence? You laugh, weep, exult, lament, according to the varying situations of the principal characters of some romance that you read. Does the most thrilling work of fiction that has been written—can any novel that will be written contain essentials other than life, love, death? The minor circumstances admit of infinite variations, as do the pictures formed in a

kaleidoscope; the basis thereof remains ever the same. And always about us is the material which skilled hands can work into heroes and heroines.

While we have been writing the clouds have grown thicker, the im-

pending storm has drawn nearer, and now the feathery flakes fall in rapid succession, veiling from sight all the objects that have assisted to form our pictures, save such as are in our immediate vicinity. So, good-by.

METHODISM IN PORTSMOUTH.

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

PART SECOND—CONTINUED.

REV. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT—*Concluded.*

Though his religious brethren believed in him, and gave him their support, yet each succeeding week the attack was renewed, and at length, with the exclamation, "God pity my enemies!" Mr. Maffitt fell backward, and his earthly career was at an end. Dr. Nott conducted the *post-mortem* examination, and found the stomach and lungs in a healthy condition, but when he removed the heart, he wept, saying, "There can be no doubt as to the cause of his death, for the heart is literally burst." The verdict of the jury was that he died of a broken heart caused by excessive grief. His sister said that the evening before his death, as they were walking the room together, talking of the persecutions to which he was subjected, he said, "Oh, Ellen, your poor brother is dying; my heart strings are breaking; but I die an innocent man, a Christian, and a gentleman." A suspicion that he had been poisoned occasioned the inquest.

He was a remarkable man—amiable, gentle and kind, exceedingly polite, possessed of a forgiving spirit, a brilliant intellect, an eloquent tongue, and swayed vast assemblies as with irresistible magic. His clear and beautiful voice thrilled every heart; its touching tones and eloquent utterances fascinated and charmed. Had he been more favorably situated in mari-

tal relations, we can hardly estimate the influence for good of this extraordinary man, and the preciousness of his memory in the coming ages. No doubt unfortunate marriages, causeless slanders, the vindictiveness of a portion of the press, and the ill-timed action of a few Christian brethren, finally crushed his naturally buoyant spirit. Oppressed, distressed, and disheartened, he sought shelter among sympathizing friends, and died a persecuted man. Almost with his last breath he said: "My enemies have broken my heart."

My mother, who was a member of his church in Portsmouth, and my sister who boarded in the next house to the one where he died, at Toulmanville, were most kindly disposed toward him. There was a great revival interest during his ministry at Portsmouth, in 1828-9. The only complaint I have heard made, was the neglect of proper records during his administration. He excelled as an evangelist, that being doubtless his appropriate mission, rather than the regular pastorate. I remember him, his wife, son, and two daughters. The daughters, I believe married well. His son, John N. Maffitt, now residing at Wilmington, N. C., entered the United States Navy, Feb. 25, 1832, and the Confederate service May 2, 1861, and was in command of the Rebel cruiser *FLORIDA*. The

knowledge he acquired of the coast from his previous connection with the U. S. Coast Survey, enabled him to render efficient services to the rebel cause. He was brave, skillful, and experienced — a very accomplished officer.

I may at a future time write a more extended sketch of Mr. Maffitt and his family. I will close the present article by quoting, as indicative of his style, one of his beautiful utterances. It was in a sermon on the resurrection, printed in pamphlet form, a copy of which, in the possession of my mother, I read many times when a youth. It was substantially as follows: "How quiet countless millions slumber in the arms of Mother Earth! The voice of thunder does not awaken them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds, the waves, and even the giant tread of the earthquake—cause no inquietude in the chambers of death. * * * * But at last a silvery voice, at first just heard, will rise to a tempest tone, and penetrate the voiceless grave; for the trumpet will sound, and the dead will hear its blast."

REV. STEPHEN LOVELL, who was stationed at Portsmouth in 1830, was born at Weymouth, Mass., April 21, 1799. In 1831 he withdrew from the Conference about the time he left Portsmouth. Alienated from the church he became a Unitarian, then a Calvinist Baptist, and subsequently a Protestant Methodist, and was associated with Rev. Mr. Norris in editing a paper, published in Boston, called the *Olive Branch*. He died in that city September 29, 1858.

REV. GEORGE STORRS was born in Lebanon, N. H., December 13, 1796. His father, Col. Constant Storrs, was originally from Mansfield, Conn., and served as a wheelwright in the Revolutionary army. After the war closed he married Lucinda Howe; emigrated to New Hampshire; settled at Lebanon, then almost a wilderness, and became a wealthy farmer. George was the youngest of eight children,

seven sons and one daughter, and at the age of 19 united with the Congregational church.

At 22 he married, and at 28 was received into the Methodist Episcopal Church, and commenced preaching. He joined the New Hampshire Conference in 1825. His first wife having died, he married her sister, Martha, daughter of Col. Thomas Waterman, a prominent citizen of Lebanon, and the first child born in that town. Mr. Storrs continued in the regular work until 1836, when he became a local preacher, and was three years without an appointment, but during that time he traveled extensively, lecturing on the subject of slavery. He ardently espoused and ably advocated the anti-slavery cause, and exerted himself to create a strong public sentiment in its behalf. He was prominent in a most critical period, and was envired with perils. His arrest at an anti-slavery meeting in Pittsfield, N. H., while on his knees in prayer, caused great excitement and intensified the feeling against slavery. Mr. Storrs was a delegate to the General Conference of 1836, and one of the leading spirits in pressing the subject on the attention of the Conference. Failing to commit it to the radical views of himself and his associates, he severed his connection with the church in 1840. He had strong convictions on the subject of slavery, and was impatient at the conservative tendency of the church.

After residing at Montpelier, Vt., for a short time, he removed to Albany, N. Y., where he ministered for three years or more at the "House of Prayer" to a large congregation. In 1842 he preached his "six sermons" on "Immortality," which were subsequently printed and extensively circulated. He soon thereafter became interested in the Second Advent doctrine, and labored with great effectiveness in promulgating his views on that subject in the New England, Middle, and Western states, spending several months in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and vicinity. In 1843 he

commenced the publication of the "Bible Examiner," in which he advocated his theory of "no immortality or endless life, except through Christ alone," which publication was continued in different forms, either occasionally or regularly, until his death.

He was editor of *The Herald of Life* and of the *Coming Kingdom* from October 21, 1863, to August, 1871, during which time the "Bible Examiner" was suspended. He resided at Philadelphia nine years, and preached there mainly; but frequently visited other localities and was constantly occupied in lecturing or issuing his publications. He was a man of irreproachable purity of character, pious, exemplary, zealous, noble, generous, magnanimous, very vigorous and effective as a writer and preacher, conscientious, fearless and untiring in advocating what he considered the truth. His integrity, sincerity, and piety, were unquestioned. Possessing great decision of character and marked characteristics, he was true to his convictions, inflexible in his firmness, and boldly announced his views, whether popular or otherwise. He died at his residence, No. 72 Hicks street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1879, aged 83. His widow, Martha Waterman Storrs, died at the same place March 15, 1882, aged 82. Their only son, George F. Storrs, died at Brooklyn, January 31, 1867, aged 41, leaving a widow, who now resides at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. One other child, Harriet, lives in Brooklyn, unmarried. Mr. Storrs, while a member of the New Hampshire Conference, was a strong man, able and influential in its councils, and the beloved pastor of several important churches. He was stationed at Portsmouth in 1831.

REV. HOLMES CUSHMAN was pastor of the Portsmouth church in 1832. His record is not worthy of recognition here. Financial delinquencies marred his usefulness and terminated his ministerial functions, as well as his membership of the New Hampshire Conference.

REV. JOHN G. DOW, who was presiding elder in 1833-36, was born in Gilmanton, N. H., June 15, 1785; admitted to the N. E. Conference in 1822, and continued in the itinerant ministry thirty-six years. His last appointment was in 1857. He was a preacher of ability, an excellent presiding elder, faithful, acceptable, and efficient in every service. At one time he was the financial agent of the Newbury, Vt., Seminary. He died of paralysis, May 18, 1858, aged 73, at Chelsea, Mass., while on a visit to his son-in-law, Rev. Dr. John H. Twombly, a native of New Hampshire, then and now an influential member of the N. E. Conference, and recently president of the Wisconsin University, at Madison.

REV. REUBEN H. DEMING was pastor at Portsmouth one year, 1833, and was very successful. The church was greatly strengthened during his ministry. Many additions were made to its membership, and among the number several who became prominent. His brother, Hon. Benjamin F. Deming, a member of the twenty-third congress from Vermont, was born at Danville, in that state, and died July 11, 1834, at Saratoga Springs, where he was stopping in quest of health. His brother attended his funeral, and a son of the governor of Vermont preached for him, in Portsmouth, to a large congregation, the Sabbath he was absent. The necessity for being near his Vermont home and attending to his deceased brother's estate, prevented his return to Portsmouth by the Conference which assembled at West Windsor, Vt., Aug. 6, 1834. A throat difficulty subsequently caused him to remove to Kenosha, Wisconsin, and to retire from the active duties of the ministry; but his name is a household word with the old Methodists of that town, where he assisted in organizing the first Methodist class, and continued an efficient and beloved member of the church until he died in peace, Feb. 9, 1867, leaving a noble record. He will be long remem-

bered, especially by the church and community of Kenosha, where he is worthily represented by his estimable daughter, Mrs. Kate D. Wheeler, who resides there. His widow, Mary Ann, died Dec. 2, 1863.

REV. ELEAZER SMITH, born in Marlow, N. H., March, 1802, died at Concord, N. H., Feb. 2, 1879, aged 77 years. He joined the N. H. Conference in 1828, and was an able and highly esteemed minister, filling the best appointments in the Conference. He was for fourteen years the faithful chaplain of the N. H. state prison, and wrote a book entitled "Nine Years among the Convicts," which had a large circulation. In 1845, his voice having failed, he was superannuated; but he served most acceptably as agent of the N. H. Bible Society, and as chaplain of the N. H. state prison. In 1848 he was a delegate to the General Conference. He was a very genial man, pure, pious, and greatly beloved—an excellent pastor, an able and instructive preacher.

REV. SCHUYLER CHAMBERLAIN, born in Woodstock, Conn., Sept. 4, 1800, died at his residence in Craftsbury, Vt., May 5, 1862, aged 62. He moved to Vermont in 1805; was converted, under the labors of Rev. Wilber Fisk, in 1818, and joined the first Methodist class formed in Craftsbury. He was received into the N. E. Conference in 1828. He possessed superior abilities as a preacher. His style was easy, impressive, and attractive. During his itinerant career he filled most creditably a number of most important appointments, and served with marked ability as Presiding Elder. He represented his Annual Conference three times as delegate to the General Conference of the church. His widow, Eliza Scott Chamberlain, an excellent Christian woman, was born in 1799, and died in Craftsbury in 1882.

REV. JOHN F. ADAMS, born at Stratham, N. H., May 23, 1790, died at Greenland, N. H., June 11, 1881, aged 91. In 1812, he was admitted into the New England Conference.

His circuits for the first three years were in the back settlements of Maine; he afterward served on different circuits and stations in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts. He was Presiding Elder for eight years, a member of four General Conferences, and was at one time the financial agent of Newbury, Vt., Seminary. He was upon the superannuated list in 1847, and with the exception of two years in the early part of his ministry in a local relation, he maintained an unbroken connection with the Conference until his death. "Probably he leaves not one behind him more thoroughly identified with the history and growth of Methodism in New England for the last seventy years, especially in the territory now embraced in the New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont Conferences." In 1840 he was stationed at Bromfield street church, Boston, for one year, but returned to the N. H. Conference and was appointed Presiding Elder of the Dover district for four years. He was highly respected, and represented the town of Greenland in the New Hampshire legislature of 1859. He continued to preach, as he had strength and opportunity, until the close of his useful life. Always interested in all the enterprises of the church, he contributed liberally to their support, and having served the church he loved with great fidelity, earnestness, and ability, he passed to his reward. His first wife, a most excellent woman, died in the early part of 1866. July 25, 1867, he married Sarah W., daughter of Captain Charles Treadwell, formerly of Portsmouth, whose devotion to the aged pilgrim was sincere, tender, and affectionate.

REV. JARED PERKINS, born in Unity, N. H., 1793, died at Nashua, N. H., Oct. 15, 1854, aged 61. He entered the ministry in 1824, and was a faithful servant of the church. Thirty years of his active life he preached the gospel, and as pastor and Presiding Elder was successful. He was several times

a delegate to the General Conference, and in 1846-1849, was a member of the governor's council. He represented Winchester in the N. H. state legislature of 1850, and was a representative in the thirty-second congress, Dec. 1, 1851, to March 3, 1853. He was influential in the church and state. His widow, Charlotte Perkins, died at South Newmarket, Dec. 3, 1875, aged 70. She was born in Methuen, Mass.; married in 1833.

REV. JAMES G. SMITH "grew up with Methodism in Claremont." After exercising as an exhorter, he was granted a local preacher's license April 8, 1826, at a quarterly meeting at Salem, N. H.; was received into the N. H. Conference at Lisbon in 1826; superannuated in 1847, since which time he has resided at Plymouth, N. H., and preached considerably in that town and vicinity. He was stationed at Portsmouth in 1838. He was an excellent singer, gifted in prayer, a strong and vigorous thinker, and expressed his thoughts with considerable force and effectiveness. His wife, Polly L. Smith, who died at Plymouth, Nov. 26, 1879, was born in Royalton, Vt., March 4, 1801, and was married in 1828.

REV. DANIEL INGALLS ROBINSON was born in Salem, N. H., Dec. 26, 1809. When fifteen years of age, and while residing at Dedham, Mass., he united with the church, and soon thereafter entered Wilbraham Academy, and was a diligent student; taught school during vacations until eighteen years of age, when he commenced preaching, itinerating mainly on the Concord district. He was ordained by Bishop Hedding in 1831, when he joined the N. H. Conference and was connected with it until 1844. He was stationed at Great Falls, twice at Haverhill, Plymouth, Portsmouth (1839, 1840) and Exeter. He located in 1838, for one year, during which he lectured extensively in New England on the subject of slavery, having in the four previous years written and lectured on the same subject. In 1844 he be-

came an evangelist, and assiduously labored in that capacity, giving prominence to the Second Advent doctrine, in which he had become interested. In 1865 he went to Nashville, Tenn., and was active as a pastor and also as a teacher to the freedmen. He died at Edgefield, Tenn., Aug. 15, 1869. Mr. Robinson was a very pious man, and an excellent preacher; was successful in his pastorates, and in his mission as an evangelist. He was well known for his ability as a preacher, his activity in the anti-slavery cause, and as an advocate of total abstinence from 1834 until his death. Remarkably fluent and effective as a speaker—able, logical, enthusiastic, and eloquent—he was always diligent, laborious, and faithful. He was bold in denouncing the fugitive slave act, and participated with very great ability in the public discussions of that subject at the meetings held in the TEMPLE at Portsmouth, about 1851. After the war closed his energies were earnestly devoted to the elevation and instruction of the freedmen. He was emphatically a good man, kind and generous to all, possessing an ardent temperament and a Christian spirit. He faithfully and zealously followed his convictions of duty, and is kindly remembered for his ability, sincerity, and goodness.

REV. SAMUEL KELLEY, born in Salem, N. H., Feb. 1, 1802, was the son of Richard Kelley, four generations from John Kelley, who immigrated from Newbury, Berkshire, England, in 1635, and settled in Newbury, Mass. His mother's name was Sibbel Fletcher, sixth generation from Robert Fletcher, who was from Yorkshire, England, and settled in Concord, Mass., 1630. Miss Fletcher was the daughter of Rev. Samuel Fletcher, a faithful pastor of the Baptist church at Salem. She married Richard Kelley April 6, 1786, and Samuel Kelley is the last surviving child of two sons and eight daughters. Mr. Kelley worked on the home farm at

Salem until his father's death, which occurred when he was fourteen years old, and thereafter, until nineteen years of age, when he joined the Methodist Episcopal church, and entered Atkinson academy with the purpose of taking a collegiate and theological course, the first at Portsmouth, the latter at Andover; but the call for preachers became so urgent he was advised to leave Atkinson and enter the Newmarket Methodist academy, where he pursued his literary and theological studies until March, 1822, when he commenced preaching on the Rochester circuit, and was received into the N. E. Conference at Bath, Maine, with a class of thirty-seven persons, in June, 1822. His first appointment was to Landaff, N. H., circuit, with two associates—a circuit of two hundred and fifty miles, and requiring a full month to travel the distance, and supply all the appointments, preaching every day and three times on Sunday, and also conducting the class meetings. Thence he was transferred to Barnard, Vt., with a circuit of fifteen towns, extending from Connecticut river to the heights of the Green mountains. Afterward he went to New Hampshire where he formed the Sutton circuit, and classed with Warner, Wilmot, New London, &c. Subsequently he was assigned to Lyndon, Vt., Sutton, Deering, and Sandwich, N. H., circuits. Afterward he was stationed at Gilmanton (where a church was built), at Northfield, and at Newmarket, when it first became a station. In 1830 he went to Concord, N. H., being the first Methodist preacher stationed there. He was returned in 1831, and the church was built during his pastorate. He was again appointed to Concord in 1854 and 1855. In 1833 he was the Conference agent of the Newbury seminary; was stationed at that town the two years following; and in 1836-7 at Montpelier, Vt., the church there having been built during that period. Afterward he was stationed at Danville, Vt., at Nashua, N. H., at Newmarket again in 1843-4, then at Great Falls, at Dover, and, in 1848, at Manchester, where he was active in re-purchasing the Elm street M. E. church, raising \$6,500. Afterward he was appointed to Lawrence and Bristol. In 1841-2 and 1849-50 he was the pastor of the State street M. E. church in Portsmouth, where he was greatly beloved and appreciated by its members and the community. He subsequently joined the New England Conference and was missionary at large at Charlestown, Mass., for upward of two years. He then entered the regular work and was stationed at Worcester, Newburyport, Waltham, Lynn, Worcester again, Boston, and Quincy Point. In 1871 he was appointed chaplain of the "National Sailors' Home," at Quincy, and in 1883 retains the position, laboring as of yore with unabated fidelity. He has always been remarkably active, industrious, and vigorous. Beloved as a father in Israel, he has commended himself to the love and affection of the church by his zeal in faithful services and his labors of love, in preaching the word, forming new and strengthening weak societies, and in erecting churches. He has always been indefatigable in pastoral visitations, and in all kind offices to the sick, afflicted, and dying, officiating at the bridal altar, at funerals, and on other occasions. He has also been active as chaplain in his many connections with temperance, Masonic, and other organizations. His motto "Labor here, and rest hereafter," has been fully exemplified in his life. He has served as trustee of Nashua academy, and also the N. H. Conference Seminary, at Northfield, and agent of the Conference Seminary, at Newbury. In 1836 and 1844 he was a delegate from New Hampshire to the General Conference, and in 1840 a reserve delegate. He was the first chaplain of the N. H. state prison, serving two years; was appointed chaplain of the N. H. legislature four sessions, and of the Vermont legisla-

ture one year. He is now eighty-one years of age, and in October last commenced a three years' course of study in the "Chataqua Literary and Scientific Circle," of the class of 1884, under the direction of Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent, being a course of daily readings in "History, Art, Science, and Literature." "Father Kelley" has another sentiment which governs him, and to which he closely adheres: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it." His first wife, Mary Ann Sherburne, youngest daughter of John Sherburne, of Concord, N. H., to whom he was married May, 1827, died at Newmarket in 1828. His second wife, Emeline, daughter of Abednego Robinson, Esq., of Portsmouth, was married in 1830, and died at Lynn in 1864, having faithfully and lovingly shared with her husband the toils and sacrifices of an itinerant life of thirty-four years. Father Kelley is now residing with his son Samuel, who is elocutionist in the New England Conservatory, with Dr. Eben Tourjee, Boston. His other children have passed over the river, and he is left almost alone; but he clings close to the Comforter, and labors with customary zeal in the cause he early espoused and has long served with unabated fidelity and earnestness.

REV. JACOB STEVENS was born at Epping, N. H., in 1809; joined the N. H. Conference in 1835, and died at Epping, March, 1869. He "was a preacher of good abilities and of uncommon excellence in the Sunday school department." He filled his appointments most acceptably, and was successful in the ministry. On account of ill health he relinquished the regular pastorate and sustained a superannuated relation for a few years, during which he engaged in mercantile pursuits at Newburyport. In 1868 he was made effective and stationed

at Fremont, but died the following year, after a faithful service of thirty-four years.

REV. WILLIAM D. CASS, who was born at Bradford, Vermont, April 2, 1797, joined the N. E. Conference in 1827; was a member of the General Conference in 1833; was financial agent of the N. H. Conference Seminary, of which he was also for many years trustee, residing where the institution was located, and devoting much time to promoting its interests. He was presiding elder for eleven years, and preached his last sermon Oct. 6, 1866, on the Centenary of American Methodism. He died at Sanbornton Bridge, now Tilton, N. H., May 7, 1867. He was for forty years an able, fearless, and indefatigable preacher, leaving a good record. His widow, Betsey C. Cass, to whom he was married in 1832, attained the age of seventy-five years, and died May 3, 1882, at Tilton, N. H., only a few miles distant from where she was born, at "Father and Mother Knowles's" house in Northfield, which was the cradle of Methodism in that town. Rev. Caleb Dustin preached in 1807 at their house on Bay Hill. Rev. Martin Ruter visited Northfield the same year and organized the first Methodist church at their home.

REV. ELISHA ADAMS, D. D., was born in Williamston, Vt., July 29, 1815, and died at his residence in Concord, N. H., August 15, 1880, aged sixty-five. He was a student at Newbury seminary, and three years at Norwich university. He was married June 21, 1838, and June 13, 1870. Having been licensed to preach in 1835, he joined, the next year, the N. H. and Vermont Conference. As presiding elder he was assigned to all the districts in New Hampshire, and in that capacity served eleven years; at stations eighteen years. He was financial and general agent of the N. H. Conference Seminary for three years. For the last twelve years of his life he sought "lighter work in more retired fields"

of labor; and his request was granted. He had charge of the erection of two Conference seminaries, one at Northfield (built in 1856 and destroyed by fire in 1862), and the present buildings at Tilton, and was actively interested in the Prisoners' Aid Association, Temperance Alliance, and Freedman's Aid Society. He was cool and discreet, an excellent and safe counselor, an able preacher, and an efficient presiding elder. Honored and trusted he became influential in the church, and filled with credit the best appointments in the state, and was a member of the General Conferences of 1848, 1852, and 1864.

REV. OSMON OLEANDER BAKER, D.D., born in Marlow, N. H., July 20, 1812, died at Concord, N. H., Dec. 20, 1871, aged fifty-nine. He was educated at Wilbraham academy and Wesleyan university. He was the principal of Newbury seminary, and professor of the Biblical Institute at Concord. He was licensed as an exhorter when seventeen years of age; was presiding elder of Dover district in 1846, and elected bishop by the General Conference held in Boston in 1852. His book on the Discipline is regarded as authority. "In his general character he was distinguished for regularity and symmetry. His temperament was even and quiet; he was possessed of sound judgment and a retentive memory, and combined calmness with firm religious convictions. As a teacher he was assiduous, as a preacher he was persuasive in manner, chaste in style, and oftentimes his administrations were attended with divine power. As a bishop he was impartial and judicious and his administration was marked by a clear understanding of the constitution and laws of the church."

REV. DANIEL M. ROGERS was stationed at Portsmouth in 1846-7; transferred to the Erie Conference; subsequently, in 1872, to the Providence Conference. He sustained an effective relation until 1882, and is now classed as superannuated.

REV. ELIHU SCOTT was born in Greensboro' Vt., Dec. 11, 1805, joined the New England Conference in June, 1825; was presiding elder, Concord district, in 1845-6, and Dover district, in 1847-8; was a delegate to the General Conference in 1836, 1840, 1844, and 1852. He successfully filled several pastorates with ability, and was a faithful and useful presiding elder. He has sustained a superannuated relation to the Conference since 1875, but preaches frequently, and is otherwise active in promoting the interest of the church. He is a most estimable man, well preserved and wonderfully vigorous of his age. Possessing a well-balanced mind, he has always been regarded as a wise and prudent counselor, and highly esteemed for his ability, integrity, and Christian character. At the Conference of 1882 he resigned the office of treasurer of the "Conference trustees," whose funds he had judiciously guarded for upward of twenty-five years, and by his fidelity to the trust had commended himself to the confidence of his ministerial associates. The late Jonathan Barker, of Portsmouth, by will bequeathed to the church at home, and the connectional charities of the church at large, the most of the property his provident care had accumulated. The N. H. Conference was the residuary legatee, and Mr. Scott, as its treasurer, met me at Portsmouth and closed the estate, of which I was one of the executors. Being detained until after the departure of the cars, he walked to his home in Hampton, a distance of twelve miles, without fatigue, although upward of seventy years of age. He resides in that town at the present time.

REV. JAMES THURSTON was born at Buxton, Maine, March 12, 1816; joined the Maine Conference in July 1838; was transferred to the N. H. Conference in 1848, and stationed at Portsmouth. He successfully and ably filled several pastorates, and has been presiding elder of Dover district

in 1855-8; of Claremont district in 1863-5; and delegate to the General Conference in 1856 and 1864. He now sustains a supernumerary relation, residing at Dover—a useful and beloved member of the Conference, an excellent preacher, a Christian gentleman, and highly esteemed in the community.

RICHARD SUTTON RUST, D. D., LL. D., was born in Ipswich, Mass., Sept. 12, 1815; graduated at Wesleyan university in 1841, and joined the N. E. Conference in 1844. He served as principal of the N. H. Conference Seminary and Female College, and as state commissioner of public schools in New Hampshire. After filling appointments at Portsmouth, Manchester, Great Falls, Lawrence, and other important stations, he was transferred to the Cincinnati Conference; was president of Wilberforce university at Zenia, Ohio, and also of Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati, and has acted as a delegate to the General Conference. He has been the corresponding secretary of the Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church by appointment of the General Conference, and has had the supervision and management of that very important institution of the church. He is distinguished as an able and eloquent preacher, a faithful pastor, a superior educator, a vigorous and finished writer. Active, untiring, and eminently successful, he has most creditably filled every position the partiality of his brethren and the authorities of the church have assigned to him. His home is at Cincinnati, Ohio, but he travels extensively in promoting the educational interests of the Freedmen in the South.

REV. JAMES PIKE, D. D., was born in Salisbury, Mass., Nov. 10, 1818; was educated at Wesleyan university; joined the N. H. Conference in 1841. He has successfully filled the most important stations in the Conference and has been assigned to each of the

districts in the state where his services as presiding elder have been greatly appreciated. He was an influential delegate to the General Conference of 1860, 1864, 1868, and 1872; has been a member of the Conference Committee on the Book Concern, and trustee of the Conference Seminary at Tilton, to which he has rendered invaluable service. He was a member of the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth congresses, serving from 1856 to 1859. During the late war he served as colonel of the sixteenth N. H. regiment of volunteers, having been commissioned in October, 1862, and served with it during its term of enlistment, being assigned to Banks's expedition. He suffered greatly from malaria and exposure in Southern swamps in the vicinity of New Orleans, Port Hudson and elsewhere. He was the republican candidate for governor of New Hampshire in 1871. He married Mary, daughter of Rev. John Brodhead, and is now stationed at Bristol N. H., is widely and favorably known throughout the church, and greatly beloved wherever known. He was stationed at Portsmouth in 1865-6, and was presiding elder of Dover district in 1853-4 and in 1867-70.

REV. JUSTIN SPAULDING, who was pastor of the Portsmouth church in 1853 and 1854, was born in Moretown, Vt., in 1802; died in his native town in 1865. He joined the N. E. Conference in 1823, and was four years at Rio Janerio, having been selected, in 1836, as missionary to Brazil, where he labored faithfully as superintendent of the mission until 1841, when he returned home and was transferred to the N. H. Conference. He served as presiding elder, and filled several important appointments as minister, and was once a member of the General Conference. "He was an accomplished Christian gentleman, a good scholar, and an able minister."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRANITE MONTHLY.

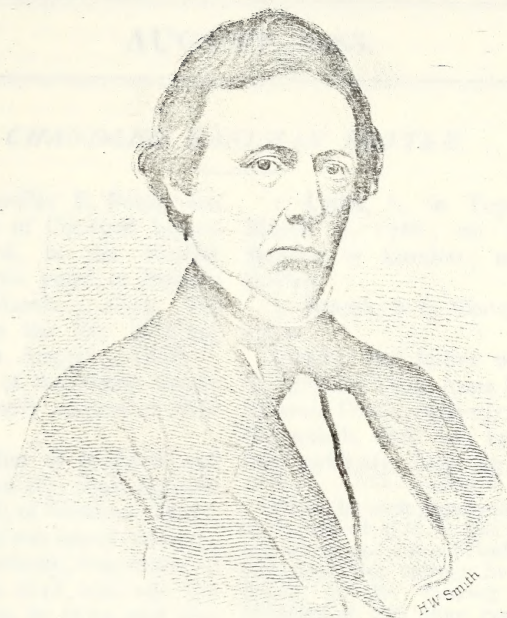
A NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE POLITICAL.

Vol. VI.

NO. 11.

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The Hon. Charles F. Adams, born in 1812, was an American statesman and diplomat. He served as the United States Minister to the United Kingdom from 1851 to 1855, and as the United States Minister to France from 1855 to 1859. He was also a member of the United States House of Representatives from 1847 to 1849.

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C. F. Adams

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VOL. VI.

AUGUST, 1883.

No. 11.

CHANDLER EASTMAN POTTER.

The Hon. Chandler E. Potter was born in that part of Concord known as East Concord, in the locality designated as Turtle pond, or Potter's school district, March 7, 1807. He died suddenly in the city of Flint, State of Michigan, August 3, 1868.

The ancestors of the Potter family were among the early settlers of New England.

DANIEL, the father of Richard and Ephraim, born January, 1698, married Elizabeth Kimball, of Wenham, Mass., Nov. 29, 1728. He was son of Anthony, who was son of Anthony, who settled in Ipswich, Mass., in 1648, who was son of Robert of Lynn, in 1630, and who came to this country from the city of Coventry, in England.

RICHARD, the grandfather of Col. Potter, b. March 17, 1744; m. Aug. 10, 1766, Lydia Averill, of Topsfield, Mass., b. July 22, 1733. With a brother (Ephraim) and a sister (Elizabeth) he went to Concord, from Ipswich, Mass., in 1771, and bought land in common on the north-westerly side of Turtle pond, and afterward divided it "equally as to quality and quantity." His wife died August 8, 1824. He died July 5, 1828, aged 84 years.* They left two children.

*Of his grandfather, Richard, Col. Potter used to relate entertaining anecdotes illustrative of his activity, energy, and power of endurance. For example:

1. Lydia, b. in Topsfield, Mass., March 2, 1768; m. (1) Thomas Stevens, of Loudon; m. (2) David Rollins.

2. Joseph, b. in Concord Sept. 20, 1772.

JOSEPH, the father of Col. Potter, m. April 25, 1793, Anna Drake, dau. of Thomas Drake, formerly of Hampton. She was b. Oct. 25, 1774, and died very suddenly, Aug. 23, 1844. Her

"When he took possession of his farm, in the fall of 1771, it had upon it only a log house and a novel, built by a former occupant, but thither he removed his family in the ensuing spring. His property at this time consisted of one hundred and thirty dollars in cash, which he paid toward his farm; a horse; a three-years old heifer; a bed, and some few cooking utensils. With his wife and child upon horseback; his goods upon a barrow, attached to the horse; himself driving the heifer, he started for Concord. They performed the journey in two days, stopping over night in 'Chester woods,' near Massabesic pond, at old Mother Underhill's, who kept a tavern 'upon the Penacook path.' Arrived upon their farm they went to work with a will. Of robust make, strong constitution, and industrious habits, their new home soon exhibited evidences of thrift. In the Revolutionary war Mr. Potter served six weeks on Winter Hill, under Gen. Sullivan. His name and his brother Ephraim's are on the Association Test in Concord, 1776.

"In 1782, while engaged in logging, three or four miles from home, one of his legs was smashed by a large log which his team was drawing on a side

husband died Feb. 1, 1853, aged 80 years. He inherited the farm, and his children were :

1. Richard, b. October 3, 1793, who recently lived in Loudon.

2. Thomas Drake, b. January 13, 1796, who lived on a part of the old homestead, father of Col. Joseph H. Potter of the army, who was educated at West Point in 1843, wounded in the battle of Monterey in 1846, and who served with honor in the late war.

3. Jacob Averill, b. July 22, 1798, who lived on a part of the farm owned by Ephraim Potter, was associate justice of the court of common pleas in the county of Merrimack, 1844-1853, and died April 28, 1865, aged 66.

4. CHANDLER EASTMAN, the subject of this notice, was born March 7, 1807. His childhood and early youth were spent at home on his father's farm, and in attending the district school, which was kept in a small school-house near by, about ten weeks in the year.

hill—his leg being suddenly caught between the rolling log and a tree. The bruise was so severe as to endanger his life. A council of physicians concluded that Mr. Potter must die—that it would be of no use to amputate his leg. But after the other doctors had gone, Dr. Carrigain, of Concord, said "Potter might be saved, and the leg should be cut off." Accordingly, cutting round the flesh, just below the knee, the doctor took a saw, which he brought with him, and commenced operating; but, finding the saw very dull, he stopped and requested a neighbor to run home, about a quarter of a mile, and get a sharper saw. With this the operation was finished. Mr. Potter was insensible at the time, but next night he knew the watchers. His leg was cut off close to the knee; the bone was left bare and smooth. In order to make the skin heal over, Dr. C. ordered New England rum to be heated and poured on slowly, while the bone was pricked and roughened with an awl. After a long confinement Mr. Potter was able to get about; and, being somewhat of a mechanical genius, he constructed for himself a wooden leg, with which he could not only walk comfortably, but could even run and wrestle. He lived many years afterward, healthy, hardy and active."

While yet at home curiosity led him to visit places far and near in the town which had any traditionary interest. He gathered all the stories that his grandfather and other old men in the neighborhood would relate about bears, wolves, and Indians. He explored the banks of the Merrimack river; scoured the plains; picked up Indian relics; and found, in repeated instances, the bones of Indians slain, as he believed, in the fight between the Mohawks and Penacooks. With this taste for the legendary and curious, he aspired to a higher education than the district school furnished. Accordingly, at the age of about 18, he went to the academy in Pembroke, then taught by Master John Vose, where he was fitted for college; entered at Dartmouth in 1827, and graduated in 1831. He paid his college bills chiefly by teaching school during vacations.

After his graduation, he opened a select high school in Concord, and taught until his removal to Portsmouth, where he took charge of the high school. He was eminently successful, easily securing the affection and esteem of his pupils, and is gratefully remembered by many as a kind, faithful, efficient teacher. A strong love of antiquities and nature distinguished him from his fellow-men. He had a just poetic perception. The dark rocks, the beautiful lakes, the legends of the red men, were the peaceful subjects he chose for his muse. He early manifested a love of nature and a thirst for knowledge. He was especially interested in the stories of heroic deeds and virtues of the great and good who had figured in the history of the world in the past, and early collected facts worthy to be remembered. He entertained profound respect and reverence for the patriots who fought and suffered in securing the liberties of our country. This sentiment of veneration for the founders of our institutions thus early awakened was a conspicuous element in his character, and had much to do in giv-

ing shape to his career in after life. He was also delighted in listening to accounts of the Indians who dwelt along the banks of the Merrimack. He often scoured the plains in the vicinity to gather the bones, arrows, implements, and other relics of the noble sons of the forest.

In 1835 he was chosen representative to the legislature from Portsmouth. On the Fourth of July of the same year he delivered an oration before the citizens of Portsmouth. This oration, which was subsequently published, was a powerful and spirited defense of the doctrine that a government should be administered for the benefit of the whole people and not in the interest of a class or a favored few. He showed with great force and clearness that the rights and liberties of the people may be wrested from them by the cunning and ambitious, if they fail in intelligence or cease to maintain the strictest vigilance. During his residence in Portsmouth he commenced the study of the law in the office of Ichabod Bartlett, and subsequently finished his course with Pierce & Fowler, at Concord.

In 1843 he practiced law at East Concord. Although educated for the law, yet his tastes and early habits induced him to relinquish his profession and engage in literary and historical pursuits; removing to Manchester, where he made his debut as editor, he became editor and proprietor of the *Manchester Democrat*, and retained this position until 1848. While in charge of this paper Col. Potter supported the principles of the Democratic party. As a political writer he exhibited a profound knowledge of the principles of government, and defended his views with so much ability and spirit that his journal was regarded as one of the most influential in the state. Its columns were frequently enriched with able articles from his pen upon matters pertaining to science, particularly to natural history. He published many very valuable original articles on the nature and habits of the wild

beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes, of his native state. Articles on education and agriculture occupied a corner of his sheet. His original sketches, illustrating the history of New Hampshire and her eminent sons, gave increased interest to his paper.

In June, 1848, he was appointed judge of the police court in Manchester, filling the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Hon. Samuel D. Bell. He served in this office during a period of seven years. As the head of this court he discharged his duties with marked ability and entire impartiality. Though a man of decided political opinions, it is the universal testimony of his political opponents, who had relations with him as a judge, that he held the scales of justice with an even hand, and never suffered his prejudices to influence his judgment in the slightest degree. Wherever truth would lead he dared to follow, and cared not if he shook the world with his opinions, if he scattered the clouds and let in the light. In 1850 one of the most remarkable cases in the annals of crime in the state of New Hampshire came before him for examination. The hearing lasted upward of a month, and created intense excitement. Throughout this long and tedious examination, Judge Potter presided with acknowledged ability and fairness. "We bear earnest and willing testimony to his high public and private virtues, to his distinguished ability and mature judgment, his manifest desire for the attainment of exact justice, and his untiring assiduity and fidelity in his labors. He did "with his might whatever his hands found to do." His dignified courtesy of manner, without distinction of person, and his readiness to subject himself rather than others, to inconvenience in the transaction of business, were uniform and unfailing.

His wit was unbounded, and flowed from him as naturally as his breath. Consequently he was the delight of the social circle, especially as his humor was governed by his amiability, so

that the feelings of his companions were never wounded by sarcasm or ridicule. His generosity like his wit knew no bounds. He often remarked, "if I give to all I shall be sure to hit the right." While holding the office of judge, Col. Potter was editor of the *Farmer's Monthly Visitor*, and a weekly journal called the *Granite Farmer*. The files of these journals bear evidence of his original powers of observation and study. As an agricultural writer, Col. Potter was not content to adopt the opinions of others. He boldly attacked many errors which prevailed in regard to this branch of industry, and made many suggestions of practical value. In these journals he also illustrated his taste for history and biography.

In 1854 a military association was formed at Manchester, called the Amoskeag Veterans. Col. Potter, with others, embraced the opportunity to do honor to the memory of the military heroes of his native state who defended the early colonies and aided in establishing our national independence. This corps was composed of the most prominent and influential citizens of the city and state. The uniform adopted was patterned from that of the "Father of his Country"—Washington. The first public parade of this corps took place February 22, 1855, the anniversary of the birth of Washington. The event called together a large concourse of people from all parts of the state. The governor, accompanied by his staff, and many distinguished citizens, were present.

Col. Potter delivered an eloquent address at that time.

In the winter, after the corps was organized, Col. Potter was elected its commander. In December the Veterans, with full ranks, visited the national capital—Washington. The various cities through which they passed, on their route, vied with each other in doing honor to the descendants of the patriots who fought on revolutionary fields with Washington, and Green, and Knox, and Sumpter, and Schuyler,

and other great chieftains. At Worcester, Springfield, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, they received the most flattering attentions. At all these places banquets were given in their honor by the municipal authorities, and they were met and welcomed by the most distinguished citizens. Their visit to Philadelphia was especially interesting. They were welcomed by the mayor and city council, in Independence Hall, where American freedom was first proclaimed. Col. Potter, in reply to the welcoming speech of the mayor, made a very eloquent, patriotic and thrilling address, which awakened great enthusiasm among those who listened to him.

At Washington, the Veterans were the guests of Gen. Franklin Pierce, the president of the United States. He gave a splendid banquet in their honor, at which many of the most eminent statesmen of the country were present. The presence of so many of the representative men of his native state, at the seat of government, so far away from his and their homes, of course could not be otherwise than gratifying to the president, and his address, on welcoming them to the Executive Mansion, was long spoken of by the Veterans and others who were present, as one of the finest specimens of simple, unstudied eloquence, ever listened to on a similar occasion. The response of Col. Potter, who, on behalf of the Veterans, expressed the unalloyed satisfaction which was felt on meeting their distinguished fellow-citizen, was no less eloquent and appropriate.

During this visit of the Veterans, the warmest praises were bestowed upon Col. Potter, for the very able, discreet, and efficient manner in which he acquitted himself as commander of the battalion; the members were proud to be led by such a commander, whose talents, dignity, courtesy, knowledge and ability, as a public speaker, entitled him to rank with the foremost men of the land.

Col. Potter was a writer of superior abilities and force, both in poetry and prose, and an enthusiastic student of history. Locating at Hillsborough, in 1856, he devoted a portion of his time to agricultural pursuits, editing at the time the agricultural department of the weekly *Mirror*, published at Manchester, and in writing books. "His taste led him chiefly into historical research. As an historian, possessed of extensive and valuable information relating to New Hampshire, which he diffused with a ready and liberal pen, Mr. Potter could hardly be ranked second to any man in the state. His history of Manchester, published by himself in 1856, containing 763 pages octavo, is a rich store-house of facts, respecting the rise and growth of that thrifty city. Incorporated into it, also, is valuable information relative to the provincial history of the state, notices of public men, and events of general interest." It is a work exhibiting careful research and great industry. "His last and crowning work, the *Military History of New Hampshire*, was an arduous labor; but he diligently pursued and succeeded in arresting from decay, and in disinterring from pay-rolls, old papers, and rubbish of antiquity, such a record as devoted labor might yield. This *Military History* extends from the first settlement in the province, 1623, to the close of the war with Great Britain, in 1812. This work consists of two volumes, and embraces a detailed account of all the wars with the Indians in which the colonists were engaged. It also contains a full account of campaigns of the old French war; also, those of the Revolutionary war, the war of 1812, and all other conflicts in which New Hampshire troops were engaged up to that period. The work, beside, contains a very large number of biographical sketches of the eminent men who have been connected with the military organizations of the state. By the patient and critical research of Col. Potter, many interesting facts pertaining to early history of the state

are rescued from oblivion, and have been preserved for the benefit of coming generations."

After his removal to Hillsborough Col. Potter continued his connection with the Amoskeag Veterans, and a large portion of the time was their commander. In 1865 the members of the battalion showed their high respect for him by visiting him at his home. The corps marched from the railroad station to the old family mansion of the late Gov. Pierce and Gen. John McNeil, where they were met by Col. Potter. In a very feeling address he expressed his pleasure at meeting them at his home, and his appreciation of the high compliment which they had bestowed upon him. Subsequently the members of the corps were entertained by their commander at a dinner in a large tent upon the grounds.

During his later years the Veterans, under his command, visited Newburyport, Portsmouth, and other cities. The last visit of this kind was to the city of Hartford, in the autumn of 1867. The Veterans, on their way, were received with high honor at Worcester and Springfield. At Hartford, they were entertained at a banquet by the city authorities. On this visit Col. Potter again acquitted himself in so able, judicious and satisfactory a manner that a unanimous vote of thanks was extended to him by the members of the corps, on their return home.

In the spring and summer of 1868 his health had become considerably impaired on account of his excessive literary labors. Having completed his military history of the state, he started, in company with his wife, in July, on a journey to the West. On his way out his spirits were buoyant, and he felt that his general health was improving, and no one could have believed, from his appearance, that he was so soon to be removed from earth. He arrived at the city of Flint, Michigan, on Thursday, July 30. He remained in that city, transacting considerable

business, until Sunday, August 2. On that day he received several visitors at the hotel where he lodged, and exhibited in his conversation the same elasticity and intellectual vigor for which he was always remarkable. In the afternoon, after writing several letters, he laid down for the purpose of obtaining a little rest. After sleeping a short time he awoke, and, endeavoring to move his limbs, remarked to his wife that for the first time in his life he found that his muscles refused to obey his will. It was evident that he had been stricken with paralysis. For a short time he retained his consciousness and was able to articulate. Physicians were summoned and every suggestion which human ingenuity could suggest was done for his relief. But, alas, all was unavailing. In a few hours he became unconscious, alike of his own dangerous condition and the anxiety and deep sorrow of his wife and other sympathizing friends who gathered about his bedside. He continued in this situation until Monday afternoon, August 3, when he expired.

Many of the prominent citizens of Flint extended their warmest sympathies to his afflicted wife, and did their utmost to mitigate her woe in that trying hour when she was suddenly deprived of her beloved companion. His remains were tenderly cared for, and prepared to be sent for interment in the soil of his native state. The coffin, containing his lifeless form, arrived at Manchester, August 7, and was received at the station by a deputation of Amoskeag Veterans.

On Saturday, August 8, his funeral took place. The Veterans, in command of Captain William B. Patten, marched to the railroad station, and, after receiving the remains, a line was formed and marched through some of the principal streets to the residence of Captain Charles Shedd. At this place Mrs. Potter and other relatives joined the procession, which then proceeded to the Unitarian church on Merrimack street. Rev. Joseph F.

Lovering, of Concord, the Chaplain of the Veterans, conducted the services, and made a very appropriate and impressive address. After the services at the church the procession was reformed and marched to the solemn music of the Manchester Cornet Band to the Valley Cemetery. The burial service was read by the Chaplain, after which all that was mortal of the beloved and honored commander of the Veterans was committed to the grave.

At the time of his death the intellectual powers of Colonel Potter were in their fullest strength and activity, and he gave promise that he might continue his usefulness for many years longer. The news of his death created a feeling of great sadness among all classes who knew him.

Colonel Potter was a man of noble personal appearance. He was about six feet and four inches in height, and weighed, when in good health, about two hundred and eighty pounds. He was well proportioned, stood erect, and his walk was firm and dignified. When marching in command of the Amoskeag Veterans, clothed in the old Revolutionary uniform, he was the theme of universal admiration among the observers. He had dark eyes, regular features, and a full, well-toned voice. His head was large, and, in phrenological language, was well balanced. His perceptive organs were very large, showing that he was a close and critical observer, and that his memory of facts in detail was remarkably strong.

One of the most prominent traits of his character was his very warm social nature. Nothing delighted him more than the society of intelligent and worthy men and women, and his feelings toward his friends and those of a congenial spirit were sincere, deep, and fraternal.

He was a man "of infinite jest, of most excellent humor," and had a vast fund of anecdotes ever on hand. His powers of mimicry and imitation were so great that he could easily assume

the voice and manners of almost any person. Hence he was one of the best of story-tellers. He often introduced into his public addresses an appropriate anecdote, and illustrated his point with great effect, and on festive occasions his ready wit and humor never failed to create merriment. He was a man of great enthusiasm, and entered with his whole soul into any subject which he discussed. Hence there was a great charm in his conversation. His mind was ever active, and he had the power of exactly adapting himself to all occasions and circumstances. He also had a faculty of placing himself in just the proper relations to all persons whom he met, whatever might be their tastes or degree of intelligence. When among the learned he could lead as well as follow, and when in the society of the ignorant and undeveloped he never assumed airs of superiority, but placed himself on the most intimate and friendly terms with them, and was happy if he could succeed in arousing higher and nobler thoughts and grander conceptions in regard to the world and the ever changing phenomena about them.

He was naturally a Democrat, respected the people, and never desired "to get above them," nor wished for more attention from others than he was willing to extend to them.

He became corresponding member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, March 24, 1855. In 1841 he was elected a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and was chosen one of the vice-presidents in 1852, in 1855, and 1857. In 1851 he delivered a valuable and interesting discourse before the society, upon the aborigines of the country, at the conclusion of which, on motion of Hon. Samuel D. Bell, a vote of thanks was extended to him. Subsequently he read several other interesting essays, one of which was upon the Penacook Indians. Beside these papers, he contributed one of the chapters to Colonel Schoolcraft's valuable

history of the North American Indians. He left many unpublished manuscripts bearing upon the history of New Hampshire. It was his design to publish a full and complete history of the state, bringing it down to the present times.

He left two sons. His third son, Drown Potter, studied for the bar. At the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion he was in the West, and immediately joined the first regiment of Michigan Volunteers, of which he was soon after appointed quartermaster sergeant. He was killed, while on duty with his regiment, at Garlick's Landing, Va., by a band of guerillas. He was a young man of fine talents, and was much esteemed by all who knew him.

Though Colonel Potter had a commendable ambition, he did not wish to be valued beyond his merits. His warm affection for his family was remarkable. He enjoyed no pleasures—wished to enjoy none—in which they did not participate. Even in his hours of unsparing labor, when intense thought was necessary to the business in hand, he loved to have them near him, and had acquired the faculty of sympathizing in their amusements without suffering his mind to be diverted from his labor. He was happy in his family, and enjoyed life. He felt a just pride in the affairs of his town and place of residence, interesting himself in all improvements. He was a man of singular purity of life, generous and hospitable; his house was open and his numerous friends always welcome. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. From the midst of life's responsibilities he has been suddenly called to a blessed eternity, leaving an irreparable void, by his departure, in a loving circle of friends, over whom the dark shadow of sorrow has deeply fallen, for he was to all, within the sphere of his influence, a faithful and unfailing friend. No ostentation sullied the purity of his benevolence. His rare disinterestedness and eminent kindness of heart led him ever

to seek opportunities of doing good. So ready and efficient was he that all who had the privilege of his friendship turned to him in emergency with a reliance that was never disappointed. He lived not for himself alone. He had a heart for justice, for God, and the right. That heart is still, but it was one of those

"That rule our spirits from the Urns."

On November 1, 1832, Col. Potter married Clara Adela, daughter of John Underwood, Esq., of Portsmouth. She died at Manchester, March 19, 1854, aged 51 years. Their children were:

1. Joseph, b. June 22, 1833.
2. Treat Wentworth, b. January 1, 1836.
3. Drown, b. Feb. 8, 1838; Quar. Mas. Serj. 1st Michigan regt. of volunteers; killed by a band of guerillas at Garlick's Landing, Va., June 13, 1862. He was a young man of much promise, and was greatly esteemed by those who knew him.

The first two sons survive.

His second marriage, November 11, 1856, was with Miss Frances Maria, daughter of Gen. John McNeil,* of Hillsborough, distinguished as an officer of the army, and especially for his daring and bravery in the battles of Chippewa and Niagara, in 1814. After his marriage with Miss McNeil, Col. Potter resided at Hillsborough, in the family mansion, the former residence of Gov. Benjamin Pierce, and cultivated the farm.

*Gen. McNeil, son of Lt. John McNeil, of Hillsborough, married Elizabeth Andrews, the eldest daughter of the late Gov. Benjamin Pierce, and sister of President Franklin Pierce. Their children were:—(1) Lt. John W. S. McNeil, of the army, who fell mortally wounded in leading an attack upon an Indian camp in Florida, September 10, 1837: (2) Elizabeth, who married Capt. H. W. Benham, of the army: (3) Frances, who married Col. Potter: (4) Benj. Pierce, of the army, who d. at Boston June 12, 1853. Gen. John McNeil died at Washington, D. C., Feb. 23, 1850, in the 60th year of his age. Mrs. McNeil d. March, 1855.

WILTON, N. H.—A CORRECTION.

In the March, 1882, number of the GRANITE MONTHLY is an account of Wilton, N. H., by Mr. Conner, which appears to have been taken from the Centennial of the town. So much is left out, which in fact is the most important, and so many errors occur, that it is necessary to ask for a small space to make additions and corrections.

First, as to the fall of the meeting-house in 1773. The article states that but ten stanzas are in existence. The poem consists of forty-two stanzas, was composed by Nathaniel Allen, and is quite common, and a copy of it may be published in the GRANITE MONTHLY.

Next in order, in the Revolutionary period, the name of Major Isaac Frye does not appear. It is granted that his early death after his return from the war, and his poverty, such that his descendants know not where he was buried, and no stone marks the spot, accounts for this; but history, which is more enduring, makes frequent mention of his exploits and bravery. When captain he was detailed on important duties. Going into the army as a private, he advanced through all grades, served through the war, and retired with a major's commission, which the writer had the pleasure of rescuing from a garret, where it was

found in some old papers. It is now in the hands of Wellington Frye, of Wilton, a great-grandson, who highly prizes it.

No mention is made in the article of Wilton's great educator, one who has done more for the town than any other man. From the gifted pen of Gov. Isaac Hill the following extract is taken :

"Thomas Beede, as a clergyman and guide, as the pattern of christian peace and usefulness, respected by all, beloved by all, who for the space of twenty years was never known to utter a reproach, or to deserve or receive reproach, the name of Thomas Beede, not only in his own town of Wilton, but in all adjacent towns within a compass of twenty miles, is embalmed in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Our residence was at first ten miles from Wilton, and the last thirty years forty miles from Wilton ; yet we have had frequent opportunities to 'read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest,' his many excellent precepts, and to admire both his social and religious character. He frequently supplied the pulpit at Amherst, where we resided in our minority ; we have not only listened to his sermons, but the many which his hearers have called into print, the hand which now writes has composed almost exclusively the types of several in each year for seven successive years ; and we never saw from his pen or heard from his mouth an unmeaning, a weak, an ill-natured, or an immoral sentence or idea. If any man has lived in this state whose power of 'moral suasion' has been exercised beyond that of another, and exercised to be felt, the esteemed clergyman of Wilton who has been named is that man.

"The usefulness of Mr. Beede was not confined to the desk ; it was directed to the worldly not less than the spiritual welfare of the generation which has been born and grown up since the commencement of the century. Though living on a small salary he was a finished scholar—a writer with

all the ease and purity of style of an Addison. He was the voluntary instructor of the young men of the town and vicinity.

"No clergyman of New Hampshire was better known in his native state than Thomas Beede ; there are few men who have written and delivered sermons of greater practical utility—better adapted to the improvement and edification of both youth and age ; few who have better or more frequently, than he has done, gladdened the hearts of the disconsolate, assuaged the grief of the mourner and the distressed, and administered the comforts of a holy hope to the sick and the dying."

He was frequently chaplain of the legislature, and preached the election sermon in 1815. He founded the first lyceum in the state, taught the first Bible-class, and was the first to introduce the Sunday-school into the state. He fitted for college some of the first men and authors of the state—Barrett, Greeley, Burton. His beautiful penmanship he imparted to his scholars, and the copy-like handwriting of the late Hon. Isaac Spalding was traced to his instruction. It is hoped that some memoir of this great and good man may be prepared some day. His grandson, Rev. Samuel Barrett Stewart, of Lynn, should attend to this, and he would be assured that his work would be fully appreciated.

E. H. S.

Gov. John Wentworth, in his annual message to the General Assembly of New Hampshire, thus speaks of our schools, 1771 :

"Among other important considerations, the promotion of learning very obviously calls for legislative care. The insufficiency of our present laws for the purpose must be too evident, seeing nine tenths of your towns are wholly without schools, or have such *vagrant foreign masters* as are much worse than none, being for the most part unknown in their principles and *deplorably illiterate.*"

FAMILIAR SKETCHES OF PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

BY C. R. CORNING.

This handsome book is truly an interesting one for both the illustrious and numerous alumni and the public, for it is full of precisely that kind of information that leaves the reader many times better off than it found him. The author has brought together an abundance of anecdotes and statistics, and has succeeded in doing just what hundreds of others have long wished to be done, but singularly enough the task of doing it has been left for Mr. Cunningham, who bravely set to work a year ago to make an attempt to preserve the annals and little histories of this famous school. That he has been faithful to his self-imposed work is sufficiently attested by the volume of more than three hundred pages now before us.

The fact that there is a Phillips Exeter Academy is known all over the world, but the methods that made this reputation are not so well known. The famous statesman that stood at the right hand of Charles I was not more thorough in his policy than have been the principals of Phillips.

What wonder need arise when we read that instead of marking down for poor recitations, the early Exeterite used occasionally to get knocked down, and have his lesson fairly beaten into him. Such drill as this was effective. Doubtless the stripes of the martyrs were the strong seeds of the school.

It is in the matter of personal incidents, gleaned from every quarter, that this book is admirable. The industrious author has accepted and rejected with a skillful hand. Phillips was fortunate in having for its second principal a man like Dr. Abbot. In fact, as Dr. Soule used to say, he was its second founder. He was a man who unsparingly gave his youth, his manhood, and his ripe old age, to the building up of this little republic of learning.

As the writer says: "He found a school few in numbers and backward in scholarship. The life he infused made the academy celebrated."

The chapter devoted to Dr. Abbot is full of interest to the lover of Phillips, inasmuch as it furnishes an insight into the building up process, and shows the first workings of a now strong institution.

After the retirement of the venerable Dr. Abbot came Dr. Soule, under whose paternal care, for nearly half a century, the best interests of the academy were conserved, so that when he laid aside the burden he saw, in the contemplation of his life's work, one of the richest rewards that ever fell to the lot of man.

There is no course that has operated so equally to the advantage of the academy as the long and loving fidelity of Drs. Abbot and Soule. It was the long service on the part of Dr. Taylor that made Andover famous, and in later days, who can gainsay that the remarkable growth and celebrity of S. Paul's School is not almost wholly due to the head and heart of Dr. Coit. Fortunate, indeed, are the schools that can boast of services like these.

The business-like suggestion of Mr. Cunningham that the trustees give to the public each year a full account of the funds, available and prospective, thereby increasing the general outside interest in the institution, and at the same time relieving a certain tendency in suspicious minds concerning the fabulous wealth of this and similar institutions, is well worthy of consideration. For a long time Exeter has been far in advance of her sister academies in the important matter of student government, her policy being that the students are young gentlemen, not young barbarians, and, so far as report goes, the system has worked

admirably. The vices of our later civilization are sternly and severely prohibited, but those innocent accompaniments that, unfortunately, attend them, as for example billiards, ginger beer, and cigarettes, are unnoticed.

The faculty has not lowered the school one whit by adopting a broad-guage code of rules and regulations. When there are no restrictions on doing certain things, the impulse to do them is speedily removed. This is in strong contrast to a majority of academies, whose commands to the students are as long as the code of the two nations of antiquity, and serve about as useful a purpose.

Mr. Cunningham has gone into biographical sketches of the alumni to a large extent, and it is by these that the reader has the best opportunity of judging for himself why Phillips Exeter academy has attained so much renown.

Beginning with Daniel Webster and ending with Robert Lincoln, with such men as Everett, Cass, Butler, Smith, Bancroft, Hale, and Sparks, interven-

ing, why should not the famous old school hold her head high among the classic halls of the English-speaking nations?

In conclusion, this admirable work gives a history of the societies, the school paper, the course of study, in fact, every subject connected with the academy, is given to the public, even to the article of incorporation which in itself furnishes an interesting view of the purposes and sentiments of the founder concerning education and religion.

The book contains several illustrations of the academy, the town, and also pictures of the eminent teachers whose labors have made the academy a lasting name in the history of education.

This unpretending sketch of the old academy, published in this, its centennial year, is welcomed not alone to the graduates but to hundreds of others whose *alma mater* is not so favored as the venerable institution on the banks of the winding Swamscot.

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE PIONEERS.

BY LEVI W. DODGE.

One of the most pleasing parts of the historian's duty is to record the names and services of those who have acted a leading part in the events which make up the annals of any time or community. In fact, history is but the record of the lives, character and actions of leading men, for most of the stirring events, popular movements, and life's great changes, are originated and guided by the few.

Apparently trivial causes often produce lasting and important effects. A much quoted writer has said: "The sources of the noblest rivers are to be sought in barren mountains or in wild and unknown tracts rarely visited."

Every humble and unpretentious hamlet has its passing and unrecorded

events, trifling and unnoticed in their origin, and yet it may be great and important in their influence, or in the making up of the great historic whole.

It is a pleasing pastime, this connecting the events of the past with the records of the present, tracing the footsteps of our ancestors, tracking the course of the mountain stream to its mysterious fountain.

The reader of these disconnected fragments, if, perchance, they find one, need not be told they are selections from unpublished records and memories, and the writer thereof will be content if they interest the few of those for whom they were written.

The village of Whitefield is mostly located on lots two and three in the

twelfth range, and one in the thirteenth, known as the Walker lot.

In the first draft of lots, as drawn for the proprietors by the Rev. Stephen Peabody, in 1779, in accordance with the original plan and survey as submitted to the grantees, there were but one hundred and four divisions into lots, and those of seventy-five acres each, located upon either side of a road running through the midst of the township, as mapped and numbered by the surveyor, Col. Henry Gerrish. Of these, ninety were distributed among the petitioners, and four were reserved for the cause of religion and for the support of schools. This distribution of shares and location of lots remained in force for twenty-three years, and formed the basis for the levying of all taxes and for the apportionment of expenses necessary to the settlement and development of the new country.

But in 1802, there having been no really permanent settlement made, and time having obliterated all marks, metes and bounds of the Gerrish survey, a new one was ordered, and all previous divisions and allotments were declared "null and void;" and to Jeremiah Eames, jr., Esq., was appointed the task of dividing into suitable lots, and resetting the metes and bounds of the township of Whitefield. This he did in the summer of that year, and the present plan was adopted on the 28th of September, 1802, which divided the town into two hundred and ten lots. From these a draft was made of two to each original right or title, and thus one hundred and eighty-eight lots found distinct owners, at least in name. It must be remembered, however, that years ago most of the individuals whose names were attached to these divisions of land were already dead, and their earthly titles extinguished.

The first material change in the ownership of these Whitefield lands, from the original or granted ownership, was in October, 1793.

Tax claims had been unnoticed by the proprietors until it became neces-

sary to sell the lands to pay the assessments. This was done in accordance with the law for such cases enacted, and at the house of Capt. Benjamin French, inn-holder at Dunstable, Mass., October 28, 1793, at vendue, Frederick French and Samuel Minot became the principal owners of the entire township of Whitefield.

This Frederick was a son of Capt. Benjamin French, who was one of the "committee of safety" in those 1776 days, and an active partisan of the loyal order. His mother was a granddaughter of Capt. John Lovewell, the hero of the "Pigwacket" fight with the Indians in 1725. He was twenty-seven years old when he bought the fourth part of Whitefield's forfeited land titles, and was acting as clerk at this vendue.

As a justice of the peace he administered the oath of office to Col. Samuel Adams, who was chosen to preside at the first meeting of the proprietors of Whitefield. Col. Adams was also chosen assessor, along with Capt. Robert Foster and Josiah Melvin, at this meeting.

Samuel Minot, who in 1793 became prospective if not real owner of a large portion of Whitefield's undeveloped timber lands, was a land speculator of Concord, Mass. Taking advantage of the accidental or forced sales of the valuable tract thus thrown upon the market by the demands of unsatisfied claims, he purchased, by payment of a proprietor's tax of 33s. 9d. per share, about one half the area of the township, or nine thousand acres. His son, Jonas Minot, was proprietors' clerk and fiduciary through all the years between the second organization of the proprietary, in 1790, and the final establishment of a town with incorporated rights and privileges in 1804.

Upon the northern outskirts of the village, on the hill road to Lancaster, is the "Benjamin Bowles" farm—a title derived from the early tiller of its soil. It formed a part of the Asa King purchase from Samuel Minot, in

1813. Previous to the ownership of Minot it was a portion of the Henry Gerrish title, according to the original grant of 1774, and re-apportionment of 1802. This Col. Henry Gerrish was the original surveyor of the township, in 1779. This has been considered by some as a "survey upon paper," merely, but there was a strong witness, we believe, as late as 1815, in favor of his actual survey, at least upon the southern or "Lloyd's Hill" line, where were his initials distinctly marked, "H. G.," upon a corner tree still flourishing.

He was a native of Boscawen, and, at the breaking out of the Revolution was thirty-two years of age, and was an active leader in the affairs of that community. At the age of twenty-four he was prominent in the civil as well as military affairs of the province, and was a delegate to the first state convention, in 1774. Being a land surveyor, his services were often in demand in locating and mapping these wild northern districts. He was a captain of militia at the opening of the war, and marched with his company to Medford upon the receipt of the news of the battle of Lexington. He was present at the surrender of Burgoyne, fighting in that action against the left flank of the British; and he was clerk at the sale of the plunder captured at Batten Kill at that time.

He was a celebrated blacksmith, as well as land-surveyor, and forged mill-cranks and made mill-saws, it is said, upon a common anvil, at his smithy's forge. In after years, as population increased and the tide of travel by carriages and with heavy teams set in along the valley of the Merrimack, he established a tavern known as the "Travelers' Home," where in generous, old-fashioned style, he dispensed hospitality to the traveling public. Col. Gerrish, by means of his knowledge of the lands and affairs in this northern part of the state, became an extensive land-owner, large tracts coming into his possession at low tax rates.

He was a son of Capt. Stephen Gerish, also one of the original grantees of Whitefield, and a man of note and esteem in those early eighteenth century days, a native of Newbury, Mass.

What is now known as the Chase lot, numbered one in the eleventh range, was originally a long, triangular shaped section, having its base to the southwest, against the Parker lot, and running along the Dalton line to a point just north of the B., C. & M. Railroad station, and containing 72 acres. In the revised allotment it fell to the share of Benjamin Newhall, or Newell, as many of the family now write the name. There were three of them among the grantees of the town, all from Lynn, Mass., where the progenitors of the American Newells first located, about A. D. 1630.

Benjamin and Aaron were brothers, and successful cordwainers in their native Lynnfield. Increase, who was of another branch of the same family, was an officer in the Revolutionary army. He was a tanner by trade, and also an inn-keeper. He died in 1815, at the old homestead of his lineal ancestors. Descendants of this same Newhall family still reside in town, in the persons of Abel S. Newell, Mrs. Bailey Dame, and Mrs. Col. Joseph Colby.

But the Newhalls failed to "keep their titles clear" in Whitefield, and Capt. French paid the accumulated taxes on the seventy-two acre triangle, and held it for the future occupation of Elder Jonathan Chase, who took possession in 1824. He located his primitive home on the extreme northern or narrowest point of the lot, and many of the passing generation well remember the old log house, as it stood just below the present "Brown Lumber Company's" mills. The little trout stream, known in those days as "Chase's brook," came rollicking down from the Dalton hills, entering John's river just in the rear of the house.

A gravelly mound of peculiar formation, thought by some to have been of artificial origin, stood just in front of

the ancient domicile, about where the office of the lumber company now is located. Previous to the Chase ownership, however, and following that of Capt. French, there was a division of titles, Reynold Way and Calvin White having sixty acres off the south end, and Elias Bascom the remaining twelve acres in the acute angle of the lot. These were all united in 1824 in the latter ownership, and conveyed to John Perkins, and by him sold to Elder Chase. Afterward, in 1829, it came into possession of Hon. A. M. Chase, a son of Jonathan.

The title of Joseph Hart, one of the grantees of the town by the pleasure of the royal governor, John Wentworth, Esq., was numbered fifty-six, which, in the second, or re-survey, became two in the eleventh and eight in the seventh ranges, the former of which, in the later years, formed a part of the J. M. Gove farm. But it knew other owners before a permanent settler was secured; for Mr. Hart, like many or most of his associates, failed to pay his portion of the necessary assessments, and Samuel Minot secured the title from Edward Cutts, the United States collector of taxes. Minot had paid the demands against it for many years before taking a deed. It afterward formed a part of the thousand or two acre tract purchased by Asa King, and we believe Capt. N. C. King first commenced the clearing of it. Through the hands of various owners passed the western division of thirty acres, until in 1852 James Gilchrist deeded it to A. M. Chase, and it now forms a part of the present Chase homestead.

Jonathan Chase came hither from Unity, his birth-place, in 1824, with his family, a wife and four children, the one son being the late Hon. A. M. Chase. This Jonathan was a preacher of some renown in the Methodist church. He was a descendant through a long line of noted Thomases, Samuels, Josephs, and Jonathans, from that Aquila who came from Cornwall, England, in 1639, settling in Hampton. There were warriors, and min-

isters, and merchants, and judges, scattered all along the line from Aquila to Jonathan. For a hundred years or more they retained the ancient heraldic insignia to which they were entitled in the days of English chivalry. It is described in the early records as elaborate and noteworthy. There were four silvery crosses on a field of red, on a blue corner of which was a golden lion *passant*. The crest—a golden lion *rampant*, holding in his paws a silver cross. Beneath the arms proper was the ancient family motto—"Forward."

After a score or more of years in their primitive house, the family moved into a commodious frame cottage situated just north of the present residence of Alison Brown. It was like the traditional "old red farm-house" of New England; and as we see it now against our life's morning horizon, it was embowered in lilacs and roses that almost hid the eastern front, leaning over the path from the gate, and sweetening all the air.

This second generation of the Chase family homestead was burned in the summer of 1854, the same season that is remembered in town as the "year of conflagrations," when so many thousand acres of valuable timber lands were left a scene of black desolation.

It was from this cottage upon the hill-side that Jonathan, when he grew old, was carried across the valley to the grave-yard yonder, in a retired corner of which a plain marble shaft tells the reader that Rev. Jonathan Chase died November 11, 1836, aged 63. He was called the pioneer of Methodism in Whitefield. Many of his religious ideas were of the stern old Puritanic stamp, but he is remembered by surviving associates and neighbors with kindness and respect.

Situated in the midst of charming prospects of the grand old hills, upon a broad plain just south of the burned red cottage site, they had builded a large and commodious modern farmhouse, adapted to the increased wants of the family, and here, for many years,

the Hon. A. M. Chase dispensed his plain but generous-hearted hospitality, and from here, in 1876, was he gathered to the family corner in the little "God's acre" among the hills. He had lived but sixty-nine years, as we count years, by summers' suns and winters' colds, but in the events and experiences of the world he had rounded a full measure of years. He was one of New England's representative men, and in the world of politics, in social life, and in the whirl of business, he was well and favorably known beyond his native New Hampshire. Mr. Chase was an earnest agitator in the great struggle against slavery, and was early numbered among its prominent leaders, being a co-worker with Hale, Sumner and Wilson. He was noted for his fearless independence in the promulgation of his advanced political ideas, and for his entire unselfishness while battling for what he considered the rights of humanity. He needs no epitaph engraved in stone, for is not his memory embalmed in the hearts of his many friends and associates?

It was, we think, a strange idea of Col. Eames to locate his number one range in the midst of this township rather than upon one side, in his survey; but thus we have it. There is little in the numbering, however, so we have it for a title; and number one in the first range fits as closely by the side of number one in the eleventh, as does number one in the second upon the south side. The title to number one in the fourth range, another angular lot on the western border of the town, back of the Burns pond outlet, was once in the name of Jonathan Dix, the great grandfather of Gen. John A. Dix, and one of the original grantees of the township. He was a native of Massachusetts, and by trade a tanner. He removed to Boscawen, N. H., about 1790, with the family of his son, Timothy Dix, sr. His grandson, Col. Timothy, jr., in the first year of this century, purchased a large tract in the northern part of the state, which, in 1805, was granted in, and

has since borne his name, Dixville, which has become somewhat renowned in these later years for its bold and romantic scenery. It remained in his possession, however, but a few years, as, on account of its wild and far-away situation, he was unable to procure the necessary settlers, in accordance with the terms of the grant, and it soon passed by tax-sale and otherwise into other hands.

At the date of the grant of Whitefield, in 1774, the grandfather, Jonathan Dix, was, we believe, in Canterbury, but whether as a resident, or in his military capacity (for he was an ancient warrior), we are uninformed. In the original draft his title was number twenty-nine, which, in the first or 1793 tax-sale, was bid off by Samuel Minot, but was soon redeemed by the original owner.

In the new division, or 1802 draft, this number two in the fourth range was a part of his allotment, the other section being in the extreme north-eastern part of the town, afterward occupied by Ephraim James. The first Jonathan kept his title good until near the close of his life, which was a long and eventful one. He died at Boscawen, in 1804, aged 94 years.

Between this lot and the present Parker farm was a part of the Timothy Nash grant, cornering near the outlet of the Burns pond. The other division to this title being near the head of the same body of water, number two in the seventh range. This Nash will be remembered as a renowned hunter of this "Cohos" section, and the fortunate discoverer of the White Mountain notch, in 1771. He was active in procuring funds for locating and building a road connecting the Coos with the "Pequawket country," by way of his recently discovered gateway of the mountains. Of the birth, death, or burial-place, of this one of those historic names of

"giant men
Whose deeds have linked, with every
glen.
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior dream,"

we are uninformed; but his monument is located, and is as lasting as the crystal hills.

Another of Whitefield's early landholders, one of the original ninety-four, was the Rev. Jeremy Belknap, the early and renowned historian of New Hampshire. He was then a settled minister over the first church in Dover, where he labored from 1767 to 1787. It was during this period that he prepared the first volume of his History of New Hampshire, it being published in 1784. The same year he, in company with Dr. Cutler, of Ipswich, Mass., and some others, made a tour of observation and scientific exploration around the White Mountains, at which time it is more than probable Mount Washington received its name. This is said to be Prof. Tuckerman's view of the origin of the name. In his third volume, which appeared in 1792, the historian speaks of it as being "*lately* distinguished by the name of Mount Washington."

Belknap was the author of several other important works, particularly his "American Biography." It was during the first year of his residence in Dover that he formed the acquaintance of Rev. George Whitefield, then itinerating through the older towns of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Who, among the early petitioners for this grant, admirers of that zealous old pioneer of Methodism in this province, first suggested his name to be attached to the embryo town, or whether it was the governor himself, whom Whitefield also claimed as a friend and encourager, it would be a satisfaction to know. Belknap died in Boston in 1798. His share in the town was number eighty-three, which the later division made to be numbers

four in the sixth and one in the tenth ranges;—the first afterward known as the "Holt Kimball farm," and the other—the extreme south-west corner of the town—where Henry Gerrish first marked the boundary line, and carved his "H. G." on the hemlock corner. Samuel Minot secured the Belknap title by payment of taxes, and in 1805 Col. Kimball became the owner of number four.

One of the wounded soldiers at the initiatory fight of the Revolution at Concord, was Capt. Nathan Barrett, who led a company on that memorable day, and afterward did the patriot cause valiant service.

At the meeting of the proprietors of Whitefield, in 1794, held at Dunstable, he was chosen one of the assessors of the township, along with David Page, also of Concord, Mass., and Nathaniel Peabody, of Atkinson, N. H. How he came possessed of the Samuel Harris title number three, in the eleventh range, we are, unadvised, but many of the older residents of the town still remember the familiar title of the "old Barrett lot" as once attached to the wild hill, the summit of the late John M. Gove farm, south of the village. And the memory of the early proprietor, the doughty "Colonel," still lingers among the surviving ancients of the town. Mrs. Col. Joseph Colby well remembers him in the days of 1812, at Concord, Mass., where he was living, still an old soldier. She was then a girl of eight years, and resided with her father, Ezra Newhall, in that historic old town. Many of our earlier citizens still cherish recollections of Col. Barrett in Whitefield as late as 1825. Let the "old Barrett hill" still perpetuate his memory among us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY.

BY REV. ISAAC WILLEY.

(Concluded.)

CHARLES WALKER, from Woodstock, Conn., entered the school at the age of 26, in 1817. After a preparation of four years he entered the seminary at Andover in 1826. He was ordained pastor of the church in Rutland, Vt., in 1823, and after a pastorate of twelve years he became the pastor of the church in Brattleboro', from whence he removed, in 1846, to Pittsford. From 1864 he resided at Binghampton, N. Y., until his death, in 1870. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by the Vermont University in 1847. He published several sermons, an article upon Christian faith, and, also, one upon repentance.

Mr. Walker was a man of influence. On the soundness of his judgment the people were ready to rely. From each of his three pastorates there is reason to believe there is a company on high thankful that at a late period he relinquished his worldly engagements, and gave himself to the work of the ministry.

JOHN M. ELLIS, from Keene, entered the school in 1818; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1822, and at Andover in 1825. He was in business as a tanner, and left it in view of a foreign mission; but the opening of our western country drew him in that direction. The day after his graduation, with two others of his class, he was ordained to the work of the ministry in the old South Church in Boston. This was done at the request of the Domestic Missionary Society of New York. It is to be noticed that at that time measures were taken, in view of the formation of a national home missionary society, which was soon in active operation. Furnished with \$100, Mr. Ellis made his way, in

six weeks, to Kaskaskia, then the largest town in the state of Illinois. After laboring two years a Presbyterian church was formed, and he was installed the pastor. At the same time he was appointed one of a committee for the establishment of a college. Jacksonville was decided upon as the site for it, and eight acres of land were secured, and the stakes stuck for the college buildings.

In the spring of 1828 Mr. Ellis married a Christian lady from Marseilles, in France, who had made her way into that country as a teacher. He removed his relation from Kaskaskia to Jacksonville, where he had secured the formation of a church. He had encouragement of a salary of \$150 per annum to be paid in produce. He reserved one Sabbath in four for missionary purposes. By this arrangement he was able to preach in Springfield, and to aid in the formation of a church there, and in several other places. A letter of his about this time, relating to openings in Illinois for Christian laborers and for the establishment of a college, reached the eyes of several students in Yale College, and induced seven of them to seek this as their field of labor. The important influence which they exerted and the labors which they performed have become matters of history. Mr. Ellis was installed pastor of this church at Jacksonville in 1830, and the record is, "that the female seminary and its beautiful grounds continue an honor to him and to his accomplished wife."

Mr. Ellis commenced his labors for the American Education Society in 1832. In his movements he took an active part in the establishment of

Wabash College, in Crawfordsville, Indiana. Land to the amount of fifteen acres had been purchased for the purpose, and he, with seven other Christian men, in 1832, went into the forest, selected the location for the college, kneeled upon the snow and commended the enterprise to God in prayer.

His family were still in Jacksonville, where, in the summer of 1833, the cholera prevailed. On his return from an absence of some weeks, the first intelligence which he received from his family was that his wife and his two children were dead and buried. For a time he was overwhelmed by the crushing blow. But through the strength which he received from above and the intense interest which he felt in his work, he continued in his active services, a fact showing the inexpediency of settling down in despondency under trials. The mind is sustained by the grace of God in connection with its own active efforts.

He came to New England in the service of the Education Society, and secured large collections. These labors he continued for three or four years, but his attachment to the West led him again into that wild region. He was soon engaged in establishing Marshall College. From 1836 to 1840 we find him at Grass Lake, Michigan, where he gathered a church, and became its pastor. He preached extensively in all that region, in log-houses, school-houses, and private dwellings. In four years the little church rose to the number of one hundred, and two other churches were set off from its borders. The Sabbath-school became prosperous, and several young men were set forward in their course of preparation for the Christian ministry.

Mr. Ellis, and his wife whom he had married in the East, the daughter of Dr. Moore, of Milford, N. H., devoted themselves with untiring zeal to the missionary work, living upon the pittance of a salary. At length it became evident that the western climate did not favor the health of his wife,

that she could not long endure it, and he returned East. In 1840 he became pastor of the church in Hanover Center, N. H. A new house of worship was erected, and his ministry was crowned with a blessing, but in less than two years sickness came upon him, followed by a loss of voice; but he was soon engaged in an agency for Dartmouth College. While as yet he could hardly speak a loud word he secured important aid to the college.

In 1844 the society for the promotion of collegiate and theological education in the West came into existence, into which Mr. Ellis entered with his accustomed zeal. In 1854-5 the attention of the people of the land was called particularly to the territories of Kansas and Nebraska. The acquaintance of Mr. Ellis with the new countries of the West led him to feel that an opportunity was presented for him to exert an influence in these new fields. He at once formed the purpose of securing ten thousand acres of land, of engaging Christian people to go on, occupy and cultivate it, there to establish Christian institutions, commence schools, and establish a college. To carry out such a purpose, in the summer of 1855, he made a journey into those regions and entered into a contract for the land. He returned to Nashua, the place of his residence, to make arrangements for the colony; but he was seized with a fever which terminated his life in eight days, at the age of sixty-two. He died, we are informed, in great peace. By his will he gave \$3,300, in equal portions, to Illinois, Wabash, and Wittenberg Colleges, toward a fund for scholarships. In three instances he had paid premiums of \$200 each for essays on important subjects. In the course of his labors he had acquired a small property, and understood how to use it in the service of his Lord, and for the benefit of his fellow-men. They who devise and execute liberal things are not numerous.

ORLANDO G. THATCHER, from Gratton, Vt., entered the school in 1817;

graduated at Dartmouth College in 1823; studied theology with the class at college under the instruction of the president and professors; was ordained pastor of the church in Colebrook in February, 1825, from which place he was dismissed in 1829. The same year he became the pastor of the church in Bradford, where he remained until he died, in 1837, at the age of 42. The time of his service was comparatively short, but he every where left the impression that he was a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he was used by him for the advancement of his kingdom. The record of thirty-one received to the Christian church during his ministry of eight years in Bradford aids us in believing that a humble and faithful pastor does not labor any where without important results.

JOHN C. LORD entered the school in 1818; graduated at Hamilton College in 1825; read law three years and was admitted to the bar in 1828; but changed his course, and entered the theological seminary at Auburn, N. Y., and graduated in 1833. He became the minister of the Presbyterian church in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1835, at which station he remained until 1873. He died in 1877. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Hamilton College. He published "Lectures to Young Men" and "Lectures on Civilization."

THOMAS HALL, from Cornish, began study at Meriden in 1817; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1823; studied theology with Rev. Dr. Burton, of Thetford, Vt. He was settled as pastor of the church in Waterford, Vt., in 1825; at Norwich in 1831; at Waterford again in 1835; acting pastor at Vershire and Guildhall in 1844; at Bethlehem and Franconia in 1859. He died at Guildhall, Vt., in 1859, aged 61.

JACOB LITTLE, from Boscawen, entered the school in 1817; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1822; at Andover Seminary in 1825. The next spring, with his companion, he started

in a wagon for Ohio, and there labored as a missionary for one year, and was ordained pastor of the church in Granville in 1827.

In the commencement of his course he went from the business of a farmer, and carried his habits of industry and economy into his course of study. Though a Christian young man of the strictest sect, he had a vein of wit which, in the course of his ten years of study, was of no small importance to himself and to his associates; but when he had completed his course of study so impressed was he with the importance and solemnity of the work before him that he said to a friend that he feared he had mistaken his calling. But the church prospered under his care; repeated revivals were enjoyed. The population of the place increased and he soon had one of the largest churches and parishes in the region. Something more than thirteen hundred were at different times received to the communion of his church. He was once offered a professorship in Marietta College, in that state; but his attachment to his people was such that he could not be induced to leave them. He became after a time to be regarded as the father of his people. The young people were accustomed to seek his advice. Once each year he invited the young women to his house and gave them such advice as a Christian father would give his daughter. On another day the young men came to listen to his counsels. He was a close student of the Word of God, and the delight which he found in these studies, he endeavored to impart to others. For many years he had a large Bible-class, which met in his church on Sabbath evening. Others came to listen, and the house was generally filled.

His new year sermons attracted large audiences. They abounded in facts relating to his people, in the notices of the events of the past year, such as the births and deaths, the contributions to benevolent objects, the number of persons found intoxicated,

and those guilty of other immoralities which he thought proper to notice.

He said of himself, in an article in the *Boston Recorder*, "I have labored in the same church thirty-six years. A large part of the time I have held three services on the Sabbath; visited annually one hundred and fifty families; have waded through all the trials of dissensions and secessions in a church of three hundred members, while new churches of different denominations were forming in the place. I have been through the exhausting labors of twelve revivals of religion, one continuing a year and another a year and a half. I have been through the trials of watching with the sick, and the sorrow from the death of a wife and five children." Yet he could add, at the age of 68: "I am in health, and have not lost a Sabbath for twenty years. I have been accustomed to rise in the morning between four and five o'clock; have been kept from the use of intoxicating drinks, from tobacco, and from the use of tea and coffee, and have generally eaten brown bread." A lady of his church remarked that she heard him state that on rising in the morning he invariably visited his closet before the thoughts of the world occupied his mind. Here we discover the secret of his success in the ministry. It was in the wisdom and strength derived from on high.

After the years of labor for the benefit of that people and their enlargement and prosperity, the suggestion reached the ears of Mr. Little that some of the younger portion of the people would be pleased with a younger man as a minister. He was at once ready for a change. He resigned his charge, removed from the place, and became the acting pastor of the church in Warsaw, Indiana, in 1864. After two years it appears that he resigned his charge and took up his abode at Wabash until he died, in 1876, aged 81.

ISAAC WILLEY, from Campton, after labor upon the farm up to the day he was 21, and after teaching one year in

different parts of the country, entered the school at Meriden in the spring of 1816, at the age of 22 1-2 years. With limited means, which made it needful for him to teach in winter, he made his preparation and entered Dartmouth College in 1818. After his graduation, in 1822, he joined the class in theology under the instruction of President Tyler and Professors Shurtleff and Haddock, and commenced preaching as a missionary in 1829. In the fall of that year he became connected with the seminary at Andover as a resident licentiate. In Sept., 1825, he commenced preaching at Rochester, where he was ordained as pastor of the church in the following January. He closed his labors there in 1835 to become the secretary and agent of the New Hampshire Missionary Society. In 1837 he became pastor of the church in Goffstown for sixteen years. In 1853 he assumed the responsibilities of an agent of the American Bible Society. At the same time he became secretary of the New Hampshire Bible Society. Under the instruction of Rev. Dr. Brigham, the old secretary of the American Bible Society, he labored more or less in the state of Maine and the state of Vermont. He also undertook the work of organizing county and local Bible societies. By the encouragement of a valuable portion of the people, the whole state was spread over by these societies. Thus were his services called for in sustaining the interests of these societies, and through their agency the state has been canvassed for the supply of the Bible and for the collection of funds once in three or four years for the past twenty years. In this way the odium of an agent was in part done away, and he was generally made welcome. He retains, in his advanced age, vivid recollections of the hospitalities which he enjoyed in his labors in almost every town in the state, and has a strong desire that these societies may live and do their work in generations yet to come.

The publications of Mr. Willey are—

An Address at the Centennial of the Town of Campton, a brief History of the First Congregational Church in Pembroke, The History of the New Hampshire Bible Society, Recollections of the Piscataqua Association for Ten Years from 1825. The Early History of Kimball Union Academy, the reports of the New Hampshire Missionary Society for three years from 1839, and of the New Hampshire Bible Society for twenty-six years from 1850.

In addition to the foregoing thirty young men who commenced their studies for the ministry at Meriden, there were, at the establishment of the institution, a number of valuable young men fitting for the ministry in Dartmouth College who were needy of aid. Such aid was afforded from its funds, and their names stand on record as beneficiaries of the institution. They were as follows :

Solomon Adams, from Middleton, Mass., who entered the ministry but gave himself mainly to teaching, first in East Machias, Me., then in Portland, and afterward in a young ladies' school in Boston. He died in 1870, after a life of much usefulness.

Silas Blaisdell, from Weare, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1817; at Andover two years, and with Bishop Griswold one year; ordained in 1822; rector at Ashfield, Salem and Amesbury, Mass.

Stephen I. Bradstreet graduated at Dartmouth College in 1819; at Andover in 1822; preached in Euclid, Cleveland, Vermilion, and Sandusky, Ohio; edited the *Ohio Observer*, and afterward preached in different places until he died in 1837. He was a devoted disciple of his Master, and eminently useful during his short life.

Jacob Cummings, from Warren, Mass., graduated from Dartmouth College in 1819; and from Andover. He taught for a time at Atkinson and at Hampton; ordained pastor of the church at Stratham in 1829; at Sharon, Mass., 1835; at Southbridge, 1838, and at Hillsborough Bridge, N. H., 1843.

He took up his residence at Exeter in 1856, without charge, where he died in 1866. A learned and devoted Christian man, characterized by patient continuance in well doing.

Calvin Cutler, from Guildhall, Vt., graduated at Dartmouth College in 1813; at Andover in 1822; ordained pastor of the church in Lebanon in 1823; at Windham in 1828 until he died in 1844. An able and faithful minister.

Francis Danforth, from Hillsborough, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1819; at Andover in 1822; ordained over the church in Greenfield in 1823; at Winchester in 1831, at South Hadley, Mass., in 1839, at Clarence, N. Y., in 1845, where he died in 1854. An earnest Christian man and useful in his day.

Alfred Finney, from Plymouth, Vt., graduated at Dartmouth College in 1815; studied one year at Andover, and with Rev. Mr. Lyman, of Brookfield, Vt.; ordained as a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. to the Cherokee Indians in 1818, where he labored until he died, in 1829.

William Goodell, from Templeton, Mass., graduated at Dartmouth College in 1817; at Andover in 1820; ordained a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in 1822; stationed at Beyroot in 1823; at the Island of Malta in 1828; at Constantinople in 1831, until 1865, when he returned to Philadelphia, and died in 1867, at the age of 75. The honorary degree was conferred upon him by two colleges in 1859. He translated the bible into the Armeno-Turkish language. He wrote much and well.

His agency was strongly felt through the influence of the British ambassador, Sir Stratford Caning, in the abrogation of the death penalty in the Turkish Empire. It was to be executed on all who embraced the Gospel, or who from any cause abandoned the Mohammedan faith. His wide intercourse among men, his genial habits, and his zeal in the cause of his Lord, secured to him an extensive influence.

Few men have done more and have done their work better.

Carlton Hurd, from Newport, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1818, and at Andover in 1822. He was ordained pastor of the church in Fryeburg, Me., in 1823. Here he spent his life, and died in 1855. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by his college in 1855, the year of his death. An able and faithful pastor for more than thirty years, enjoying the confidence and esteem of the people. He published several sermons and the memoir of his daughter, Marion Lyla Hurd.

Absalom Peters, from Wentworth, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1816; Princeton Theological Seminary in 1818; ordained pastor of the church in Bennington, Vt., in 1820. He became secretary of the American Home Missionary Society at its formation, in 1825, for twelve years. He then became financial agent of the Union Theological Seminary, in the City of New York, in 1842; pastor of the church in Williamstown from 1844 to 1853; received the degree of D. D. in 1833; published "Plea for Voluntary Associations," "Sprinkling the Only Mode of Baptism," several sermons, and "Life and Times," a poem. He died in New York city in 1869.

Joshua T. Russell, from Concord, entered Dartmouth College in 1814; at Nassau Hall in 1816; ordained pastor of the church in Newark, N. J.; agent of Presbyterian Board of Missions; pastor of a church in Jackson, Miss., where he died in 1854.

Jacob Scales, from Freeport, Me., graduated at Dartmouth College in 1817; at Andover in 1820; ordained pastor of the church in West Chester, Conn., in 1820; at Henniker, in 1827; at Cornwall, Vt., in 1839; acting pastor at Plainfield, 1842 to 1861, where he resided until he died, in 1873, aged 85. A man thoroughly devoted to his work during a long life.

Marshall Shedd, from Cambridge, Mass., graduated at Dartmouth College in 1817; studied for the ministry with

Dr. Homer, of Newton, and Dr. Bates, of Dedham; ordained pastor at Acton, Mass., in 1820; Clinton, in 1833; acting pastor at Willsborough, N. Y., where, excepting three years at Burlington, Vt., he continued to reside, preaching continually until he died in 1872.

William Shed, from Mont Vernon, entered Dartmouth College in 1819; Andover in 1823; ordained at Bradford, Vt., in 1823; seaman's chaplain, and professor in college in New Orleans from 1823 to 1829; pastor in Abington, Mass., in 1829, and died in 1830 at the age of 33.

Daniel Temple, from Reading, Mass., entered in advance and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1817, at the age of 28; Andover seminary in 1820; ordained a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in 1821. After laboring one year as an agent of the society, he, with his companion, the sister of the late Gov. Dix, of New York, sailed for the Island of Malta in the fall of 1821. In 1833 he took up his abode at Smyrna, where he remained until 1844. He then returned to this country and became the pastor of the church in the town of Phelps, in New York, in 1847, where he remained until 1849, when he returned to his native town and died, in 1851, at the age of 62. Mr. Temple commenced his studies late in life with a view to the missionary work. He maintained a degree of devotedness to his Lord which is maintained by few of his servants. He attained to distinguished scholarship, particularly in the Greek language. In addition he made himself useful in all the course of his studies. In connection with his associate, Goodell, and a few others, they were much engaged in prayer for a revival of religion in college. There were then few to sympathize with them. So much did they feel on the subject that to secure more direct appeals from the pulpit, they went to the professor who was the preacher and made known to him their desires and their hopes; other appeals were made, a religious interest was awakened which much

changed the character of the college, and which was felt in all the region. He was so situated in his missionary field in the Island of Malta, and also at Smyrna, as to extend an important influence upon what was called the Greek church. He published several works for their benefit, and sustained a periodical in that language. He also published several works, both in the Italian and in the Armenian languages. The Scripture histories which he published were well suited to call attention to the word of God, which in the surrounding country was little known. As a preacher, Mr. Temple was a man of commanding influence. Only at intervals are such men reared to quicken their brethren and to give an impulse to the Gospel among men. But his work was short. He was taken away in the midst of his days. But few men have accomplished so much in a long life.

To aid such men as have been noticed in their preparation for their life work, would seem to have been a privilege. They proved to be among the useful men of their time, and some of them among the most distinguished. It was but a small amount of aid which they received, but important to the student who has been for years pursuing his studies, who has spent all his funds, all he could earn and all he could borrow.

The above-named twelve men, added to the thirty young men who commenced their preparation for the ministry, brings the number to forty-two. In addition to this number there were at least eight or ten others, more or less, at that school, who went into the ministry—making not less than fifty ministers who commenced their course of preparation at that institution within four or five years from its establishment. But in addition to those educating for the ministry, there were those who were preparing for other occupations in life. There were not less than eleven who are known to have become farmers; thirty who became teachers,—one of whom, Miss

Cynthia Farrer, spent a long life as a teacher at a mission station in India; nine of the students became physicians; nine became lawyers,—some of them judges of courts; seven became merchants. In summing up the results of the school for the first four or five years, we may not pass unnoticed the teachers.

To have conducted such a school, where all was new, and to have directed the early studies of such men as came under his instruction, required wisdom, talent, and scholarship of no ordinary character. It can not but be regarded as wisdom in the trustees—their selection of the principal. He was always calm, self-possessed, ready to impart information to any scholar in any branch of study, and he secured the good will of all who came under his instruction.

It is here important to notice that in 1839 a female department was added to the school by a donation of \$10,000 from Mrs. Kimball, the widow of the founder of the seminary. This added largely to the number in the school. The institution has been blessed by a succession of able teachers, both as principals and assistants. But no one taught so long, and no one has done so much to give character to the institution as Dr. Cyrus S. Richards. Few men have attained to the skill which he possessed of advancing the student in classical studies. The moral influence, also, which he exerted over the student, was of great value. A large number, since leaving that school, have shown themselves Christian men and women.

After the labor of thirty-six years, Dr. Richards, for a time, was laid aside by sickness. On his recovery he was sought as a teacher in Howard University, in the city of Washington, where he has since been engaged. We deem it important here to add the testimony of Dr. Richards, given since he left the school. It is as follows:

"The patronage of the school, already rapidly increasing, under the influence of the added department, with a

full board of earnest and faithful teachers, at once became very large. Gathered not only from all the New England states, but from a much wider circle of all the states, and, also, from the Canadas, the number of students sometimes exceeded three hundred, and averaged, during the thirty-six years of the writer's principalship, at least two hundred. Such a patronage, too, certainly can not be found out of New England, nor in the vicinity of large cities—gathered largely from the middle and industrial classes, from Christian homes of the Puritan stock, bred to habits of industry and economy, and not afraid of hard work. This was the natural result of the primal object of the institution—to assist and encourage Christian young men, in indigent circumstances, and of promising talents, for the ministry. This provision probably drew more young men of said character to the institution than to any other in the country. The value of a band of earnest Christian young men in a large school, as a conservative and efficient power, can not easily be estimated. This will account, in part, at least, for the high moral and religious tone of the school, and for the many powerful and most precious revivals of religion during almost its entire history."

From the foregoing notice of this seminary, we see how the design of its founder and early friends has been carried out—in the increase of Christian ministers, fifty of whom were started on their course of preparation in

four years. We may see the wide influence of a fund of less than \$40,000, so invested, in the last sixty years.

We see, also, what the Christian community can do when they unite and engage for the increase of the Christian ministry. We further see that young men, even in mature life, by giving themselves to this work, may prepare themselves for extensive usefulness, and add vastly to their own happiness. Devoted, self-sacrificing men in the ministry are likely to be ever needed, and an institution to aid indigent young men in preparing for such a work, should be sustained.

In the notice given in this article of the early history of this school, and the sketch of its history in after years, the writer has been materially aided, especially as to dates, by its general catalogue, prepared by Rev. Samuel L. Gerould, of Goffstown, N. H., with great care and labor, and which every one who has ever attended that academy will desire. The following summary, given in that work, for the year 1880, we are permitted to copy :

The whole number of graduates, 1282; females, 353. Non-graduates, 511; females, 453; total, 2,599. Of this number 1246 graduated at colleges and professional schools. Occupations: clergymen, 333; teachers, 431; college presidents, 4; foreign missionaries, 26; farmers, 112; professors, 34; physicians, 211; general business, 328; members of congress, 4; lawyers, 313; editors, 36; judges of higher courts, 3.

SENATE.

Afternoon of first day of session—after meeting the House in convention :

Upon returning to the Senate chamber, on motion of Senator Robinson, the following resolution was adopted :

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret of the death of the late State Senator elect, Daniel S. Dinsmoor, of Laconia, an able and

upright gentleman, a faithful and respected citizen, a generous and just man, who would have been a powerful and popular member of this body. That as a mark of respect to him, this resolution be entered upon the Journal of the Senate—that the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of the same to the family of the deceased, and that as a further mark of respect to his memory we do now adjourn.

METHODISM IN PORTSMOUTH.

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

PART SECOND—*Concluded.*

REV. SULLIVAN HOLMAN was born at Hopkinton, N. H., June 13, 1820; preached under the direction of the presiding elder in 1841-2; entered N. H. Conference in 1843; was pastor at Portsmouth four years, 1855-6 and 1863-4; was chaplain of the N. H. legislature in 1858; chaplain of the N. H. state prison in 1867-9; preached in Kansas from 1870 to 1876; returned to New Hampshire and in 1877 was again appointed chaplain of the state prison, a position which he retains at the present writing, 1883. Mr. Holman has filled with great acceptance the pastorates of the leading appointments in the Conference of which he now remains a worthy member. His administrations of the various stations and offices to which he has been assigned have been most creditable. Possessing energy of character, industrious habits, and christian zeal, he has served the church with fidelity and has been acceptable as a pastor, popular with the people, patriotic as a citizen, and is entitled to a more extended record. At one time two of his brothers, Calvin and Joshua, were with him members of the N. H. Conference.

REV. JONATHAN HALL joined the N. H. Conference in 1847; represented New Ipswich in the N. H. legislature of 1853, 1854, 1855; was stationed at Portsmouth four years; at the State-street church 1857-8, and the Broadhead church 1859-60. He was afterward stationed at Manchester. He had a mania for building churches, which seriously embarrassed him financially, while at New Ipswich and Portsmouth, by the responsibilities he assumed; and while pastor at Manchester, he left somewhat abruptly for the West. When I last heard from

him he was in Michigan, engaged in secular pursuits, but clinging to the Cross.

REV. CALVIN HOLMAN was born in Hopkinton, N. H., July 7, 1823; joined the N. H. Conference in 1846; was presiding elder of the Dover district in 1859-62; was transferred to the South Carolina Conference in 1866, and appointed presiding elder of the Florida district. He has been acceptable as a pastor in important stations, and also for several years as presiding elder. He is now in the active work of the ministry in the Kansas Conference, to which he was transferred in 1872, having represented it as a delegate in the General Conference of 1876.

REV. DUDLEY P. LEAVITT, pastor in Portsmouth in 1859-60, was born in Northwood, N. H., Oct. 5, 1824. At the age of sixteen he became an apprentice in the office of the *N. H. Patriot*, at Concord, and worked there and at Haverhill, Mass., at the printing business, for about four years. He joined the Methodist Episcopal church at Haverhill in 1842. He was educated at the N. H. Conference Seminary, at Northfield, and the Biblical Institute, at Concord, and was received into the N. H. Conference in 1850; was ordained both as a deacon and elder, by Bishop Baker, being the first person the sainted Bishop ever ordained. He was stationed first at Walpole, in 1850; afterward at Chesterfield, Littleton, Whitefield, and Bethlehem, Nashua, Newport, N. H., Salisbury, Mass., Portsmouth, Dover, and Concord, N. H. Ill health caused a transfer in 1865, and he was appointed presiding elder of the Florida district, South Carolina Conference, where he remained until July, 1866, when, on

account of the climate not being congenial, he was re-transferred to the N. H. Conference, and stationed at Sanbornton Bridge, now Tilton, where he remained two years. In 1868 he was transferred to the Providence Conference, and served for three years as the pastor of the County-street M. E. church at New Bedford, Mass. Thence he went to Newport, R. I. He was three years at Providence (Chestnut-street church in 1877-79, and Trinity church in 1880-82), and is now stationed at East Weymouth, Mass. He was a member of the General Conference in 1876. Mr. Leavitt is remembered with interest and affection for his fidelity as a preacher, and many Christian excellencies. Possessing marked abilities and winning manners, modest and unassuming, he has maintained an excellent reputation and has been regarded as eminently adapted for the profession he had divinely chosen. He married first, May 1, 1850, Miss Caroline F. Howe, of Watertown, Mass., who died at Chesterfield, N. H., Feb. 15, 1852. His second marriage, May 2, 1853, was to Miss Elvira Clark, of Landaff, N. H.

REV. RICHARD HUMPHRISS was born in Sudlersville, Maryland, May 27, 1836. His father, Rev. Joshua Humphriss, who was a native of Maryland, and a highly esteemed member of the Philadelphia Conference, died January 23, 1879, in the seventy-eighth year of his age and the fifty-second of his ministry. Richard was educated at the public schools of Philadelphia, the Wilmington academy, and Dickinson college at Carlisle. He taught in the principal male grammar school at Pottstown, Pa., and was a teacher in Dickinson seminary at Williamsport, of which the present Bishop Bowman was then president. He commenced a Christian life in the fifteenth year of his age, and was licensed as a local preacher in the nineteenth. He entered Philadelphia Conference in March, 1857, when twenty-one years old, and was ap-

pointed pastor of Chestnut Hill church, Philadelphia. In 1858 he was stationed at Doylestown. In March, 1859, he obtained a certificate of location for the purpose of pursuing theological studies at the Methodist General Biblical Institute at Concord, which he entered in April, 1859. During his student life at the Institute he supplied, in 1859-60, the pulpit of the High-street M. E. church at Great Falls. In 1861 he united with the N. H. Conference and was appointed to Portsmouth, where he remained the full pastoral term of two years. During those thrilling times of the rebellion, although unsuccessful in his application for a chaplaincy in the army, he was particularly active at war meetings in Maine and New Hampshire, speaking "in a vein of eloquence rarely surpassed." He married, about the close of his successful pastorate at Portsmouth, Miss Mary I. Johnson, of Sanbornton Bridge. In 1863-4 he was stationed at Haverhill, Mass. In 1865 he had pressing invitations from important charges in four annual conferences, but yielding to the first call, he was transferred to the Providence Conference, and assigned to New Bedford, where he remained three years. Just before leaving the Conference, in 1868, he preached the Conference missionary sermon, which was warmly commended, and characterized as an effort every way worthy of the speaker and the occasion. In 1868 he was transferred to his home Conference, and stationed at Trinity M. E. church in Philadelphia. He continued in that city in important stations twelve successive years. In 1880-82 he was at Reading, and is now at Columbia, where his father was stationed forty years ago, it being the fourth church at which both himself and his father have ministered. Columbia has a large society. The gifted Alfred Cookman was born and married in the town, and his father, the eloquent George G. Cookman was stationed there in 1828. Mr. Humphriss has

uniformly been connected with important appointments, invariably resulting in fruitful pastorates, marked by very large congregations and numerous additions to the church. He has been eminently successful in the christian ministry, and is always remembered with the kindest interest.

REV. ALBERT C. MANSON was born in Limerick, Maine. He entered the ministry in 1844; joined the N. H. Conference in 1845; was presiding elder of Claremont district in 1856-9, and of Dover district in 1863-6. He was a delegate to the General Conference of 1864; was transferred to New England Conference in 1872, and is now stationed at Topsfield, Mass. Estimable in every relation in life, a good preacher, true to the church, zealous and active in every good work, he is one of those faithful ministers who have *respect unto the recompense of reward*.

REV. SILAS G. KELLOGG was born in Oswegatchie, N. Y., March 24, 1823; united with the N. H. Conference in 1850; was pastor at Portsmouth in 1867; presiding elder of Concord district in 1870-3; is now stationed at Marlow, N. H. (1882), and is worthy of the confidence reposed in him.

REV. HIRAM L. KELSEY was born at Wheelock, Vt., Aug. 31, 1835; graduated at Wesleyan university in 1861; joined the N. H. Conference in 1863; was stationed in Portsmouth in 1868-9; withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal church in 1876, and became a Congregational minister.

REV. ORLANDO H. JASPER, D. D., was born in Minot, Maine, Feb. 24, 1820; joined the Maine Conference in 1840; was transferred to the N. H. Conference in 1849; was presiding elder of Dover district in 1871-4; was delegate to the General Conference in 1860 and 1868. The Wesleyan university, in 1873, conferred on him the degree of doctor of divinity. He is now the presiding elder of the Claremont district, and has

proved an able and valuable member of the Conference.

REV. CADFORD MELLE DINSMORE was born in Windham, N. H., Aug. 20, 1827; was a student at Derry Pinkerton academy and N. H. Conference Seminary; graduated at Wesleyan university in 1851; studied for the ministry at the Biblical Institute at Concord; entered the N. H. Conference in 1853; was ordained at Newport, and has been stationed at Peterborough, Rindge, Newmarket, Suncook, Lawrence, Great Falls, Newport, Keene, Portsmouth (three years, 1870-2), Amesbury, Salem, and Jefferson, where he is now preaching. He was principal of East Andover academy in 1852-3; member of the N. H. legislature in 1855 from Rindge; was school commissioner of Sullivan county and member of the N. H. board of education in 1866; was delegate to the General Conference of 1872, and a delegate to the Robert Raikes Sabbath School Centennial at London, England, in 1880. He married Cornelia P. Hall, of Colchester, Conn., Nov. 23, 1852.

REV. ANTHONY C. HARDY was born at Hebron, N. H., in 1828; joined the N. H. Conference in 1861; was chaplain of the eighteenth N. H. regiment of volunteers in 1864-5; state superintendent of public instruction in 1871; pastor at Portsmouth in 1873-74; and now holds a supernumerary relation with the Conference. He resides at Concord, N. H., and is the secretary of the Provident Mutual Relief Association. He has been supplying the church at Haverhill, N. H., during the last conference year.

REV. NELSON M. BAILEY was born in Thompson, Conn., in July, 1829; was educated at Lowell and Lawrence, Mass., and the General Biblical Institute at Concord; joined the N. H. Conference in 1859, and has been stationed at Rye, Raymond, Henniker, Marlow, Amesbury, Great Falls, East Salisbury, Claremont, Portsmouth (1875), Lancaster, and Tilton. He

is now classed as located; resides at Tilton, where he has four children, students at the Conference Seminary, and supplies the church at Contoocook. Mr. Bailey was commissioned chaplain of the second N. H. regiment of volunteers but resigned in favor of a friend. He rendered, however, efficient services to the Christian Commission, and was at one time in charge of the large supply station on the Newmarket road in front of Richmond.

REV. LORENZO DOW BARROWS, D. D., was born in Windham, Vermont, July 1, 1817; died at Plymouth, N. H., Feb. 18, 1878; was licensed to exhort and preach in 1835; joined the N. H. Conference in 1836, and was appointed to important stations in New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Ohio; was president of the N. H. Conference Seminary and Pittsburgh Female College, presiding elder three years, and delegate to the General Conference. He received a thorough academic education at the New Hampshire and Vermont Conference seminaries, and became a strong and influential minister of the gospel. He possessed rare abilities as a preacher, was successful as an educator, and was regarded as a most excellent disciplinarian. He was distinguished as an able advocate, a clear and vigorous writer, and was greatly esteemed for his ability, fidelity, and Christian virtues. He was interested in the cause of temperance, anti-slavery, freedman's aid, and many reformatory movements.

REV. JAMES NOYES was born at Columbia, N. H., July 2, 1835. He received an academic education at Newbury seminary, and was about to enter upon a collegiate course, but instead enlisted in the Union army in Dec., 1861, and served until Nov., 1865, when he was mustered out as captain of infantry. He soon after entered Boston university, and graduated from the theological school in the class of 1869. He joined the N. H. Conference in 1867, and has

been stationed at Methuen, Suncook, Lancaster, Portsmouth (1876-7), Amesbury, Milford, and Winchester. He has been successful in the ministry, and an esteemed member of his conference.

REV. CHARLES BRUCE PITBLADO was born in Dunfermline, Scotland, Sept. 23, 1835; was educated at Dunfermline and Edinburgh; came to America in 1862; entered the traveling connection of the Wesleyan Methodist church in 1862, and preached in Canada until 1872, when he joined the Maine Conference and was stationed at Portland; was transferred to the N. H. Conference, and was appointed to Manchester in 1875-7; to Portsmouth in 1878-80; and is now pastor of the M. E. church at Newmarket. Mr. Pitblado has quite a reputation as an able preacher and lecturer, and is particularly active in the cause of temperance.

REV. WATSON W. SMITH was born at Bucksport, Maine, Sept. 24, 1836; graduated at the Methodist General Biblical Institute at Concord in 1864; joined the N. H. Conference in 1870; was stationed at Portsmouth in 1881; is now in a supernumerary relation to the conference, and resides at Melrose, Mass.

REV. GEORGE J. JUDKINS was born at Kingston, N. H., Dec. 21, 1830; fitted for college at the N. H. Conference Seminary; graduated at Wesleyan university in 1860, taking the fifth special honor of his class, and being elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society; principal of Kingston Academy, 1860 to 1865; was principal of the N. H. Conference Seminary and Female College, 1865 to 1871; joined the N. H. Conference in 1868; was stationed in Methuen in 1872-5, and Newmarket in 1875-7; presiding elder of Claremont district in 1877-80, and of Dover district in 1881-3. He has been trustee of the N. H. Conference Seminary since 1875, and of the Wesleyan university since 1878, and a member of the General Conference in 1880; was

elected secretary and treasurer of the board of trustees of the N. H. Annual Conference in April, 1882, to succeed Rev. Elihu Scott who had held these offices for twenty-six consecutive years. Present residence, South Newmarket.

REV. JOSEPH E. ROBINS was born at Littleton, N. H., Dec. 9, 1843; graduated at the Wesleyan university in 1868; joined the N. H. Conference in 1868; was professor of Latin in the N. H. Conference Seminary in 1868-69, and at the Drew female college 1870-72; was stationed at Portsmouth in 1882, having previously filled other appointments with great acceptance.

When we commenced this article we were contemplating a sketch of Rev. John Newland Maffitt, and instead thereof have drifted into matters relating to the polity and distinctive features of Methodism,—its introduction into New England and its history in Portsmouth. Mention has been made of all the ministers who have been identified with the Portsmouth church, either as circuit preachers, regular pastors, or presiding elders. It is somewhat difficult to write on such a subject in the midst of pressing cares, away from home, absent from records, and without access to the living members who could impart information. But having a distinct recollection, since the dedication of the church in 1828, of all who have ministered at its altars, and also of the great company who have given unequivocal testimony in the full assurance of faith, we have presumed to place the foregoing on record. We well remember the "four days' meeting," which lasted many more days, the revival services, the neighborhood gatherings, and the public religious exercises at places remote from the compact part of the city. The ministers of the earlier epochs of the church preached almost daily. They were abundant in labors, frequent in visitations, always active in doing the work of evangelists and in making

full proof of their ministry. We have also a clear recollection of some of the primitive members of the society, who, preferring the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit to costly array, adorned themselves in modest apparel, in almost Quaker attire, as the most becoming garb of disciples. These singular and old-fashioned women were pious and sincere, and were respected for their simplicity and goodness. The mention of their names could not but evoke tributes of praise.

To characterize individually the official and regular membership might be regarded as invidious, and will not be attempted; but we can not forget the fervid and winning utterances of Doctor Holman, the terse and forcible arguments of Wiggins, the finished exhortations of Payson, the logical and convincing testimony of Trundy, the sensible and vehement language of Dame, the sweet and persuasive eloquence of Moses, the impassioned appeals of Colman, the fidelity of Bell, the ardor of Loughton, the pathos of Paul, the Christian activities of Hall, Spinney, Gerry, and Marston, who became ministers of the gospel; the constancy and zeal of Jones, Walker, Philbrooks, Laskey, Dixon, Newton, Reese, and others who participated in the social meetings. Nor can we fail to remember the quiet and unobtrusive example of Barker, Gardner, Wilson, Hoyt, Janvern, Nowell, Parkinson, and others, whose Christian virtues and consistent lives were always expressive, and impressed every heart. We recollect with interest the liberality of Martin, Johnson, Hubbard, John F. Robinson, Bailey, and others. We can not but recall with pleasure the excellent meetings which almost invariably distinguished the church, the rich and glowing exhortations which have stimulated to increased fidelity and watchfulness. The testimonies of such pious men and of devout women, not a few, were most effective and potential for good. Their declarations of personal Christian experience, always thrilling and

convincing, incited their associates to a better life, a renewed consecration and holier aspirations. The names of Cobb, Arnold, Furber, Fernald, Marden, Mace, Oxford, Head, Hill, and other elect sisters, now on either side of the river, awaken pleasant recollections and fill the mind with hallowed influences. There still linger in our remembrance the professions of a sainted mother, a precious sister, and

beloved companion, whose clear and unquestioned testimony was frequently uttered within those sacred walls. Others equally prominent, both in the church and congregation, come trooping before the eye of memory; but we forbear. Most of them have fallen asleep; yet the living can perpetuate the work they ardently labored to establish and consecrated by their prayers.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY ALMA J. HERBERT.

All the high offices of the national government have been accorded to sons of New Hampshire, born on her soil, if not at the time in her service. Beside Franklin Pierce and Henry Wilson as president and vice-president, Henry Dearborn, as early as 1797, was secretary of war. Lewis Cass filled the same office in 1831, and in 1857 that of secretary of state.

Levi Woodbury was from 1831 to 1834 secretary of the navy, and of the treasury in 1834, as also judge of the supreme court from 1855.

Daniel Webster was secretary of state from 1841 to 1843, and again from 1850 to 1852, when he died. Salmon P. Chase was secretary of the treasury in 1861, following John A. Dix, who entered the office in 1860, but passed to active service, and Wm. Pitt Fessenden in 1864 to 1868. Zach. Chandler was secretary of the interior, and Marshall Jewell postmaster-general. Mr. Chase was also chief justice of the supreme court, and from that bench Nathan Clifford was but recently removed by death.

In the 47th congress she gave representatives to four other states: Amasa Norcross, of Rindge, now on his third term, to Massachusetts; New York sent Walter A. Wood, of Mason, a second term; Michigan entrusted the in-

terests of her sixth district to Oliver L. Spaulding, of Jaffrey, and Wisconsin gave George C. Haselton, of Chester, a third term—and he was a power in the house.

But we propose to speak of New Hampshire men now in Washington rather than those of past time, and her congressional delegation needs no mention.

Hon. William E. Chandler, a native of Concord, born December 28, 1835, recently appointed secretary of the navy—the fourth honor of the cabinet—will find in his department opportunity to leave his mark upon the times. The navy library room is assigned for his use. This room, in the new edifice for the state, army and navy departments, near the White House, is said to be the most beautiful room in the world. Over the door is a slab of lapis lazuli from Pompeii. The walls are rare marbles, native and foreign. In the corners are historic bronzes, blending sea emblems, as does all the rich ornamentation to the cockle-shell in the bronze netting. Mr. Chandler will be effectively aided by Com. John G. Walker, of Portsmouth, who is chief of the bureau of navigation.

Hon. Henry F. French, a native of Chester, but resident in Massachusetts,

is one of the assistant secretaries of the treasury, and in the absence of his chief fills the higher office, as for a considerable time before the war, Mr. Moses Kelley, of Warner, did that of the interior.

Gen. John Eaton, of Sutton, is commissioner of the bureau of education, occupied with the noble service not yet fully appreciated; where Mr. Wm. H. Gardiner, of Portsmouth, is chief clerk.

Hon. Jacob H. Ela, of Rochester, is sixth auditor in the treasury, adjusting "all accounts relating to the postal service," with eight subordinate divisions. Prof. John R. Eastman, born in Andover, is one of the four professors in the naval observatory, and can make one's visit there, amid the strange and complicated instruments, very interesting. Mr. Charles Chesley, of Farmington, is solicitor of internal revenue, which gives him rank in the department of justice. Mr. Amos Webster, of Plymouth, is chief, and Mr. George A. Bartlett, of Kingston, disbursing clerk, in the treasury department. Judge Henry C. Harmon is deputy second auditor, as a Concord boy, though not native. Henry K. Leaver, born in Nassau, N. P., is in the office of the first auditor. H. A. Whitney is assistant cashier, and Mr. Geo. Kent, our Concord poet, at 86 still writes at his desk, and sent a poem to the Webster centennial.

Nor are scientific departments wholly ignored by us, since to Mr. William H. Appleton, of Co. I, 2d N. H. V., is assigned the examination of textiles in the patent office. J. Richards Dodge is statistician in the department of agriculture, and Mr. Daniel Breed, of Weare, is in the Smithsonian.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., born in Salisbury, son of Rev. Andrew Rankin, is the beloved pastor of the Congregational church, corner of Tenth and G. streets, saving a colored Congregational church grown up from a mission of this, the only Congregational church in Washington; but it is a live church. Dr. Rankin is poet and editor as well. His pulpit gives

no uncertain sound, but is sure to turn Bible light on all the topics of the day.

At Howard University, doing noble work in the education and upraising of the colored race, is Prof. Cyrus S. Richards, a native of Vermont, but principal of Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, from 1835 to 1871, when he went to Washington.

Rev. Charles Adams, Methodist, of Stratham, a man of fine physique, still preaches to great acceptance.

The press is represented by Mr. Stilson Hutchins, of Whitefield, late of Manchester, and son, W. S. Hutchins, editors and proprietors of the *Post*, a daily, published at the corner of 10th and D streets.

The bar has a goodly representation. Messrs. Bond, Hackett, of Portsmouth, Twombly, Folsom, Muzzey, Horace Cummings, of Exeter, and partner, Henry M. Baker, of Bow.

The brothers Emery, of Suncook, are prominent men. Samuel is a large contractor in stone and coal. Matthew G. was mayor in the days when Washington had mayors. He resides in the house on I street, that was Gen. Sherman's headquarters in the war. The last are, with their wives, main pillars in the Metropolitan church (Methodist), on Four-and-a-half st., where Gen. Grant attended.

We remember a jocular remark that all the teachers in Washington were from New Hampshire. They are a goodly body.

Gen. George W. Ballock, of the 5th Regiment, was long on Gen. Howard's staff, later in the freedman's bureau. He is of Great Falls, but of Scotch origin.

At this moment Dr. Stanton, of New Durham, or Alton, who was at the Seminary Building Hospital, in Georgetown, and so well known there, is the only New Hampshire physician we recall, for, although Dr. Cate's father was of Loudon, he, I think, was a native of Maine.

It is said that great abilities are requisite to keep a hotel. New Hampshire men in Washington have shown the possession of the rare power. The

old National, on Pennsylvania avenue, has long been in charge of Mr. Franklin Tenney, who has now associated with him Mr. Crosby. With accommodations for four hundred, it is elastic enough in exigencies to lodge a thousand. Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia, made it his home, and there during his last winter in Washington celebrated his birthday. The Riggs House, new and most sumptuous in its furnishings, is in charge of Mr. Spofford. At the St. James, on the avenue, near the Baltimore and Potomac depot, is Mr. Woodbury; and Mr. Bunker, of Gilmanton, at the Dunbarton.

Will you purchase real estate? Mr. John A. Prescott, of Pittsfield birth, and Concord training, recently left a lucrative position in the treasury to engage in that business, and Mr. Samuel Wilcox, of Orford, is notary public.

You will take a team from Mr. Keyes, at the Willard Hotel stables, and ride out to the Soldiers' Home, though Gen. Potter, of East Concord, is no longer there; and near the lower end of the beautiful grounds lives Stuart Gass, where, not long since, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Gass celebrated their golden wedding.

If you want the use of the Congregational church—and it is in use nearly every evening in the year—you must consult Mr. Eben Morrison, of Tilton, of the prosperous paper warehouse on D street, near Lincoln Hall. An uncle of his, the late William M. Morrison, was a man of much prominence years ago. The judges of the supreme court occupied a block built by him for a long time. He introduced the Irish potato, and proved it could be successfully cultivated by planting with it, across the river, a farm of three hundred acres. His son and nephew still have the oldest established book-store in Washington, making law and political works a specialty.

At the capitol, in the senate, you will see Mr. James I. Christie, of Dover, in the door-keeper's chair on the president's right hand, and though Mr. John

R. French is no longer sergeant-at-arms, he, with his son, calls Washington home. Mr. Jones, of Washington, N. H., takes you up and down the elevator, and down among the engines is William H. Prescott.

Mr. F. J. Woodman, of Great Falls, an effective singer and choir-leader among the Methodists, is of late doing valuable service in the temperance cause.

F.T.B.

Nor is New Hampshire lacking in her daughters at Washington. Mrs. Senator Windom is a native of Hopkinton, *nee* Hatch. Mrs. Grimes, widow of Senator Grimes, of Iowa, still resides with an adopted daughter, Mrs. Senator Allison. She was a native of Lee, and attended Miss Ela's school, in Concord. Mrs. Ricker, of Alton, passed a far superior examination to that of some dozen young men admitted to the bar at the same time, though she read law only to aid her charity work. Mrs. Samuel Evans, at 82, sister of the late Bishop Chase of the Episcopal church in New Hampshire, lives with her niece Mrs. Dr. Hatch, on F street, both ladies natives of Hopkinton. Mrs. Thomas L. Tullock, Mrs. Matthew G. Emery, Mrs. Hilton, Miss Moulton, of Keesee, in the agricultural museum; Miss Julia Brown, a successful teacher; Miss Mary A. Parsons, M. D., is said to be an excellent physician; and Mrs. Mendenhall, born Kimball, at Hanover, but by marriage now of Pennsylvania.

The boys in blue almost revere an unpretending woman (the Romish church has but one American saint, Saint Rose of Lima), but her work on the battlefield has canonized the name of Harriet P. Dane.

It has been said that the products of our state are ice, granite and men. It is well. Men are the object of creation. May our men be as pure as the ice, and as cold to suggestions of dishonesty, as unyielding and steadfast in right principles as her granite ribs: so shall all who go to Washington purify the seething whirlpool of political life, and crown our everlasting hills with brightest honor.

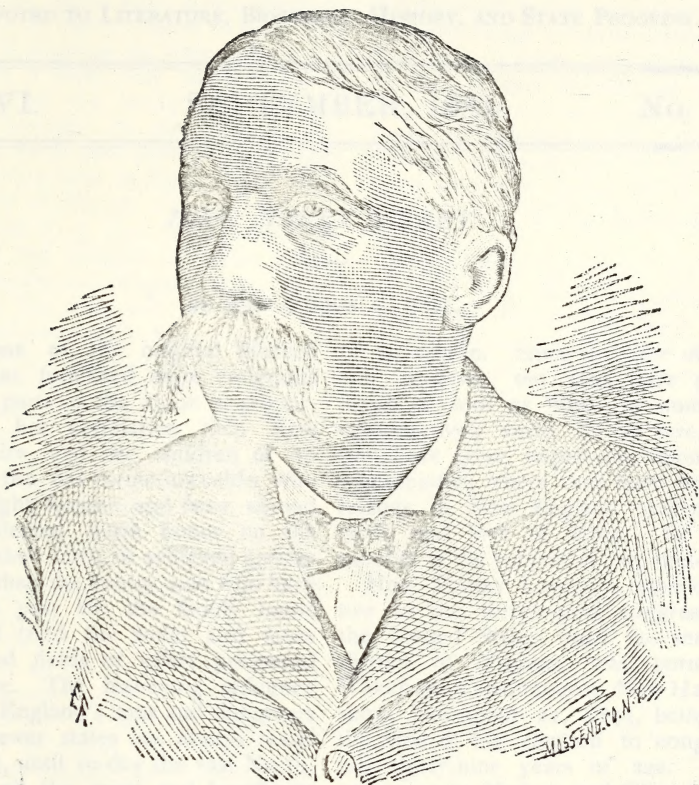
THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED BY LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND STATE PUBLISHERS.

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Yours truly
H. Libbey

THE
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DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

No. 12.

HON. HARRY LIBBEY.

BY HON. JOSHUA G. HALL.

No one of the original thirteen states has furnished more emigrants to other parts of the union in proportion to her population than New Hampshire, and the children of no one of the old commonwealths who have sought fortune and fame abroad have reflected more honor on the state of their birth, or achieved greater success than the young men who have in years past left the family home here and tried the wider and more diversified fields of effort presented elsewhere. The leavening influence of New England's sons and daughters in the newer states has always made itself felt, until to-day the vast Northwest, in all the great and beneficent features of its civilization, is New England, reproduced on a grander scale. Up to the time of the late civil war comparatively few of our sons found homes in the sunny South; the traditions and the customs of that part of our country were not in harmony with ours, and those of our sons who located there permanently generally acquiesced quietly in the views of those by whom they found themselves surrounded. Whatever predilections they might have had for the New England ways, they were not of the kind to stand up for them in the face

of opposition. Since the close of the war, however, our sons have gone South as well as West, in numbers comparatively small, to be sure, but they have gone, impressing upon the communities where they have settled lessons in New England enterprise, thrift, and love of labor. Of this number is the subject of our sketch.

Hon. HARRY LIBBEY, a representative in the forty-eighth congress of the United States from the second district of Virginia, was born in Wakefield, Carroll county, New Hampshire, November 22, 1843, being at the time of his election to congress just thirty-nine years of age. His parents were Nathan and Olive (Berry) Libbey. Nathan Libbey, the father, was born March 18, 1792, at Berwick, York county, Maine. The family settled at Scarborough, Cumberland county, Maine, about 1635, and have continued from that time to reside in the westerly part of Maine up to June, 1816, when Nathan Libbey, having married Olive, the daughter of Francis and Sally G. Berry, of Milton, New Hampshire, settled upon the tract of land in Wakefield where he continued to reside to the time of his death, a period of forty-eight years, and whereon one

of his sons, Washington Libbey, the twin brother of Harry Libbey, still lives—a good farmer and a much respected citizen. The Libbey farm, situate in that part of Wakefield known as the Oak Hill neighborhood, was, when Nathan Libbey and his young wife first made their home there, in 1816, wild land—a forest of oak. The labor of clearing the land and making it into a farm that would yield a support to the family was all to be gone through. In due time the receding forest gave place to a pleasant, productive farm on the hillside. Here a family of thirteen children were indoctrinated in that stern school of morals and trained to those habits of industry and frugality which have proved the glory and success of the well ordered family every where; but the paternal acres could ill support so large a family; so the sons of the Libbey family, as they grew toward manhood, left the narrow limits of the old homestead to make their fortune in the wide world.

Early in 1861 Harry Libbey, then a boy of scarcely eighteen years, entered the employ of the Adams Express Company, at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, where he remained for years, after which he was engaged in business at the same place with an elder brother—Joseph Libbey. At the close of the war Mr. Libbey settled in Elizabeth City county, near Old Point Comfort, as a merchant and farmer, and has there remained so employed to the present time. Mr. Libbey's main business is that of a merchant, furnishing supplies to the farming community about him, and as incidental to his mercantile business he "runs" several "truck" farms, furnishing large quantities of early vegetables for northern markets. In his private business, as well as in public affairs, Mr. Libbey has from the first been successful, and at the age of forty finds himself well off in this world's goods. Starting for himself in business, a mere youth, among strangers, without capital or social in-

fluence, his success in business has been alike creditable to his early training and his own abilities.

In his intercourse with men Mr. Libbey is a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman—but a gentleman always. While he observes the blunt frankness and directness of speech and manner that he learned from parental precept and example, no poor person, white or colored, is too humble to receive from him gentle treatment and kind words of encouragement. For Mr. Libbey's advancement to places of public trust and power he is in no way indebted to any special gifts of nature.

With nothing better for an education than the district school of a small New Hampshire town could afford, without those powers of oratory which so often captivate the masses and bring renown and position to the possessor of them, entirely without the prestige of family and social relations which have always been so powerful, especially in the South, in bringing political preferment to young men of ambition, Mr. Libbey has, by force of his unsullied life and honorable business career, commended himself to the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, and won his place in the congress of the nation.

Mr. Libbey was elected to congress upon the "Readjuster" ticket, over the candidates of the Democratic and straight Republican parties, and while he ardently favors the "Readjuster" policy as a means of displacing the "Bourbon" element, as it is termed, from power in Virginia, he is fully in accord with the Republican party on all national questions. To one of Mr. Libbey's quiet ways, engrossed with the cares of his business, nothing could be more out of place or more distasteful than office-seeking or the practices of a questionable school of politicians. Still, disinclined to enter the field of politics as a political athlete, it must not be supposed that Mr. Libbey has failed to show that interest in politics which marks the

highest type of American citizenship. Few towns in New Hampshire have had a more intelligent population, or one among whom the current political questions of the last hundred years have been more intelligently discussed than the town of Wakefield. Forty years ago few villages of its size could furnish such an array of well read, intellectual men as Wakefield Corner. The first minister of the town, a graduate of Harvard, loved political discussion, and scrupled not to indulge in it in the dignified manner of his time, and one gentleman at least is still living, who remembers being present, as a boy, at a three days' discussion on questions then agitated in congress, at one of the village stores, between the minister of the town and the then representative in congress from the district, in which the parson is said to have had decidedly the best of the argument. The influence of the old clergyman and his associates extended beyond their generation, and young Libbey, from his earliest years, was accustomed to hear, from year to year, at the home fireside, at the neighborhood gatherings, and in public addresses, the cur-

rent political questions fully discussed. Town meeting was the event of the year, and the success or defeat of one's favorite party at the polls was a matter of exciting interest to the youthful politician. To young men reared amid such influences eagerness to take part in political affairs upon arriving at man's estate necessarily follows, whether in New Hampshire or Virginia. Ever since attaining his majority he has, in an undemonstrative way, but with all the calm earnestness that sincerest conviction prompts, endeavored to promote the success of his favorite political party. Doubtless the fact that he has not been an aspirant for office has forcibly impressed the people of his adopted state with the honesty of his purposes and his firm conviction of the justice of his political views.

To-day the future of no man in eastern Virginia promises better things; thoroughly identified with the interests of his adopted state as he is, scrupulously faithful in the performance of all the duties incident to good citizenship, his most earnest aim is to elevate the masses and exalt the state in material wealth and moral excellence.

THE STORY THE BROOK TOLD.

BY WILLIAM O. CLOUGH.

My companion, a young man who had no appreciation of the things of romance and story, and no eye for the beauty that is a joy forever, but who was liberally endowed with bone and muscle in which there was no laziness, had set sail for a pleasure party's camp on the opposite shore, and so it happened that in the last hours of summer rambles and idle driftings along the shores and among the islands of my nameless northern lake, I was alone. I realized as much, and, while I had it in my mind that the morrow's sun would find me in my place among

merchants and merchandise, among those who toil in factories, at the forge, and in the professions, I could not be oblivious to the fact that the very atmosphere of my lonely surroundings were suggestive of the most tranquil repose. Twilight shadows hung like a drapery over the peaceful landscape. Quietude was unbroken save by the hum of insects or the chirping of some lone woodland songster, calling its mate or tuning its notes to an evening carol. The scene was complete in undisturbed joy, radiant in beauty, while the peace that passeth

understanding hovered over us, and an unsung song of thankfulness for escape when in peril was uppermost in the heart and unspoken on the lips.

From this "loop-hole of retreat from the busy world," we could not be unmindful of the beauty of the landscape or be otherwise than impressed with the spirit of the hour. We noted the farmer and his family raking their last half acre of new made hay; while from the pastures that completed the sweep of the horizon, came the musical refrain of tinkling cow-bells—a symphony as sweet as operatic airs to ears tuned in sympathy and harmony with the melodies of pastoral scenes. Peace, repose, unalloyed happiness! A spectacle in striking contrast with the hurrying, worrying crowd that elbows its way in the busy marts of commerce or plies its selfish vocation in the workshops and among the professions.

Calm and still! At our right the mirrored lake outlined the landscape and gently lashed the shore. At our left the brook ended its winding journey from the hills and mountains, bringing odors of ferns and wild-flowers and whispering messages which none but a dreamer dare attempt to translate, even in solitude. Murmuring soft and low! Sweet ecstasy! Far from the maddening crowd, the hum of spindles, the ring of anvils, the scream of the locomotive whistle, the clamor of bells and the excitement of the street all dead upon our ear and silent in our memory,—our senses quickened and made appreciative by surprising beauty; our eyes feasting on grandeur that no brush or pen can transcribe.

Night came on all too quickly. The last rays of the setting sun gilded the mountain tops and haloed the horizon, adding boldness and awe to the outline of the landscape; anon, evening curtains, like the drapery about a couch, narrowed our vision and caused a strange sense of loneliness to settle upon us. Reader, it is in such a place and at such an hour that thoughtful man realizes his littleness

and is content to believe that he plays a very small and very unimportant part in the affairs of life.

While we were thus abstrusely contemplating things fanciful and yet real in the ideal, the darkness became mellowed by starlight and moonlight, and natural objects took on more boldness and expressiveness, which caused us to soliloquize "if there be sermons in stones, surely there may be philosophy and story in the babbling brook." And so, half conscious of a purpose and wholly at ease, we reclined upon the mossy bank and listened—listened to the brook, and it murmured:—

"Pilgrim, do you realize that I am very old?—that before the white man had habitation in these mountains and valleys, before farm-houses, churches and school-houses dotted these hill-sides, before villages and railroads were builded, I was companion and friend with the red man and with races that have long since become extinct? Do you realize that you sit at the feet of a seer, and commune with the inspiration of poetry and romance? Do you realize that I dwelt in this mountainous region before history was written and art had votaries?"

There was a long pause, in which our thoughts rambled, and a prehistoric race, and the deductions of geology came to the foreground for serious consideration. We cross-questioned our limited knowledge on this subject for a while, and were becoming confused in a labyrinth of perplexing uncertainty, when the brook again attracted our attention with its murmuring:

"I will not dwell on these things," it seemed to say, "or attempt to overwhelm your mind with startling problems. Let me simply say—having no other motive just now than to furnish wholesome entertainment until the return of your companion—that you can not guess, nor could you report on paper the hundredth part of the facts and fancies that are woven into my career; neither could you

make a proper estimate of the worth of my secrets to the world were they found out and written so as to become moral factors to people of intelligence and culture.

"I do not purpose, however, to weary you with melancholly musings and mutterings, or insinuitive and invidious remarks. If you choose to give me your attention for a while, I will discourse on matters and things of recent occurrence, and endeavor to demonstrate that I am not a dull student of events that are transpiring about me, and, moreover, that I have an intuitive knowledge of men, women, and the affairs of the world at large."

Several moments of oppressive silence followed, when, finally, the stillness was broken by a command:

"Listen, pilgrim traveler! The shady dell where my life began is many miles from this place, in a sequestered spot among yonder mountains. To me, as I look back over my journey and recount my experiences, it is one of the brightest places in all the earth. But I was impatient of restraint, and, like many another unfortunate waif, anxious only to join the great caravan that moves to the unseen and unknown. I have traveled largely by field and glen—and you may have inferred as much—lingering limpid and content in the depths of the forest. I have paused among fields of lilies, toyed with wild-flowers and nursed the country through which I passed. In my buoyant moments I have dashed over crags and peaks, and in my serene hours have sought friendship and companionship with every living thing that approached me. More! I have paused at pretty farm houses and made haste past thriving villages. I have made the acquaintance of man and his methods; have become cognizant of many of his meannesses and learned many of his secrets. In short, I may say without egotism that were I compelled to make a general confession, and were you compelled to listen, the day of your departure from this fair Acadian

retreat would be indefinitely postponed. But I fear my discourse is rambling."

The murmuring ceased and the scene became weird and intense in dreaminess. Surely a strange spell was upon us and we had not the strength of will or purpose to free ourselves. The heavy laden zephyr rustled the leaves of the tree under which we reclined, and the silvery waves of the lake lashed the shore not far away; the noise of dipping paddles ceased, as a strange boat rounded an island point and passed from view, and presently the brook resumed its story.

"Pilgrim traveler! You evidently have an idea that because of my romantic and pastoral life I am an unsophisticated ignoramus in all matters that are part and parcel of civilization. On that point there shall be no controversy, for I will freely admit that mine is the experience of a traveler and observer rather than that of a wise and brooding philosopher, who sees men and things as they should be, and wholly misapprehends them as they are. Before I proceed farther, however, let me advise you that like many another thing of creation I was innocent and guileless when I left the place of my nativity. Whatever there is about me that is caloused and indifferent comes from the rough experience which I have had with the people whom I have met. Hear me through and you will admit that there are things right before your eyes which you have never comprehended or understood.

"I said I was innocent when I started out in life. True! Before I had traveled far on my journey, however, I began to discover that things were not what they purported to be—that there was a good deal of sham and deception abroad. I resolved to avoid every semblance of evil, but soon found myself powerless to defend myself from the buffetings to which all are heirs who are compelled to action and to bear burdens. Still I

struggled on and tried to believe the best of every body and every thing. I vainly urged myself to the conviction that men and women were honest ; that there were no false gods in their secret closets ; that they would not cheat or defraud me ; that they would not wound or vilify me ; that they believed what they professed, and were governed by their obligations in church and to society ; that traders would not cheat in weight, measure or adulteration ; that doctors would not bleed a patient unnecessarily, and lawyers were the fair and upright men which they seemed to be ; that journalists distributed compliments only where they were due, and editors were thoroughly in earnest in their advocacy of party policy ; and, finally, that ministers always believed the doctrines which they preach, and were safe examples in good living and Christian charity. You observe that I was as innocent as the fish that sported in my mountain fountain, or the unwary bird that builded her nest in a tree with a hornet. And so for awhile I murmured on in peace and contentment.

"But my mind was soon disabused of all these high notions. The farther I traveled the more I saw and learned of the selfishness, greediness, and meanness, not to say hollowness and depravity of a good many pretensions. I, too, came at last to the conclusion that honesty is the exception and dishonesty the rule. Note right here that I can murmur my complaint without the fear of what man may do to me or the ostracism of society. I have no fear of either. I say boldly, and without fear of contradiction, that in my journeying I have been trapped in pools, decoyed in marshes, penned up in dismal swamps, sent headlong upon mill-wheels, slashed into by artificial obstructions, brought to a stand-still in basins and reservoirs, and used to refresh the thirsty inhabitants. But this is not by any means the whole of my

grievance. I have been a summer resort for natives and tourists ; have been annoyed by boatmen and fishermen, and, when ice-bound, a field of high carnival for merry skaters. My pleasure or convenience in these matters has never been consulted. In fact the public has had its own way—has done as it pleased. I have no patience to mention the half of the indignities it has put upon me, and will only mention that at the first village I passed the boys stoned and clubbed me ; the women used me to wash dirty garments in, and the men turned their filthy sewers upon my back. This treatment was repeated at every cross-road, mill-privilege, and settlement, till I was nervous, and withal desirous of speedy return to the crystal fountain from which I had journeyed, and where I had spent my youth ; scenes of luxury and innocence in the sweet mountain glen, where the voice of man was never heard, and where their feet never trod. Do you longer wonder that there is irony even in the plaintive murmur of a brook? Do you wonder that there are black clouds as well as roseate shadows for me to contemplate !"

The brook paused in its narrative, and a painful suspense followed. "Was I dreaming?" I queried of myself. I tested myself in many ways, and concluded that I was in the full possession of all my mental faculties. But surely it was a strange experience ! I was about to rise to my feet, when the brook resumed :—

"Pilgrim traveler ! You discover that I, too, have had some rough experiences in a world where few escape hardships. I, too, know something of the trials and forbearances of life ; that even I am not the innocent babbling traveler your fancy painted ; that even I am not the uncomplaining, harmless ideal over which poets have wrecked their brains in musing, and painters expend their strength and skill to portray on canvas. You have discovered—and if you have not, I will enlighten you—that even a moun-

tain brook has its peculiarities, and is just as likely to be vicious as man or beast. Let me inform you. Not long since I turned on my persecutors. I ceased my song and became as cruel and iron-hearted as it is possible for a citizen of the world to be. I showed them that they could not have things all their own way and glorify themselves wholly unmolested! I sought revenge for past wrongs and indignities. I flooded them from mountain to lake. I tore their mills into pieces, carried away their dams, upset their houses and barns, destroyed their bridges, and inundated their villages. I overwhelmed them, overflowed them, tormented and harassed them. I forced them to fly from their homes to the high land of the wilderness, where hunger and want overtook them. I made their taxes unbearable, and I sent some of the best of them as well as the worst to early graves! Can you now sing a song of the sweet babbling brook that gently murmurs in the leafy dell! I fancy not. I opine that you think me a tyrant, and I acknowledge that I am just as potent for good or evil as some of those who think themselves much wiser and of much more importance in the world.

"But I will not be unlike other created things. I will say—old age and drought having come upon me—that I am sincerely penitent for past misdeeds, and if I were to run my course over again I would be a model of uncomplaining virtue. Having arrived at the end of the voyage I look back on my crooked career and am lead to a contemplative mood—to entertain many misgivings. I am—before I go hence into that broad expanse where my identity may possibly be lost—ready and anxious to confess my evil conduct, and leave my ill-gotten gains to my kindred and successors. Let you and I confess together. It shall be after the fashion of the times, and in the negative. We will confess every body's sins but our own.

To begin: We are not so bad as our neighbors. They cheated in weight and measure, sold adulterated goods for the pure article, and shoddy for all-wool. We never did any thing half so bad as that. Again: We are not hypocrites, like some others we could mention. In all matters between party and party we have been governed and guided by a sole purpose to benefit those to whom the equity of the cause belonged. Of course we have. But some folk whom we could mention have not. Once more: We confess—and with a good deal of pride—that we were never known to hide behind a mask. No body shall accuse us of that. We have always been as open and frank as the day, and have worn our hearts upon our sleeves for daws to peck at. Really we are pretty near perfection, as compared with the rest of the world. But—well, this confession should come to an abrupt end. Nothing good can come of it. We will simply say that if old Deacon Knowitall is all right, we are, and that is good enough. There, that is a model confession, isn't it?"

There was another long pause, during which I confess I was puzzled by the situation, and unable to explain the whys and wherefores. I only knew I was in my normal condition and alone. I was about to scan the expanse of water beyond me in anticipation of the return of the boat containing the companion of my rambles, when the brook broke the silence:

"Pilgrim traveler! Your friend will not return this hour, therefore let me continue to murmur in your ear. Let me say that in running my allotted course I have become familiar with much that is historic and romantic. I have witnessed many surprising changes in history and families, and were I so disposed could relate many pleasing and instructive anecdotes. Generations have come and gone. They have toiled their brief day, struggled with adversity, found happi-

ness in prosperity, and passed on in hope. I have known much that was commendable in them, and a good deal that was disreputable. I have taken note of births and weddings, and have been a silent observer of happy and unhappy home circles. I have known young men who went out in the world to seek their fortunes; have known of their successful and unsuccessful careers; have renewed their acquaintance when they returned to the scenes of their childhood for brief vacations, and summered and wintered them, when in old age and infirmities they have sought the place where they were born to spend the closing days of their eventful lives. Ah, yes, I have seen much of life—from the cradle to the grave—from the joy of birth, the merry bells of the wedding, to the solemn dirge of the funeral! Let me not dwell upon it.

"Having said this much, you will agree that my lot has been cast among some very strange people, and that I am qualified to dwell upon particulars were it necessary. I will only say, at this time, however, that I have had a pleasant acquaintance with men who have immortalized their names as heroes, martyrs, soldiers, statesmen, and scholars. I knew Captain Lovewell, the famous Indian fighter; I was a friend with many of the heroes who won the independence of this country—men whose names shall live in song and story. I have spent hours with the veterans who fought in the war of 1812, and with the brave of the New England regiment who trod the path of glory in Mexico. But of all my heroes I count none greater than those into whose faces I look to-day and realize that they marched and fought with Grant and Sherman, and by their courage and valor gave the nation a new birth in freedom and a free flag. I have known statesmen such as Webster, poets like Whittier, editors like Rogers, and of poets and painters not a few. Summer tourists, teachers, merchants, and mechanics, have been among my ac-

quaintances. But of all these I never had the acquaintance of any individual who so thoroughly interested me and completely aroused my curiosity as a young man who started out to be a hermit, and who lived in a hamlet at the foot of yonder mountain.

"I will tell you about him. He came to these parts shortly after the war of the rebellion. He was, I should judge, about twenty-five years of age. Where he came from I was slow to find out, and what became of him I am not at this day in ignorance. 'P. P.' were the initials on some of his baggage, and every thing about him indicated good circumstances in his previous condition and surroundings. He was a man of magnificent proportions, superior intelligence, and scholarly habits. He was grave or gay as humor moved him, and a gentleman under all circumstances. A good marksman, a patient fisherman, a botanist, a geologist, and a student. I could not and did not understand him, although we were on the most friendly relations. That such a man, capable of filling an honorable place in the world of business or letters, and of adorning any society, should have thus early in life become a soured recluse and desire to escape from his kind, was a mystery that puzzled me exceedingly. What was his purpose? What motive impelled him to this mode of life? Had that fickle mistress which some call 'fortune,' and others denote 'luck,' frowned on his schemes? Was he a physician without patients, a lawyer without clients, a clergyman without a parish, or an embryo statesman whom the voters of some town or county had failed to appreciate? I could not make up my mind. Sometimes I imagined the worst, and said to myself reluctantly—'He has in all probability committed some horrible crime—perhaps robbed a bank, absconded with an orphan fund, stolen the funds of a town, mill, or city, or, which is equally as bad, peddled bogus mining stocks—and is hiding from the law and his creditors.'

And then, when I looked into his clear blue eye, took note of his steady nerve, mirrored his calm features, and recalled his cheerful words and merry song, my better judgment, my sober second-thought, failed to convict him of any of these grave charges and accused me of harboring mean and unwarrantable suspicions. I was adrift!

"He landed on our shores on a bright May day. He produced, as though by magic, carpenters' tools, cooking utensils, fishing tackle, a rifle, some powder and bullets, and a large package of books. Somehow we became friends almost from the first day of his arrival in the mountains, and remained so until I broke with him for his good. He never divulged his name. He built a log cabin close upon my bank; he flirted with me as a coy maiden plays with her lover, and he seemed at all times perfectly contented and happy. The more I saw of him the more the wonder grew as to whom he was and why he had deserted society.

"But I must tell you more of 'P. P.'s' settlement. It was attractive in many particulars, and had it been the summer resort of a party of two or three mutual friends, I could have readily understood that a good degree of happiness and novelty might have surrounded it. As it was I did not understand how it could be otherwise than a pretty lonesome place. To be sure he took the greatest of pains in making a cozy and comfortable place of shelter. Nothing was slighted or left undone that could in any particular afford comfort. He knew his business like an old campaigner, and while he showed that he was not an educated mechanic, he yet displayed that he was what men call a genius, or a 'handy man at any trade.'

"As time passed on there were many surprises in connection with this new settler, and it is, I suppose, because of these surprises that I remember so clearly the minutest details and have so clear a recollection of nearly all his transactions. Among the sur-

prises which I shall mention, and with which I was fascinated, was his exquisite taste for things that are in themselves beautiful, and which he had a wonderful faculty of fashioning. He carved pieces of furniture from oak logs, and wrought elegant floral and humorous pictures from birch-bark, mosses, and ferns. Why! his cabin was an old curiosity shop, or, rather, a new curiosity shop, in things useful and ornamental, and he was to all appearances as happy and contented as a 'king in his castle.'

"I have not, however, told you all of this rare man's rare qualities. He was a great lover of animals, and beside the black, nasty dog which he brought with him, and which I have forgotten to mention till now, he soon had a tame fox, several rabbits, a score of birds, and a domestic cat which he obtained somewhere on one of his excursions to the farming districts. These were his companions and play-fellows, and he was as happy—unless I am misinformed—about the affairs of the world, and I have learned a good deal while tarrying near mountain hotels where men and women of fashion congregate—as do those who spend their time in the gilded saloons and reception-rooms of the gay metropolis.

"Nor was this all;—you will note that I am giving a complete narrative of the life and adventures of my strange visitor—if it were I should not have been so deeply interested in him. He would frequently absent himself for a day and night, and on his return bring with him sundry articles of purchase from some country store and also a good supply of newspapers and magazines with which, including his scientific books, of which I have made mention, he employed all his leisure time. He was a very busy man, and yet he found time to clear a patch of interval land, cultivate a large variety of flowers, and raise such vegetables as he desired for use as food for himself and the tame animals which he kept about him.

"As you will naturally infer, the warm friendship between us strengthened as time passed. We were all the world to each other; and yet he never confided to me, or mentioned in any way, in my hearing, any of his secrets; nor did he at any time remove the mask which veiled his identity. In fact he was uncommunicative concerning the past, and all I could feel any certainty about—judging by his carriage, his general deportment, and his methods—was that he had been a soldier and had seen active service in places where only the brave dare venture. More than this, nothing was certain, save that he had been a man of the world; that he had known and associated with men and women of culture, and was impelled in nearly all things by an influence which is born of the church and is nursed by the teachings of a good home.

"All this, however, was only a possible or probable clue to the man and his history. It argued nothing! It was a conclusion based upon premises which I may or may not have been justified in establishing. The motive was still undivineable. Why should a young man of promise renunciate the world and all its attractions for the companionship of beasts and birds, the whispering pines of the mountain, and the murmuring song of the brook? This was the one question, and the more I canvassed it the more perplexed I became, and all I could say was that my strange companion was at least a lover of nature; that he never tired of lonely rambles in the forest or of exploring my rambling course. Neither did he weary of books or art, a good share of his time being spent in reading and sketching.

"In justice to the detail which I am giving I should now say that he was a botanist and taxidermist—whether a professor or amateur I am unqualified to determine—and from time to time preserved some fine specimens of the floral and animal

life which surrounded him. This peculiarity—as well as those heretofore mentioned—caused my opinion to fluctuate at times, and led me to suspect that he was a graduate of some college or seminary of learning, and had withdrawn from the world for a time for the purpose of private study and investigation in matters which he purposed to teach or write upon. The theory here advanced seemed the more probable of the many, from the fact that he was greatly interested, at certain seasons of the year, in geology, and made some collections of rock and other substances which he had an idea belonged to the glacial period. It seems to me now, pilgrim traveler, that even you have become interested in this strange man. In fact, I divine that you are a good deal puzzled; that you have no idea who he will prove to be, if, peradventure, it should turn out that I have the sequel.

"Well, to continue, he was not great as a conversationalist. At least this was my estimate of him; but I may have been deceived in this particular, for, as you will note on second thought, he had no neighbors with whom he might converse. He could not talk with the mountains and forests, for they were—like too many men and women—but an echo, nor with me, for, for the most part, I am only a murmurer. But I am wrong when I say he had no neighbors. He had the best—beasts and birds! They are not talkers, but they are very discreet. They are not bores; they ask no impertinent questions, and they tell no secrets. Moreover, they are never concerned in scandal, and they never attack character by innuendo. If by accident or otherwise they overhear the recital of a private history or public wrong the world is none the wiser for it. They make no pretensions or promises; they have no code, moral or otherwise; they are bound by no written or unwritten law; they are obligated to no sacred or secular altar, and yet you may put implicit faith in

them; they never deceive you. Dare you say they are not good neighbors? I say, pilgrim, they are better neighbors than you can hope to know in this jealous world, where the multitude has but little of honesty that is not tainted with money and place getting!

"But time is passing; your friend and companion will be here presently, and I must hurry on. A year passed, and still my stranger remained incog, a student, happy so far as I could discover, and an occupant with his tamed companions of the log cabin; a voluntary or involuntary exile from home and friends, I knew not which. Another year passed. There was no change in his methods or occupation. He appeared, if any thing, a little more contented, a good deal more absorbed in his books and natural studies, and quite as attentive to his fellow-prisoners. Still another and another year passed—five years in all—and every thing went on as during the first season, his time being fully occupied in a round of camp work, recreation, and study, the monotony being varied only by an occasional visit to some place where he obtained supplies.

"Strange man! In all these years there was never a murmur or complaint—an apparent impatient moment, an expressed or implied desire for anything more or different. He was, so far as outside show went, perfectly satisfied with every thing, and purposing to spend his days in this romantic and sequestered spot. I thought it too bad. I argued that he ought to return or be returned to his friends! But how was it to be done? That was the question that confronted me, and which I could not quickly solve. At last I hit upon a plan. There was a village a few miles below. I would decoy him thither and interest some of the men in his behalf. This was more easily devised than accomplished. Somehow he did not launch his canoe as early that season as heretofore, and consequently I did not

catch him adrift. What was to be done?

"I will tell you, traveler. I soured on him just as men and women sour on each other, for no other reason in the world than that they have some sinister purpose to accomplish. No hard words were spoken, no reason for a change of heart and purpose was given, and no suspicions were aroused. I had resolved to do a mean thing, and hence my conduct was not unlike that which you have witnessed in the world. I was preparing to break up his camp. It might be his ruin, possibly his death, but why should I hesitate? Why? There was no reason, or, to put myself on an equality with unreasonable men—unreasonable to all reason that would call a halt in his purpose—there was none which weighed a feather with me. I had determined that he must go, and go he must and should!

"One dark night, a week later, a storm came on. The wind blew a hurricane and the rain fell in torrents. This was my opportunity. I became turbulent. I burst through the dam a mile above and came down upon him 'like a wolf on the fold!' I inundated his cabin, and when he attempted to save his pet friends, I carried him away in an angry flood. He was courageous and gamey. I dashed him against the rocks and plunged him about among drifting logs; I bumped him against fallen trees and thumped him against ledges and bowlders, and yet he struggled manfully. I did not kill him, however. I simply carried him on and on in whirling, bounding delight, until I came to the village, and then, half dead that he was, I tossed him upon the bank. The villagers discovered him at once. They gave him the most humane care, and yet he was so exhausted that it was several days before he could make known his misfortune. In the meanwhile the people of the place were, naturally enough, very inquisitive, and the authorities anxious mainly to discover his identity.

They did just what the police of a city would do. They searched his pockets and advertised in the newspapers the information they obtained.

"A week passed. The stranger's reason and strength were restored. He, however, kept the secret of his identity; thanked the good people who had befriended him, and promised that as soon as possible he would tender them pecuniary remuneration. They understood, of course, that because of the trouble and loss that had come upon him, it was impossible for him to make immediate payment. Well, he was about to depart—being ignorant of the advertisement—when a handsome young woman appeared upon the scene.

"Then I laughed; laughed as never before. The secret which he had stubbornly withheld from me for five years was now as plain as the profile of the 'Old Man of the Mountain.' It was a love affair! In such matters I am exceedingly modest, and would not, if I could, repeat the fine speeches I overheard. I will, therefore, come down to hard, dry facts. His name was Paul Pyne. At the breaking out of the civil war he left college, and with commendable patriotism shouldered a musket in the federal army. He fought in many battles, was twice wounded, and several times promoted for gallant and meritorious conduct—so the young woman told the landlady of the hotel where they tarried a day or two. On his return from the front he brought with him the manners and methods of government which were incidental to camp life, and, as a natural consequence, the lady had chafed under his preemptory commands. until, in a

moment of anger, she had declared that she never desired to look upon his face again; and he had replied that he would take good care that she did not. He fled to the woods, and for a time she domiciled herself in seclusion. He held steadily to his temper and purpose, and she, after a few months, weakened. But I need not go into particulars. All that need be said is:

"They were penitent when they met at the village hotel, and quite content to amicably adjust their little differences and promise mutual forbearance for the future. In a word, they talked and acted for all the world like people whom you read of in romances but never hear of in every-day life. Well—for I have come abruptly to the end of the story—Paul returned to the site of his camp, gathered up such of his property as had not been destroyed, and, rejoining Miss Houghton, the twain—now one with two children—they visited me a short time ago—journeyed to their friends and became active participants in the battle of life. It is the old story of 'all is well that ends well.'"

The brook ceased to murmur, and presently a sound as of a boat being drawn upon the sandy shore, aroused me to a consciousness of the situation. The merry voice of my companion fell upon my ear: "Dreaming, as usual!" he exclaimed. And, without pausing to consider, I answered, "Yes, dreaming as usual." That night we slept soundly upon some hemlock boughs, under our overturned boat, and the next day retraced our wanderings to the busy haunts of man and resumed our callings.

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE PIONEERS.

BY LEVI W. DODGE.

(Concluded.)

It is probable that the "Colonel" bought the lot of Capt. Benja. French, who was the purchaser of the original right, in 1793, and still retained it as late as 1802. In 18— Thomas Montgomery secured the title, which he held until 1831, passing it over in that year, with a partial reserve, to his brother-in-law, J. M. Gove. This Thomas Montgomery came to Whitefield as a settler in February of 1812. He had paid taxes, however, for some years previous. Selecting for a home a romantic spot on the borders of the pond which still bears the name of its early proprietor, and near where the first settlers of the town had already "set up their household gods." He came hither from Francestown, where he was born in 1782. His father was Hugh Montgomery, of that celebrated Scotch Irish stock who settled the "chestnut country" (Londonderry) about 1720. These hardy immigrants into New Hampshire were from the north of Ireland, staunch Presbyterians, who came to America "to escape the illiberal exactions and persecutions of the English church." They were seeking here greater freedom of person and conscience than was vouchsafed them in their native land. It is said they brought with them the seed of the first potatoes ever raised in America. Also the knowledge of flax-culture, and the art of spinning and weaving it. And with them came the first spinning-wheels, exact patterns of which are found in many an old spider-haunted garret, even to this day; but the good old mothers and grandmothers, whose feet pressed their treadles to the music of their spindles, have long since passed from earthly firesides.

Industry among these Scottish settlers was a prominent trait, and it is

written of them "they were a well-principled people—frugal, hardy, and industrious."

Of such was the ancestry of Thomas Montgomery, on the paternal side, and the mother was a Campbell—a name illustrious in Scottish annals. Hither, also, brought Thomas his wife, who was Martha Woodbury, fit companion for a Montgomery, of distinguished old New England stock. The ancient homestead is now occupied by O. M. James, the original occupants having long since removed—the first generation to that "country from whose bourne no traveler has ever returned," and the second "toward the land of the setting sun." Thomas Montgomery was the second justice of the peace in town, John McMaster being the first, and it was said of him that he had married more couples than any other person in town. He served more than twenty years as selectman, and filled every other town office, serving his townsmen with dignity and honor. In politics he was an "old line whig," and was generally with the minority on questions of state and national importance. Yet he represented the town at general court in some of those early years. He presided in his day at more justice trials than any other man in the vicinity, and the writer has been informed that there never was but one of his decisions reversed on an appeal. In small matters of dispute between townsmen and neighbors he was often called upon to arbitrate, and his opinion was generally respected.

He died in 1854, and his resting-place is in the original burying-ground, near his old home, and the marble recites that he was seventy-two. His wife survived him a few years, and now their ashes commingle beneath the

light shadows out of which their lives shine from the twilight of the long-gone years.

Another historic name among the grantees of Whitefield is that of Clough—Capt. Jeremiah and his four sons, Jeremiah, jr., Thomas, Leavitt, and Henry. They were residents of Canterbury, of which town the father was one of the early settlers, in 1727, and built the old "garrison" there, which served so many years as protection against the Indians, when that part of the province was the extreme northern border of civilization. He was commander of a company of volunteers who made this their headquarters while scouting and ranging during the hostile days of 1743-45. During his absence upon one of these scouts his home was ransacked by a party of red-skins, and his negro servant and a boy named Jackson were taken captive and carried to Canada.

Henry, the fourth son, joined the Shakers and became one of the founders of that society at Lebanon, N. Y.

They all became men of note and influence in their times, and the Cloughs of Canterbury and Loudon, descendants of Jeremiah, are to this day citizens of wealth and distinction.

Their early connection with this section was doubtless for services rendered the state, as also was that of many others of the grantees of new towns in those days, and their granted possessions soon passed into speculative hands. The most prominent portions of the royal gift to these titles were the present Dr. Watterston place, the old Warner homestead, and the corner of the town in the vicinity of "Scott Mountain," and none were redeemed from the first land sale of 1793.

Capt. Stephen Gerrish, at the date of the grant of the township, was a resident of Canterbury; he was the first settler in the town of Contoocook, and was celebrated for his courage and zeal during the French and Indian wars. He is said to have possessed some admirable characteristics of mind, although unpolished and unlettered,

and his eulogist says, "The only words of his which have come down to us are a profane oath sworn on a public occasion." What the occasion was, or what was the peculiar nature of the profane words, Mr. Price fails to tell us; but being "a citizen of sterling worth," and a "supporter of civil and religious institutions," and a man in other respects "worthy of honor," and a staunch patriot withal, it is hoped this slight defect in an otherwise commendable character was passed over by that recorder of good men's deeds unnoticed.

Capt. Stephen's Will is recorded October 13, 1774, and he gives: "First to my beloved wife, Joanna, out of my stock, one horse, saddle and bridle, & one cow, and five sheep, and also the one half of my household furniture to be hers forever." Capt. Gerrish died in 1788, aged 76 years.

In passing from Whitefield village, by the Carroll road, to the old Col. Colby farm, now occupied by Cha's E. King, the traveler passes through a part of the allotment to the title of Capt. Stephen Gerrish, number two in the twentieth range. It was formerly considered of little value except for its dense growth of timber; but in these later years, by the thrift of Mr. James Colby, it is being transformed into fruitful fields and sunny pastures.

Among other titles secured by Frederick French, of Dunstable, at the first sale of Whitefield's lands, in 1793, was that of Benjamin Hurd, jr., of Charlestown, Mass., a part of whose granted right became number two in the second range, now known as the Joseph Taylor place, and this was one of the first selected locations by the early settlers, and John McMaster was its first occupant. He came hither with Major Burns in the summer of 1802. The families were connected by marriage, the mother of McMaster being the second wife of Major John Burns. McMaster originated in Francetown, but both families were representatives of that Londonderry stock who, in 1689, successfully resisted the power

of King James, but were afterward forced to flee from the selfish and persecuting policy of King William, and of the Anglican church. From their native Argyleshire these hardy Scotch tillers of the soil were transplanted to the north of Ireland, where they built up and populated their city and county of Londonderry.

One hundred years of bitter disappointments and persecutions by church and state drove these enterprising lovers of liberty to leave once and forever their homes and country and seek refuge in the wilds of America. They landed in Boston in 1718, and having heard favorable reports of wild lands upon the Merrimack, then known as the "chestnut country," or Nutfield, they determined to obtain a grant, if possible, where they might perpetuate the memories, the customs, and the institutions of their loved Londonderry. Under the leadership of their pastor, James McGregore, some of whose blood is coursing in the veins of respected citizens of Whitefield at the present day, they obtained what they asked, and, in 1722, secured and settled Londonderry, in New Hampshire. From here the fortunes and changes of time have spread them abroad until in many a town and hamlet of the state are found descendants of the "Scotch Irish Presbyterians."

John McMaster was the first justice of the peace appointed in the town of Whitefield. He also served as collector for several years, and it was during one of these years that Samuel Minot came to town for the purpose of adjusting his tax claims, and settling with the collector, and found himself short of funds. But taxes must be paid, so he offered McMaster the title to a certain lot of land in town if he would accompany him to Littleton, where he could raise the necessary gold, and would pay the collector the price of the redemption of his lands. John agreed to the proposition, and received for his time and trouble a deed of lot number fifteen in the nineteenth range, overlooking "Martin Meadow pond,"

in Lancaster, and since known as the David Lang place, and here, after a few years, he commenced another "life in the wilderness," and here he died, at the age of 73, in March, 1848. His wife lived to the advanced age of 92, dying in 1866. She was born in Haverhill, Mass. in 1773. Her maiden name was Lydia Whittier, or, as some of the descendants of the family write it, Whicher, a descendant from that Thomas who came in the "good ship, Confidence," in 1638, and died in Haverhill, Mass., November, 1696.

There are many of this name in New Hampshire, and all may trace their lineage to this common ancestor. John G. Whittier, our famous Quaker poet, is of the same family descent.

John M. Gove succeeded to the McMaster homestead in 1821, also purchasing the adjoining lot upon the north, known now as the "Ebenezer Carleton place," around the junction of "Little River" and "Pond Brook."

John M. Gove came hither from Acworth, where for the previous eleven years he had been a resident. He was born in Weare, April 7, 1787.

The first cts.-Atlantic Gove is said, in the early annals, to have come to Charlestown, Mass., just previous to 1648, where he started as a merchant, but soon thereafter removed to Cambridge with his sons John and Edward, and there he died in 1682.

Edward removed to Hampton, and was the first representative from that town, in 1680. There were then but four towns in the province of New Hampshire, and this was the date of the first assembly.

The Goves were from spirited, independent stock, fearing God, but lovers of liberty and justice. In 1683 the people revolted against the high-handed tyrannizing of Gov. Cranfield, and, headed by Gove and his son, cried out by sound of drum and trumpet for "liberty and reformation." They went from town to town declaring the governor "a traitor." It was a rash act, and they found but few open supporters, although many of

the representatives and the people secretly condemned the selfish and mercenary acts of the royal governor. The impetuous leader was apprehended in his wild scheme, and being in arms against the government, he was tried for high treason and sentenced to death, and his estate confiscated to the crown of England. The younger Gove was pardoned on account of his youth. The bold and daring Edward was sent to England and imprisoned in the Tower of London. He remained incarcerated for three years, during which time, on account of frequent petitions to the king, his case had been reconsidered, and in 1686 he was granted a pardon and returned to his home, and his confiscated estate was restored to him. Meantime the obnoxious Cranfield, whose administration had been a constant source of irritation to the people of the province, who bore their grievances with ill-suppressed restraint, was forced to ask leave of absence, which, being granted, he privately embarked on board a vessel for Jamaica, whence he sailed for England and neglected to return.

In 1758, died at Hampton, Ebenezer Gove, the second son of the liberty-loving Edward, who died in July, 1691. The sons of Ebenezer were five, from one of whom came Jonathan, who married Hannah Worthen, and settled in Seabrook, where Elijah was born May 28, 1751, who married Sarah Mills July 12, 1773. They settled in Weare, where, in 1787, was born John Mills Gove, who married Anna Montgomery, of Francestown, and settled in Whitefield in 1821.

Of the descendants of this family, as they at present exist within the little world of our personal knowledge, the brief space of a magazine article will hardly admit mention; but the lives of John and Anna his wife, passed in Whitefield, were full of triumphant years, and are found recorded in town and church records, in fruitful fields and in the memories of the survivors of their own generation and those that immediately followed. Early identifying himself with the interests of the town, he became in all respects one of its most prominent citizens. Financially he was among the first, and his purse and judgment were requested and given in aid of most of the enterprises of his day. Following the ownership of Asa King, he owned at one time the saw and grist mills at the village, and the old tavern-stand was his, beside several dwellings and many broad acres. He represented the town at general court for the years 1824 and 1826, and again in 1852 and 1853. He built the church of the Adventists, and furnished, we believe, one half the funds for its erection. Mr. Gove was an enterprising and thrifty farmer, and for many years to come will the sunny lands, just south of Whitefield village, be known as the "old Gove farm."

John M. Gove died at the age of 83, and was buried in the "sacred place of the family," just at the top of the village hill, to which quiet spot his wife Anna had gone five years before, and their monument is all around them.

COMPUTATION OF TIME—OUR CALENDAR.

BY HON. J. E. SARGENT, LL. D.

There are no means of determining with precision how far back in the remote antiquity of time any system of dates, or of the computation of time, was adopted. It is quite natural to suppose that every nation would early have some method of dividing time and keeping dates; but, beyond the most simple sub-divisions, there would be likely to be little in common between the different countries and peoples. Hence it is found that no two ancient nations, or races of men, adopted the same rules for computing or measuring time, nor did they agree in the object or event from which they began their reckoning.

The change of day and night, and their regular succession, would be first observed; and the different phases of the moon and their regular order, and the different seasons of the year and their regular return, could not long be ignored. Observations would also soon be made among the stars; for the shepherds upon the plains of Chaldaea, in those eastern cloudless nights, as well as upon those of Egypt, where the Nile enriched its borders, away back in the times of the shepherd kings, and long before the building of the pyramids, were keen observers of the heavenly bodies, and of their different motions, changes, and relative positions.

The Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Chinese, and the Hindoos, all claim to have known something of astronomy, or perhaps more properly of astrology, some three thousand years before Christ; but there is much uncertainty in regard to their dates, and, also, in regard to the real amount of knowledge of the heavenly bodies which they each possessed. But they all acquired some general knowledge of astronomy at an early date, though

how early can not be known with any certainty.

The sun, the moon, and the five planets which are visible to the naked eye, namely, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, were very early distinguished from the fixed stars. The early star-gazers in Egypt, Assyria, or elsewhere, were not long in discovering the fact that these seven heavenly bodies had an entirely different motion from that of the fixed stars—that “heavenly host” of which some three thousand could be seen with the naked eye. All these were supposed to revolve around the earth daily, in regular succession, the earth being considered as the center of the universe. But the planets were soon discovered to have other motions, and to change their relative positions in regular and successive intervals. They were also easily distinguished from the fixed stars by their mild and steady light.

The Egyptians, being early known as great astrologers, had named the days of their week, probably, long before the children of Israel were held in bondage in that country, from the seven planets; namely, the sun, moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, with whose motions and changes they had become somewhat familiar, beginning with Saturn, which was supposed to be the most distant from the earth, and following in the order of their supposed distances, as follows: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the sun, Venus, Mercury, and the moon. But instead of giving these names to the days of the week in this order, a more complicated system was adopted, in accordance with the theory of the astrologers of that day—that as the day was divided into twenty-four hours, each hour must be dedicated, or con-

secrated, to a particular planet. So the first hour of the first day was given to Saturn, the next to Jupiter, the third to Mars, and so on according to the above-named order, and the day received the name of the planet which presided over its first hour.

If, then, the first hour of the first day was consecrated to Saturn, that planet would have the 8th, 15th, and 22d hours of that day; the 23d hour would fall to Jupiter, the 24th to Mars, and the 25th hour, or the first hour of the second day, would belong to the sun. In like manner and following the same rule the first hour of the third day would fall to the moon, the fourth day to Mars, the fifth to Mercury, the sixth to Jupiter, and the seventh to Venus, and thus the cycle being completed, the first hour of the 8th day would return to Saturn, and all the others would succeed in the same order, and so the student will find that he may repeat the experiment ten thousand times with the same result. The number seven was one of the cabalistic numbers in astrology, as well as in the theology of the Jews and other ancient nations. But probably the student of to-day can explain the reason of this occurrence upon mathematical grounds.

The Romans followed the Egyptians in the order of the days of their week, and the Roman names have been more generally and universally known and used than any others. The English names of the days of the week are derived from the old Saxon names, having the same meaning, and corresponding with the Roman names as follows:

ROMAN.	SAXON.	ENGLISH.
Dies Saturni	Saterne's-day	Saturday
Dies Solis	Sun's-day	Sunday
Dies Lunæ	Moon's-day	Monday
Dies Martis	Tiw's-day	Tuesday
Dies Mercurii	Woden's-day	Wednesday
Dies Jovis	Thor's-day	Thursday
Dies Veneris	Frega's-day	Friday

The ancient Saxons had borrowed the week from some eastern nation and had substituted the names of their own divinities for those of the gods

of Greece who were the same that the Romans worshiped, only under different or Latinized names. In Egypt their astronomy, or astrology, constituted no small part of their religion, as the sun, moon, and other planets were worshiped as divinities.

It will be observed that the day selected as the first day in the weekly cycle—that day, the first hour of which was selected to be consecrated to Saturn, the most distant of the planets, as they supposed, was the day observed by the Israelites as their Sabbath. Why was this? This septenary division of time had, from the earliest ages, as we are informed, been uniformly observed over all the eastern world. The Chaldeans, Assyrians, Egyptians, Indians, Persians, and Arabians have, from the earliest ages, it is said, used the week of seven days as a method of computing time. They began the week with our Saturday as being their important day. The Hebrews observed the same day as their Sabbath, though numbering it as the seventh in their week—as modern nations usually have done.

Many vain attempts have been made to account for this uniformity, but a practice so general and so universal could never have prevailed had not the septenary distribution of time been instituted from the beginning and been handed down by tradition in all the East. The command in the decalogue as to the observance of the Sabbath, was no new selection of that day for that particular purpose; but the Hebrews were commanded to "remember" that day and observe it as having been designated for that particular purpose from the beginning.

The division of time into weeks, or terms of seven days, which obtained so early and so universally in that early time, is a strong indication that one day in seven was always distinguished in some particular manner.

Next to the week, the month would be observed, and indicates, or designates, the time occupied by an entire revolution of the moon about the

earth—hence its name (the moonth or month). This revolution occupies about twenty-nine and one half days. Twelve of these revolutions would occupy nearly a year, and hence it is supposed that the year was divided into twelve months. But such a year, twelve lunar months, would lack something over eleven days of the time required for the earth to perform a full revolution around the sun. Various expedients were adopted to provide for this discrepancy, and some nations, by reason of this difficulty, are said to have abandoned the moon and the month altogether, and regulated their year by the course of the sun alone. It would seem that this arrangement was but temporary, however, since the month, being so convenient a period of time, has finally retained its place in the calendars of all nations. But instead of denoting a single revolution of the moon around the earth, it is now usually employed to denote an arbitrary number of days approximating to the twelfth part of a solar year.

The Jews for a long time adhered to the computation by lunar months, while the Egyptians had a month of thirty days, invariably, and added five days at the end of the year which they called supplemental days. The Greeks divided their months into three decades, while the Romans had a very different method of reckoning, which to us seems very inconvenient. Instead of counting the days of the month in their order, as the first, second, third, and so on, the Romans counted backward from three fixed days, or epochs—the *calends*, the *nones*, and the *ides*. The *calends* always fell upon the first of the month; the *nones*, in March, May, July, and October on the 7th; and the *ides* on the 15th; and in the remaining months, the *nones* on the 5th and the *ides* on the 13th. The *calends*, the *nones*, and the *ides* were each numbered one and the day before it two, and so on, running back to the next fixed day.

In those months when the *nones* came on the 5th the *ides* came on the

13th; but if the *nones* came on the 7th the *ides* came on the 15th, so that there were always eight days, as they numbered them, between the *nones* and the *ides*, and these were counted as the 8th, 7th, &c., before the *ides*, the *ides* being No. 1, the day before it 2, &c. Thus the *nones* were, as the term indicates, the ninth days before the *ides*. After passing the *ides*, the 13th or 15th of the month, the days were numbered as the 19th, 10th, 6th, &c., before the *calends*—the *calends* being 1, the day before it 2, &c.; and from the *calends* they were numbered as the 6th, 3d, &c., before the *nones*, the *none* being No. 1, the day before it, 2, and so on, backward, to the *calends*.

In the month of January, for instance, the *ides* came on the 13th, the *nones* on the 5th. The first day of the month was known as the *calends*, or the *calandæ*; the second as the fourth before the *nones*, and so on to the second before, which was known as *pridie nonas*; the fifth was the *nonæ*; the sixth would be the eighth before *idus*, and so on, down to the second before, which would be *pridie idus*, or the 12th of our month; the *idus* was the 13th, and the next day, our 14th, was the 19th before the *calends* of February, and so numbering down to the 2d before, which would be our 31st of January, which was *pridie calandas* of February. Some of their months had thirty days and others thirty-one, as we shall see.

In sub-divisions of time the year is usually next to the month—the period observed by all nations in computing the times of historical events, and in keeping dates. The year is either solar or civil. The solar year is the period of time in which the earth performs a revolution in its orbit about the sun, or passes from any point in the ecliptic to the same point again, and consists of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and forty-six seconds of mean solar time. The civil year is that which is employed in chronology, and

varies among different nations, both as to the time of its commencement and its various sub-divisions.

As 365 is not an even multiple of twelve, of course to have twelve months in the year, they must consist of an unequal number of days. Some arrangement must also be made to provide for the fractional part of a day in each solar year. For it will at once be seen that a true solar year can not be measured by any whole number of equal months, weeks, or days. But in the civil year it is convenient that the year should begin with the month and the day. It is therefore necessary that the days be so arranged in the months as to always have 365 days in every civil year. The odd hours and fractions of hours must go unreckoned till they amount to a day, and then that day must in some way be added to the year.

The civil calendar of all modern European nations has been adopted from that of the Romans. Let us examine and see how the Roman calendar has been constructed, and its various changes from time to time. The ancient Roman year commenced with March, as is indicated by the names of the months, September, October, November, and December, being, as their names indicate, the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months of the year. July and August were also originally called Quintilis and Sextilis, meaning the fifth and sixth months of the year.

It is said that under Romulus the Roman year consisted of only ten months, commencing with March and closing with December. We are not fully informed how he divided the days, so as to get his year into these ten months. Numa is said to have added the two months, January and February, the first before March and the other after December. But after a time February was transposed and put in after January, and thus became the last month of the year which commenced with March; and an addi-

tional month was occasionally added in February to make the lunar months correspond to the civil year, and to provide for the odd days and fractions of a day not provided for in the regular months of the year. As February was the last month of the year for a long period of time, all the additions were made to that month, in order to make the civil correspond with the solar year. But so careless did the government or the pontiffs of Rome become in adding the additional, or intercalary months and days, that the civil equinox finally differed from the solar by some three months. The civil year had got ahead of the solar, so that the winter months came in the fall. And so, in like degree, all the seasons came out of place.

Finally Julius Cæsar set about reforming the calendar. He abolished the use of the lunar year with the intercalary month, and regulated the civil year entirely by the sun. With the assistance of Sosigenes, the astronomer, he fixed the mean length of the year at three hundred sixty-five and one fourth days, and declared that the ordinary year should consist of three hundred and sixty-five days, but that every fourth year should consist of three hundred and sixty-six days; had his year begin with January 1st, and his months alternated between thirty and thirty-one days; January, March, May, July, September, and November had thirty-one, and all the others thirty each, except February, which was to have twenty-nine in ordinary years and thirty every fourth year. The fifth and sixth months of the year, reckoning from March, had been named July and August in honor of the two Cæsars, Julius, who revised the calendar, and Augustus, who was to be his successor. The first Julian year began January 1, the forty-sixth year before the birth of Christ, and the seven hundred and eighth from the foundation of Rome, which was the era from which the Romans, for many centuries before and after Christ, computed their time.

But it is said that when Augustus Cæsar ascended the imperial throne, his vanity would not be satisfied unless the month bearing his name should be as long as any other, and especially as long as July—which was named for his predecessor; so he very foolishly, as we think, changed the calendar, by taking one day from February and adding it to August. But he found that this brought three months of thirty-one days together, to prevent which, one day each was taken from September and November and added to October and December.

The additional day, which was added every fourth year in the Julian calendar, was inserted between the 24th and 25th of February. This month, then, having twenty-nine days in the ordinary year (before the change by Augustus), the 25th of February was the 6th of the *calends* of March, or, *sexto-calendas*. The additional, or intercalary day, was added immediately before this, which thus gave to this year two sixth days before the *calends* of March—hence the term *bissextile* is given to the year having three hundred and sixty-six days, and denoting the year as having *two sixth days*. Our term *leap* year, not very appropriately, to be sure, is used because this year overleaps, or covers between its *termini*, an extra day more than the limits of an ordinary year.

Although this Julian method of intercalation is perhaps the most convenient that could be adopted, yet it will be seen at once that it makes the year too long by eleven minutes and fourteen seconds, which, though but little in a single year, or several years, yet amounts to a day in about 128 years. When the Julian calendar was introduced, forty-five years before Christ and a little more, the vernal equinox fell on the 25th of March; but in the year A. D. 325 the first great council of the church was held at Nice, at which the bishops not only decreed as to the *Arian controversy* and adopted the *Nicene creed*, but also made a decree upon the celebration of

Easter which was based upon a thorough examination of astronomical principles. It was then calculated (though not with precise accuracy) that owing to the error in the basis of the Julian calendar, the equinox had fallen back to the 21st of March, or nearly to that, and the celebration of Easter was established upon that basis. As the centuries rolled on the equinox retrograded still more, until in the year 1582 it had retrograded to the 11th of the month.

Pope Gregory XIII ruled from 1572 to 1585. He was born at Bologna, February 7, 1502, and was known as Hugo Buoncompagni. He was first a lawyer, then a priest, and finally Pope of Rome. He was a man of enlarged and liberal views, great energy and zeal, and very remarkable ability. Among his other distinctions was that of the correction of the Julian calendar, and the promulgation of that known by his name, the *Gregorian calendar*.

As we have seen, the event from which the Romans computed their time, when the Julian calendar was adopted, was the building of the city of Rome. This continued to be their era for many centuries. But after the reign of Constantine (A. D. 306), and particularly under the reign of Theodosius (A. D. 379–395), the Christian religion was made the religion of the empire, and in A. D. 516 Dionysius, the monk, introduced the Christian era, as the event or date from which time should be computed. This system was introduced and adopted in the empire during that (the 6th) century, and was introduced and used in England before the close of the 8th century. But Dionysius also introduced another innovation. He had his year commence on the 25th of March, and in different countries many different times of commencing the year were adopted. In England the custom of beginning the year with the 25th of March prevailed in the 12th century, and continued to do

so till the Gregorian calendar was adopted.

Pope Gregory XIII ordered that ten days be suppressed from the calendar, so that the 11th should be the 21st of the month. This was done by making the 5th of October, 1582, the 15th, which would bring the equinox on the same day on which it fell in the year 325, when the first Council of Nice was held, which would leave the celebration of Easter and the other feasts of the church, that are regulated by that event, to stand upon the old bases, and would require less new calculations or changes. The ecclesiastical calendar is based upon a compound of lunar and solar calculations, giving rise to the distinctions between the movable and immovable feasts, and the reasons for the observance of various holydays, feasts, &c. But it is not our purpose to enlarge in this direction.

Gregory not only made such changes as rectified the errors in the computation for the time being, but in order to reform the error in the Julian intercalation, which was now found to amount to three days in about four hundred years, and to prevent a recurrence of the same variation again, it was provided that the intercalations should be omitted on all the centenary years excepting those that are multiples of 400. According to the Gregorian rule, therefore, every year is a leap year which is divisible by four without a remainder, excepting the centennial years, which are only leap years when divisible by four hundred without remainder, or by four after omitting the two cyphers. Thus the year 1600 was a leap year—the years 1700, 1800, and 1900 are common years—while the year 2000 will be a leap year, and so on. But it is found that this will make the average civil year a trifle too long, exceeding the true solar year, according to some authorities, by about twenty-six seconds—by other authorities much less. This will amount to one day in somewhere from 3000 to 5000 years,

so that whoever may be living some thirty or fifty centuries from now may expect to have one day omitted in the regular count. Perhaps the year 6000, when it arrives, which, under the Gregorian rule, would be a leap year, may be made a common year by omitting to add the odd day to February in that year. But perhaps we may safely trust to posterity to look after that matter.

Up to the year 1600 the difference between the old style and the new was ten days, but the year 1600 being a leap year under both systems, the difference continued to be ten days only to the year 1700, which would have been a leap year by the old or Julian, but was not so by the new or Gregorian, rule. This made the difference eleven days after that year up to the year 1800. Since the year 1800 another day is to be added to the difference between the old style and the new, making twelve days now, and after the year 1900 the difference will be thirteen days.

The Gregorian rule was early adopted in most Catholic countries, and also in many that were Protestant. Scotland made the change in 1600. But many Protestant countries hesitated, not wishing to follow the Roman church too nearly, even when they knew she was right. But in 1751 an act of Parliament was passed providing that in 1752 the change should be made, and eleven days were accordingly dropped from the calendar to make it agree with the Gregorian rule. This act also became the law of the colonies in America. This was the great change in this country and in England, from the old to the new style.

But the change was more than this. Up to this time, since the twelfth century, as we have seen, the year commenced in England on the 25th of March, and the same was true in the Provinces. This act of 1751 provided, also, that, beginning with 1752, the year should begin with January. It was customary to write dates that

occurred prior to 1752, between January 1 and March 25, so as to indicate the year by both the old style and the new—as, January 20th, 1740-1. This date by the old style would be in the latter part of 1740; but by the new, the same date would be early in the year 1741. This would only show the difference in the year, but not in the day of the month.

Russia is said to be the only Christian nation that has not adopted the Gregorian calendar. A person in Russia writing to a person in France or England, or other country having adopted the new style, would date their letter April $\frac{1}{12}$ or ^{June 27,} July 8, 1883, which shows the difference in the day of the month between the old style and the new.

From 1792 to 1806 France tried the experiment of adopting a new calendar. Their era was the autumnal equinox of 1792, from which years were to be numbered—as, the year *one*, the year *two*, &c.—with twelve months of thirty days each, to which new names were given, five intercalary days being added at the close of the year, and six for leap year, and each month divided into periods of ten days each, and the days having no names except the first, second, &c., of each period. This attempt was made in their mad revolution, which was marked with scenes

of violence and blood. The object was to blot out the Christian Sabbath and all traces of the Christian religion—to obliterate all precedent, whether of royalty, morality, or law—with no God but “Reason,” and no government but the will of the people as expressed in mobs and riots and tumultuous assemblies. It was a reign of terror—black as night, hideous as death—so monstrous, so deformed, so ghastly, that it will probably never be repeated.

While the birth of Christ is the era that Christian nations have adopted in the computation of time, still the Jews go back to the creation as their era, beginning their civil year with the autumnal equinox; but since their release from Egyptian bondage, commencing their ecclesiastical or sacred year with the vernal equinox. The Mohammedan era is the *hegira* or flight of Mahomet. The Chinese have an era of their own, and so do the Egyptians, and the Indians, and various other nations. It would be a great convenience if some general, some universal, era could be adopted which should be satisfactory to all nations and in which all should agree. But as that is scarcely to be expected, we must wait and let each system be canvassed upon its true merits, not doubting that in the end we shall see illustrated the great principle of the “*survival of the fittest*.”

SLAVERY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE—WHEN AND HOW ABOLISHED.

BY GEORGE WADLEIGH.

This question has sometimes been asked, but never very conclusively answered. In 1795, on the petition of Walter Cooper, of Dover, to have the town “accountable for the future maintenance of a poor negro woman now in his family,” the town voted, as appears by the record, that it would not be accountable.

This vote, on the petition of Mr. Cooper, would seem to imply that as late as 1795, which was more than ten years after the adoption of the constitution of the state, which it has been supposed abolished slavery, the former masters were still regarded as chargeable with the maintenance of their former slaves. Dr. Belknap, writing

in 1792, in his history of the state, gives it as his opinion that "slavery was not at that time prohibited by express law." He says, "negroes were never very numerous in New Hampshire. Some of them purchased their freedom during the late war [of the Revolution] by serving three years in the army. Others have been made free by the justice and humanity of their masters. In Massachusetts they are all accounted free by the first article of the bill of rights—'All men are born free and equal.' In the bill of rights of New Hampshire the first article is expressed in these words,— 'All men are born equally free and independent;' which, in the opinion of most persons, will bear the same construction. But others have deduced from it this inference, that all who are *born since the constitution was made*, are free; and that those who were in slavery before remain so still. For this reason, in the late census, the blacks in New Hampshire are distinguished into free and slave. It is not in my power to apologize for this inconsistency. However, the condition of most of those who are called slaves is preferable to that of many who are free in the neighboring State. They are better provided with necessities; their labor is not more severe than that of the white people in general; and they are equally under the protection of the law."

Dr. Bouton, in the 9th volume of his State Papers, "submits the opinion that the first and second articles in the bill of rights virtually and in effect abolished slavery as it existed in the State," and that "Dr. Belknap was mistaken in the opinion which he seemed to favor that the bill of rights had only the effect to give freedom to those who should be *born after the adoption of the constitution*."

Dr. Bouton admits that it *may be a question* whether the first and second articles in the bill of rights were originally *designed* to abolish slavery, and were voted on and adopted by the people generally with that understand-

ing; but that this was the effect of their adoption can not be doubted, from the fact that in 1775 there were 657 slaves returned as living in the state, and by the census of 1790, only six years after the adoption of the state constitution, the number of slaves was returned as 158; while by the census of 1800 only 8 were returned, and by that of 1810, none. He refers to the additional facts, as still "higher proof that the bill of rights abolished slavery," that previous to and up to the adoption of the constitution slaves had been for many years rated and taxed to their owners as horses, oxen and other kinds of property were taxed, and that when a new proportion was made in 1788 the practice of taxing slaves was dropped. When this act became a law, he says, "slaves ceased to be known and held as property in New Hampshire. No after legislation recognized the existence of slavery. The institution was dead." The proper explanation of the fact that 158 slaves were returned as living in the state in 1790, he considers to be that "although by the state constitution of 1784 slavery was in fact terminated, and a very large portion of those held as slaves availed themselves of their liberty, or were discharged, yet as a portion of them still remained in the families where they had lived, and perhaps did not desire a change, they were inadvertently reckoned by the census takers under the head of 'slaves'—no discrimination being made in regard to their condition, though in reality free."

There can be no doubt from these facts that slavery came to an end through the operations of the constitution adopted in 1784, though it is a question, as Dr. Bouton admits, whether it was originally designed to abolish it, or was adopted by the people with that understanding. The journal of the convention which framed the constitution can not be found, and not a word of its debates, so far as known, has been preserved. What was said can only be conjectured from the character of the instrument which

was adopted, and the tenor of the address with which they sent it forth to the people. In these there is no reference to the subject of *slavery*, and it does not appear that it was at any time in the mind of the convention. As it then existed in the state, it was either regarded as too unimportant for consideration, or sufficiently provided for in the bill of rights, which, as stated by Dr. Belknap, was afterward differently construed: by some, that it freed all; by others, only those blacks born after its adoption. As Dr. Belknap was a contemporary of the framers of the constitution, and most of its members were living when he wrote, it is evident that no settled convictions on the subject were expressed or entertained by them in reference to it.

When the constitution had gone into operation, those slaves who remained as servants in the families of

their former masters were taxed to their owners, and this was done until 1788, when the legislature, in establishing a new proportion of public taxes, expunged "male and female servants" from the list of taxable property—intentionally omitted them—a fact, says Judge Doe, "which seems to me very significant as showing an *intention* to treat slavery as a dead institution."

But even this act, if intended to signify that slavery was at an end, did not have its full effect. Their former masters, as we see in the case of Mr. Cooper, were still held for the support of those who were unable to support themselves. This they certainly would not have been, on any fair construction of the law, had it been a settled conviction that those who were slaves before the adoption of the constitution were then free.

FOREST CULTURE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY F. H. BARTLETT.

The most noted crop of New Hampshire in the past has been her great men. Let us hope that her granite hills will still rear them through the centuries to come. The only other crop for which she is distinguished by nature, in common with the rest of New England and the Atlantic coast generally, is that of her easily growing but rapidly disappearing forests.

A glance across the country, from the Atlantic ocean to the Rocky mountains, discloses the natural design as to the products of the different sections, each supplementing the other. In the East, especially in New Hampshire, the agricultural resources are meager, the fertile lands being confined to the meadows along the larger streams and a small percentage of the uplands, while trees grow every where; their variety nowhere equaled

in the United States except around the great lakes. Pines grow thickly and quickly on the warm, porous soil of the lower levels, changing into hemlock and hard wood as we ascend from the river bottoms a few hundred feet to the stronger soil of the hills, while a dense spruce thicket every where clothes the mountains and the northern part of New England. The prairies of the Mississippi valley are the cornfields, as the colder lands of Minnesota, Dakota, and the great Northwest, are the wheat fields, and the rolling plains west from the Missouri to the heart of the Rocky mountains, are the grand pasture lands of North America. This is the evident design in nature. Trees grow readily over the Atlantic slope, where the air currents, saturated with the moisture of the warm ocean are cooled by the hills and mountains of

the Appalachian range and copiously yield the rain and snow which forests love, while the soil and temperature favor the evergreen trees which afford the main timber supply. On the contrary at the West only the hard wood varieties flourish, and none at all west of the Missouri, except a few cotton-woods and oaks along the river bottoms, until the snow-clad slopes of the Rocky mountains are reached, where the pine and spruce re-appear. Corn and wheat and grass, however, grow most luxuriantly in their several localities, though trees are a failure there generally. Even "tree culture grants" of free lands will not produce forests. Here, at the East, every thing else is a failure as the rule, the market supplies of vegetables and poultry, and the corn and tobacco crops of the intervals being the exception.

That farming ever was profitable in New Hampshire was owing to the fact that the West was then undiscovered, or that no cheap transportation existed. To-day the railways have simply brought about the natural equilibrium, so that extensive farming here is commonly a mistake, for better success attends equal labor elsewhere. When farming began to fail, the experiment was next tried of turning our farms to pasturing, but the refrigerator-car, loaded with beef raised on the great plains and fattened in the cornfields of Iowa and Illinois, induced the farmers to yield in their long battle with the trees, so constantly springing up, till they are now reluctantly beginning to let nature have her own way, and produce her own crop.

For one I do not regret the decline of farming in the Granite state. Its only excuse for struggling so long was that the true agricultural part of the country was inaccessible, or, at least, its products out of easy reach, and I would not mourn that the results of our railways are far-reaching and permanent. I would rather take the knowledge that the times have forced upon us, and act on it, and substitute forestry for husbandry. If nature will

not coöperate with us to raise corn and wheat and cattle, let us follow in her lead and raise forests of pine and spruce and hemlock, and maple and birch and ash and oak. We can buy food cheaper than we can raise it, but we can raise timber cheaper than some body else can buy, perhaps. It may be that the present price of timber will not justify a large investment at once in tree culture, but it is easy to look no more than twenty years ahead and foresee our pine and spruce timber substantially exhausted, and distant sources drawn upon enough to warrant the use of cheap lands extensively and at once for this purpose.

It has this difficulty, that thirty or forty years—a generation or more—is too long a time to work ahead with interest, but the same holds true of most great enterprises. It is also unfortunate at the outset that in our American independence we leave every thing of this kind to purely private enterprise, which can ill afford so long an investment without a return. These difficulties may delay, but they can not thwart, tree culture, for our natural capacities not only invite, but our necessities will drive us to, it if we do not anticipate them.

It is perhaps a question how largely tree planting should be done—that is, how much assistance nature needs. There can be no reason why systematic labor may not be used just as much on a crop of trees as on a crop of corn or wheat. Perhaps they may not need so much *hoeing*, but they do need as much *sowing*, for trees will not grow without seeds any more than corn. Doubtless maize, oats, and wheat grow wild some where, but it is not by depending upon this wild product that our granaries are filled or earth's millions fed. So in the future will it be with our timber, as it is now in the older parts of Europe, that forests will be raised by human forethought, in a systematic manner, and our unproductive New Hampshire farms, which now are simply growing up to bushes by neglect, shall have

this tendency utilized and systematized by the planting of the most valuable species best adapted to the different soils and localities.

I believe the time has fully come for our land-owners to think and act

in this direction, and if these suggestions shall lead to discussion and intelligent experiment as to how forest culture shall be promoted, their end will be fully accomplished.

THE BARLEY-FIELD.

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

O smooth, smooth, smooth, were the door-rock dark
And the stepping-stones thereby.
And green, green, green, sprang the grass between,
Till the foot-path met your eye.
Then past the well, with its swinging sweep,
Between the barn and the great stone heap,
By the tall green tree where, well-concealed,
The cat-bird sang, in his mocking way,
Song after song, through the long, long day,
And you came to the barley-field.

Then down, down, down, through the barley-field
Went the path like a long, steep aisle;
And if we would go to the road below,
We must cross the wall at the stile.
In early spring, when the grass was new,
And the catkins plump on the willows grew,
When the bursting buds young leaves revealed,
As I wandered there on a sunny day,
The busy farmer beside the way
Was sowing the barley-field.

But bright, bright, bright, were the summer days,
And the sweet rains softly fell.
And the warm winds blew, and the barley grew,
Oh! fairer than I can tell.
The foot-path leading away through the green
Was narrow, straight, and but dimly seen
By the wind-swept, waving blades concealed;
For, thick and green as green could be,
The growing grain was as high as my knee,
As I ran through the barley-field.

Then up, up, up, grew the barley tall,
Till the bearded heads were grown,
And bent adown was each heavy crown,
By the lightest breezes blown.
Head after head in merry chase
Swept down the hill in a mimic race.
And no line the hidden path revealed;
And rippled along my hands the grain,
As, with outstretched arms, I ran again
Away through the barley-field.

Pittsfield, N. H.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE ALABAMA.

BY WILLIAM H. HACKETT.

The rebel steam gunboat, known at the time of her launch from the yards of Messrs. Laird & Co., at Birkenhead, Liverpool, May 15, 1862, as "The 290," was subsequently called the "Alabama," and at one time the "Eureka." While she was fitting for sea, the purpose of her owner was well understood, and despite the remonstrances and formal protests of our consul at Liverpool, up to the time the vessel left that port, on the 29th of July, no actual steps were taken by the British authorities to prevent the piratical vessel from proceeding toward her intended devastation upon our commerce.

The Alabama captured upon the high seas seventy vessels belonging to citizens of the United States.

Among these were two fine ships belonging to the same owners in Portsmouth. The Rockingham was a superior ship, of a thousand tons burthen, five years old, and was, while on a voyage from Chincha Islands to Europe, under command of Capt. Edwin A. Gerrish, captured and burned. Capt. Gerrish and his wife, who were on board, were sent to Cherbourg. While waiting to return home the engagement between the Kearsarge and the Alabama took place, and the late commander of the Rockingham, which was one of the last ships destroyed by Semmes, had the satisfaction of watching the decisive naval battle from an eminence at Cherbourg, and witnessing the desired end of this scourge of the seas.

The Rockingham was owned by Messrs. William Jones & Son, with Mark H. Wentworth and Jones & Mendum, and was one of the best ships destroyed by these pirates.

Another famous Portsmouth ship was the "Emily Farnum," which measured over eleven hundred tons. She

was owned by Messrs. Jones & Son, with the exception of one eighth part, owned by Capt. William Parker, her former commander. The ship was named for a sister of Mr. Jones, now the wife of a distinguished New England clergyman, and was Portsmouth built, and in every respect a fine vessel. She sailed from the port of New York on the 21st day of September, 1862, under the command of Capt. Nathan Parker Simes, of Portsmouth, laden with an assorted cargo, bound to Liverpool. On the 3d of October, in latitude forty degrees north, longitude fifty degrees thirty minutes west, in the morning, the captain discovered a vessel ahead standing toward him. The stranger set the St. George cross at his peak, and on seeing the Emily Farnum's colors, ran up the rebel flag, and fired across the bows of the Portsmouth ship as a signal for her to heave to. The captain, seeing no chance of escape, hove his ship to, and the steamer sent the second lieutenant on board, who hauled down the United States flag (Capt. Simes having declined to do this when requested), and told the captain that his ship was a prize to the Confederate States steamer Alabama, Captain Semmes. His captor, the Portsmouth captain found to be a steam-propeller, bark-rigged, English build, with six broadside and two pivot guns, and a fast sailer.

In the meantime the rebel steamer went after another ship to the leeward, which in turn was obliged to surrender. This was the ship Brilliant, of New York. Soon Capt. Simes was directed to take the ship's papers and go on board the Alabama. Here he found a large number of prisoners on deck confined in irons. The captain was told to stand between two guns, and after a long waiting on deck was ordered

down to the cabin, where he saw the captain of the Alabama, who was enjoying his cigar and wine, but unmindful of the forms of hospitality to his visitor. He took Capt. Simes's papers, and asked many questions about the ship, her cargo, owners, &c., and her value, where the cargo was owned, &c. Among the papers attached to a bill of lading was a certificate of the British consul in New York, showing that the goods on board were the property of John B. Spence, of Liverpool. When this was shown Semmes, he declared it to be "bogus," and that it was "prepared by the owners for the purpose of saving their vessel."

The rebel commander then asked the Yankee many questions about the armies and their movements, how many vessels were being added to the navy, their whereabouts, and sought information of this character with much apparent interest.

He told of his having burned eleven whale-ships off the Western islands, and that he had landed one hundred and ninety seamen in that vicinity, and then had fifty-four on board in irons. He informed the captain that he was retaliating for the harsh treatment his pursuer had received on board of a Federal vessel, by putting every one he captured in irons;—indeed there was a bag of irons brought on deck with which to decorate the Emily Farnum's crew, when they should be sent below.

After consulting with his clerk, Semmes doubtless reflected that it was hardly the proper exhibition of gratitude for him to burn a vessel containing a cargo consigned to and owned by John Bull, and destined for the port from which he had fitted out, and he asked Capt. Simes how long it would take him to reach Liverpool, and if he were willing to take all his (Semmes's) prisoners who were on

board, and the crew of the Brilliant, as he intended to burn that vessel, if he would let him (Simes) proceed, though very much against his will, as he would have liked to have destroyed the ship. Capt. Simes was not long in accepting Semmes's offer, and after parols were signed the former returned to his own ship. The next day the Emily Farnum received on board seventy-eight of Semmes's prisoners, being captains, officers, and crews of three vessels previously captured. Captain Simes then got under weigh with his ship and proceeded toward Liverpool, a happier man.

As his ship slowly sailed away from the spot where she came near being destroyed, he saw the flames rise from the Brilliant, the pirate steamer lying a short distance to the windward, as if contemplating the deed with Confederate satisfaction.

It is probable that the wise precaution of the Portsmouth owners in having attached to the bill of lading of a part of the cargo of the Emily Farnum the certificate that these were British goods, saved the ship. Capt. Simes's passengers were cared for on board, and all save the three captains, mates, and one man, who were a few days after placed on board of the brig Golden Lead, of Thomaston, bound to New York, landed at Liverpool in about a fortnight. There the captain escaped without even going through the slim formality of bonding his vessel, and the Emily Farnum survived the fortunes of the war, to find afterward a watery grave in another part of the world. Captain Simes's private log in which these events were recorded at the time affords entertaining reading, and in future years will doubtless be prized as one of the rare relics of the war of the rebellion.

CLYTIE.

BY G. WILLIS PATTERSON.

I.

Clytie has a saucy air:
 Pert and proud, pert and daring;
 Careless, jaunty, negligent;
 All alive yet indolent;
 Indifferent, abandonèd,
 Yet alert and spirited;—
 Wondrous, winsome is the bearing
 Of the coquette, Clytie fair.
 Rare, strange opposites do meet
 In her manner wild and sweet.

II.

She can greet you, oh, so sweetly;
 She can run so very fleetly;
 She can throw or stone or ball;
 She can vault or fence or wall;
 She will dare to fire a gun;
 Cares nor straw for tanning sun;
 She can deftly hold an oar,
 Dares to push from any shore;
 Never had a doll for toy,
 And can whistle like a boy;
 She will climb a slender tree
 Arching o'er a rushing stream:—
 Good! that such an one may be
 In the land of life or dream!

III.

When the dull world is asleep,
 Vigils will my Clytie keep,
 Where the moonlight's shadows creep
 In and out among the trees,
 With a manner ill at ease,—
 Since the shadows are in love
 With the pale light from above.

Of among the silences
 Of the starry-trancèd trees,
 Clytie ponders fantasies,—
 Fantasies as pure and sweet
 As the moonlight at her feet;
 Fantasies of love, I deem,
 For of love will maidens dream.

IV.

Clytie loves the dim, deep wood,—
 Mossy bank, path of pine,
 Dew-kissed fern, trailing vine,
 Where she wanders, oft, alone
 With the May-flowers in her zone,
 Dreaming dreams not understood;
 Dreams whose meaning, sweet, is hidden,
 Like the fairest flowers of May,
 Blushing lest to gaze of day
 They from timid haunt be bidden.

V.

Clytie on the sward
 Loves herself to fling,
 And hear the music of the brooks
 As composed by God.

Clytie on the sward,
 When pure poets sing,
 Loves the music, sweet, in books,
 All inspired by God.

VI.

God, the artist who has made
 The world a thing of beauty,
 Must regard it as man's duty,
 Who can mingle light and shade
 In a moving work of art
 From the colors in his heart,—
 Must regard it as man's duty,
 Self-denying, to create
 That which men, in love with beauty,
 Shall, ennobled, contemplate.

VII.

Clytie loves the peeping flowers,
 Unobtrusive, sweet.
 Clytie 'mong the quiet hours,
 Loves her friends to greet.
 And, by Clytie's friends 'tis known,
 Clytie loves to be alone.

VIII.

But with gentler mood is blent
 An interlude
 Of restive mood:
 With nor dance nor merriment
 Clytie, gay, is discontent.
 Wan solitude
 With gesture rude,
 Tho' belovèd, hath been sent
 From strange Clytie, versatile
 In affections and in will.

IX.

Like the golden sands
 'Neath a light and laughing stream,
 In gay Clytie's soul are rife
 Qualities to make her life
 Other than a lovely dream,
 Where the happy heroine,
 Though full pure and free from sin,
 Has but idle hands.

X.

Clytie has a heart serene,
 And rare common sense.
 Clytie gay nor needs defense.
 Wise it is in her to fling
 Stern care from her, ere her king
 Comes with love to crown her queen.

OBITUARY.

ORREN B. DAVIS, born in Springfield, N. H., March 1821; was proprietor of the Webster House, Franklin, N. H.; died Sept. 12, 1882.

LUCIUS B. MORRILL, born in Weare, N. H., in 1813; was many years a book-binder in Concord; died Oct. 9, 1882.

MRS. MARY CILLEY (KNOX) FOWLER, wife of Hon. Asa Fowler, born in Epson Sept. 15, 1815; married July 13, 1837; died Oct. 11, 1882.

MRS. MARY PECKER, daughter of Jonathan Eastman, a Revolutionary patriot, was born in East Concord Sept. 3, 1791; married (1) May 19, 1809, Samuel Weare Lang; married (2) Oct. 20, 1822; died Oct. 17, 1882.

MRS. EVA BARKER WHITEMORE, born in Peterborough April 18, 1855; was the soprano of the Unitarian choir in Concord; died Oct. 27, 1882.

CAPT. WILLIAM WALKER, born in Chester, N. H., Sept. 18, 1810; resided in Concord; died Nov. 22, 1882.

EDWARD T. DUMAS, son of Stebbins H. and Annie Dumas, born in Concord in March, 1855; died in Concord Dec. 5, 1882.

HON. SAMUEL T. WORCESTER, born in Hollis Aug. 30, 1804; graduated at Harvard College in 1830; represented Ohio in the 37th Congress; died in Nashua Dec. 6, 1882.

SARGENT C. WHITCHER, born in Wheelock, Vt., in Jan., 1824; was of the firm of Whitcher & Stratton of Concord; died Dec. 19, 1882.

JOSEPH S. LUND, born in Nashua in Feb., 1800; resided in Concord; died Dec. 27, 1882.

HON. MARSHALL JEWELL, born in Winchester in 1825; ex-governor of Connecticut; died Feb. 10, 1883, at Hartford, Conn.

LUTHER ROBY, born in Amherst Jan. 8, 1801; a well-known business man of Concord, died Feb. 22, 1883.

CHASE WHITCHER, born in Benton; died in that town May 4, 1883, aged 61.

HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK, born in Portsmouth Feb. 11, 1820; postmaster of Washington, D. C.; died June 20, 1883.

MRS. MARY ANN (TUCKER) CHANDLER, widow of Nathan S. Chandler, of Concord, born March 25, 1801, in Canton, Mass.; married Dec. 6, 1830; died July 14, 1883.

COL. PHINEHAS ADAMS, born in Medway, Mass., June 20, 1814; agent of the Stark Mills, of Manchester; died July 23, 1883.

ISAAC ADAMS, born in 1802; inventor of the Adams printing press; died July 19, 1883, in Sandwich.

CHARLES C. PEARSON, born in Andover Feb. 28, 1841; publisher of the *People and Patriot*; died March 13, 1883.

JOHN EVES, born in Lancashire, England, Sept. 25, 1816; died March 20, 1883.

DR. CHARLES IRWIN LANE, born in Carroll, N. H., Nov. 27, 1854; died in that town April 13, 1883.

MRS. MARY E. HUMPHREY, wife of Stillman Humphrey, born in Deerfield in 1837; died in Concord April 25, 1883.

JAMES M. CAMPBELL, once editor of the *Manchester Union*, born in Hennifer in Feb., 1817; died in Sorrento, Fla., April 30, 1883.

MRS. LUCY DOWNING, widow of Lewis Downing, born in Lancaster, Mass., Nov. 17, 1792; died in Concord May 4, 1883.

JOSEPH A. DODGE, lately Superintendent of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, born in New Boston May 1, 1813; died in Plymouth Aug. 10, 1883.

HON. NEHEMIAH BUTLER, Judge of Probate for Merrimack County, born in Pelham Feb. 22, 1824; died in Fisherville Aug. 10, 1883.

MAJ. GEORGE H. CHANDLER, born in Concord Aug. 4, 1839; died in Canterbury Aug. 12, 1883.

NEW HAMPSHIRE LEGISLATURE—1883-5.

SENATE.

HON. JONATHAN M. TAYLOR, born in Sanbornton Sept. 21, 1822, was educated at the common schools and at the Woodman Academy, in Sanbornton, where he has always lived. He has been a blacksmith, and for some years a farmer. He was moderator in Sanbornton in 1877, 1878, and 1879; town-clerk from 1856 to 1873, inclusive, with the exception of one year; chairman of the the board of selectmen, and likewise town treasurer in 1869, for settlement of affairs on division of the town. He has held almost every other subordinate office of the town. He helped organize the Sanbornton Mutual Fire Insurance Company in 1875, and has held the office of president ever since its organization. He was elected county commissioner for Belknap county, in 1864, 1865, 1866, and 1867; was chosen by the court chairman of a joint board of commission for Belknap and Grafton counties to try the bridge case, *Daniel Smith vs. Towns of Bristol and New Hampton*, and other cases of reference; was post-master of Sanbornton from 1848 to 1851, inclusive; is a Mason, is married, and attends the Congregational church.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

BROOKS M. HEALD, of Temple was born in that town Mar. 23, 1833, and has always retained a residence there. He was engaged in teaching more or less during some twenty years or more prior to 1875, when his father died, since which time farming has been his chief occupation. He is a graduate of Westfield (Mass.) State Normal School; has held various town offices, namely, school committee and selectman, having been on the board of selectmen for the past five years. Unmarried. His religious preference, though "nominally by education and practice a Congregationalist, is not exclusively confined to any denominational creed, but prefers and is in sympathy with that religion which patterns nearest after Christ's teaching, of whatever name or creed;" was a charter member of Miller Grange, organized in 1874, and is at present its acting secretary. During the late war, while a member of "Lyndeborough Heavy Artillery," he was mustered into the U. S. service, doing duty until honorably discharged. Uniformly a Republican.

CHARLES S. WHITEHOUSE, Esq., born Sept. 3, 1827, in Rochester; educated at

Phillips academy; is a woolen manufacturer; was a representative in 1861 and 1862; state senator in 1863; auditor in 1882. Attends Episcopal church, is married, a Mason, and an Odd Fellow. In 1875 he was a candidate for congress against Hon. Frank Jones. For several years in Boston Custom House, and a member of the State central committee.

CHRISTOPHER H. WELLS, Esq., born July 8, 1853, in Somersworth; graduated at Bowdoin College in 1875; studied law with his father and Hon. Nath'l Wells; was admitted to the bar in 1878; captain of the Great Falls Cadets; representative in 1881. He is editor and publisher of the *Great Falls Journal*.

JAMES H. EDGERLEY, born in 1847; received an academical education; taught school; read law with William J. Copeland; was admitted to the bar in 1874, and formed a partnership with Mr. Copeland; was counsel in Buzzell and Pinkham trials; is interested in historical and antiquarian subjects. He is married, a temperance advocate, and a successful lawyer.

AUGUSTUS H. BIXBY, Francestown, was born in that town March 27, 1827; has lived in Francestown, Boston, Mass., South and Central America, West Indies, Groton, Mass., and Manchester, N. H.; also has followed his profession in Kentucky, Indiana, Arkansas and Tennessee. Occupation, civil engineer; was educated at Francestown academy and Amherst College; has held several town offices; is married; is an Episcopalian, a Knight Templar, a Mason, and a Past Commander of the Department of New Hampshire G. A. R. At the beginning of the civil war he entered the New Hampshire Battalion of the First New England Cavalry, which afterward became a part of the first Rhode Island Cavalry, as a first lieutenant, Dec. 3, 1861; was promoted captain Aug. 12, 1862; wounded at Middleburgh, Va., in the general cavalry fight June 17 and 18, 1863, from which time, until his discharge, Nov. 9, 1864, on account of wounds and disabilities received in battle, he served in the Cavalry Bureau as inspector; was transferred to the First New Hampshire Cavalry Jan. 7, 1864; was brevetted major for "gallant and meritorious services in action," July 24, 1865.

JOHN T. BUSIEL, born Oct. 12, 1847, in Gilford, now Laconia; graduated at Harvard College in 1868, and is a manufacturer of socks.

